

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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BEETHOVEN.



BEETHOVEN'S HOUSE AT MÖDLING.

IN the latter part of the last and the earlier of the present century there

might have been seen wandering through the streets of Vienna, or more frequently in the suburbs or neighboring villages, a short, thin man of rugged appearance; his long, dark hair, gradually turning to gray, thrown back like the mane of a lion from the high, broad brow, an earnest, and at times melancholy look on his face, with deep-set, bluish-gray eyes full of expression and fire, a pock-marked complexion of reddish-brown, a nose short and angular, and a delicate mouth. Such was Ludwig von Beethoven as painted by his contemporaries.

The Shakespeare of music, the immortal master of harmony, whose laurel crown shall fade never throughout the years!

He always carried a note-book with him to jot down his musical ideas, and sometimes when in remote places would lie in

the grass and gaze up in the sky, as if drawing in the inspiration of celestial melodies, unheard save by him. He was careless in dress, not following the latest fashion, and an artist who took his picture describes him as arrayed in a blue coat with yellow buttons, and a white waistcoat and neckcloth. With an ungainly figure in manhood as in youth, and (partly owing to the seclusion of early years, a nervous temperament and increasing deafness) little grace or polish of manner, it was yet an honest soul that looked out from beneath the massive brow, pure, large-hearted, and noble, with a high ideal of life and of his art. It was the man's personality as well as his marvelous talents which drew to him the warm friendship and admiration of not a few men and women.

An amusing anecdote is told of the severity of his code. He once dismissed a housekeeper who had told a lie, as she supposed, to benefit him. On being remonstrated with he replied, "Any one who tells a lie has not a pure heart and cannot make pure soup."

The exact date of Beethoven's birth seems to be disputed, but that generally agreed upon is the 17th of December, 1770, and two houses in Bonn contest for the honor of his nativity. From father and grandfather he inherited musical talent, and was called after the latter, who had been court musician to the Archbishop of Cologne, having come to Bonn in 1732, where he had been noted for his musical talent and fine voice.

The family were traceable to a village near Lowen, in Belgium, in the seventeenth century. Johann, like his father before him, had been court musician, and he married Maria Magdalena Keverich. The boy Ludwig was one of several children, and must early have given evidence of his great gifts. At five he was taking lessons of his father on the violin, and was obliged to seclude himself and practice constantly. He is described as lively, but stubborn. It could not have been a very happy experience for the child, as

mass his best work. In 1785 Beethoven was appointed assistant to the court organist, Neefe. In 1787 was sent by the Elector of Cologne to Vienna to take a few lessons of Mozart, and returned in 1792 to study under Haydn. The intervening time was spent in Bonn, where he taught music, an occupation which was, however, always distasteful to him.

Mozart was much impressed by the improvisations of the bold and impulsive player, and said of him: "This youth will sometime make a noise in the world."



BEETHOVEN'S HOUSE IN HEILIGENSTADT.

the father was of rough temper and irregular habits.

Later, he took lessons of Van Eden, Pfeffer, and Neefe, and his performances excited much astonishment. In his thirteenth year he composed and published variations on a march, songs, and sonatas. But though modest and unassuming, he was conscious of his own abilities, disliked to have his earlier works praised, and ignored them by entitling the three trios for piano and strings, which appeared in 1795, Opus 1. He considered his second

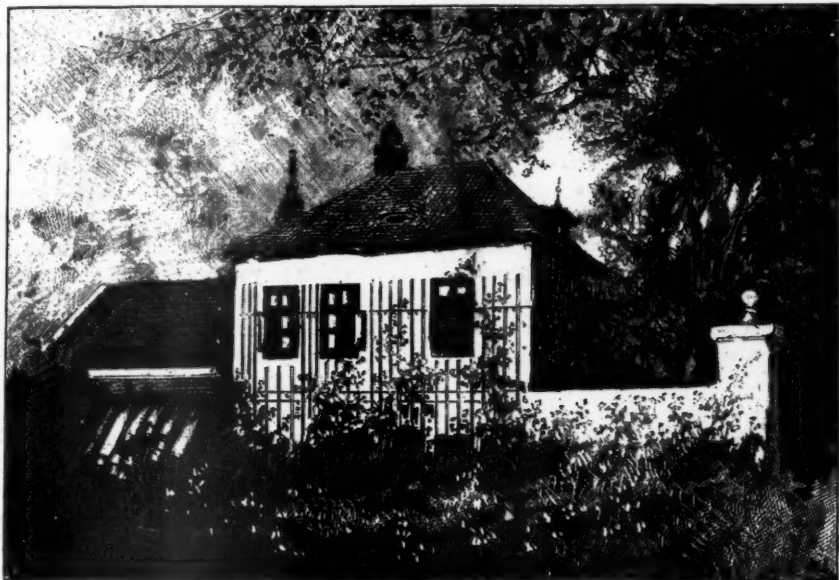
With Haydn he did not get on, but the impress of both masters is visible in his earlier works. To Handel he assigned the place of the greatest composer that ever lived. His first visit to Vienna filled him with the desire to return and take up his residence, and after his second visit he carried his wishes into effect.

Save for a tour in Northern Germany in 1790, he seldom left Vienna, and never executed his project of going to England, though having a high opinion of that nation and tempted by various offers. He

must have had a sincere affection for his adopted town, in spite of the fact that he sometimes abused it and thought himself unappreciated there. The freedom of the city, which was an honor conferred upon him, gratified him extremely.

Within certain limits, however, he led rather a wandering life, living in various lodgings in the city in winter and at different villages and towns, such as Baden, twelve miles from Vienna; Heiligenstadt,

the street, and a memorial tablet was affixed to the house in 1885. The illustration shows it in its present repaired condition, the circular doorway having been substituted for a spire-like structure fallen into decay, formerly above the entrance. His house at Mödling was extremely simple, and his music, other possessions, and even his meals were apt to be left about with little attempt at order, here as in his other places. Sometimes,



BEETHOVEN'S HOUSE AT NEW MÖDLING.

a suburb on the north, and Mödling, a town eight miles southwest. The last seems to have been a favorite place, the surrounding country being very beautiful. He occupied this residence during the years 1818 to 1821, and the Sonata, opus 106, was there completed, and the *Missa Solemnis* in D Minor mostly composed. Being subject to rheumatism, though in general his health was good, he disliked to live in a house with a northern aspect, or one which was exposed to strong winds. His rooms in Heiligenstadt overlooked

in the midst of dressing, a flow of ideas would come to him and he would stop to transfer them to paper or even write them on the wall.

Like Browning, Beethoven was at first appreciated by the few, but in time conquered the many. Music was his world, and he became so absorbed in this work of composition that he would often neglect his friends, though they might be near him for long periods of time. When he first went to Vienna he was frequently present at the musical gatherings of Count

von Sweiten, formerly Court Physician to Maria Theresa, and so prolonged were these entertainments that his friend once wrote him: "Glad to see you here, with your night-cap in your pocket." The Prince von Lichnowsky and his wife were devoted friends to Beethoven, and he for some time resided in the house with them.

The deafness, which resulted, as some say, from an attack of typhus fever, began to make itself felt in 1797, and in spite of all efforts to cure it only became more confirmed, nor did the various appliances for aiding the hearing materially assist him, and in later years he could only be conversed with by writing. What he suffered, and the deprivation such an affliction must have been to the musician and composer whose life was in the world of melodious sounds, we can well imagine.

In a letter written in 1801 he laments the beginning of his trouble. Owing to this and to his nervous temperament, which it doubtless greatly aggravated, he was rather a wild and irregular conductor, and was finally obliged to give up the satisfaction of leading even when his own works were performed.

Beethoven's friends must have had somewhat to endure from his peculiarities. His deafness made him seem rough, and he was often suspicious, a trait fostered by the bad influence of certain relatives. "When he visited us," said Frau von Bernhardt, "he generally put his head in the door before entering to see if there was any one present he did not like." He would often refuse to play, and in one case, where he discovered some one listening on the sly, closed the piano and would not open it again till the offending party had gone. Yet he was said to play well when irritated. He spoke quickly and with vivacity, and though reserved with strangers, was at times quite communicative about himself, while his features vividly expressed any change of mood. Stern at first, he would grow gradually friendly, but was easily upset. At his

best, and when well, he was cheerful, playful, and full of wit and fun, albeit his humor was somewhat caustic. In criticising his fellow-artists he was apt to be reserved and cold. Poor music amused and made him laugh. With no near female relative to take charge of his domestic arrangements, he was continually having trouble with servants, and, though he never defended himself except against attacks upon his honor, became involved in several lawsuits. This, added to his disappointment in the nephew whom he brought up and for whose sake he made many sacrifices, and, last of all, his personal affliction, may account for and excuse much, and when we read the pathetic words of his last will and testament we must forgive and pity: "O ye who consider or declare me to be hostile, obstinate, or misanthropic, what injustice ye do me! Ye know not the secret cause of that which to you wears such an appearance."

Among women he had some warm friends, and when elderly and so situated as to do it, they would occasionally look after him and add materially to his comfort. He was so delighted with the rendition of his music by Fraulein Kissau, afterward the Frau von Bernhardt, that from 1800 he sent her a copy of each of his pianoforte compositions when published. When between thirty-five and forty years of age he met Bettina von Arnim, and to her owed an acquaintance with Goethe, whom he greatly admired, and, what was perhaps of more value to him, an introduction to a family who became his warm friends and at whose house was awakened his interest in German literature. He had a provincial accent, but spoke French better than most Germans.

With her own charming enthusiasm Bettina writes of him to Goethe: "It is true I am not of age, yet I would boldly assert that he has far outstripped our generation. I do believe in a spell not of

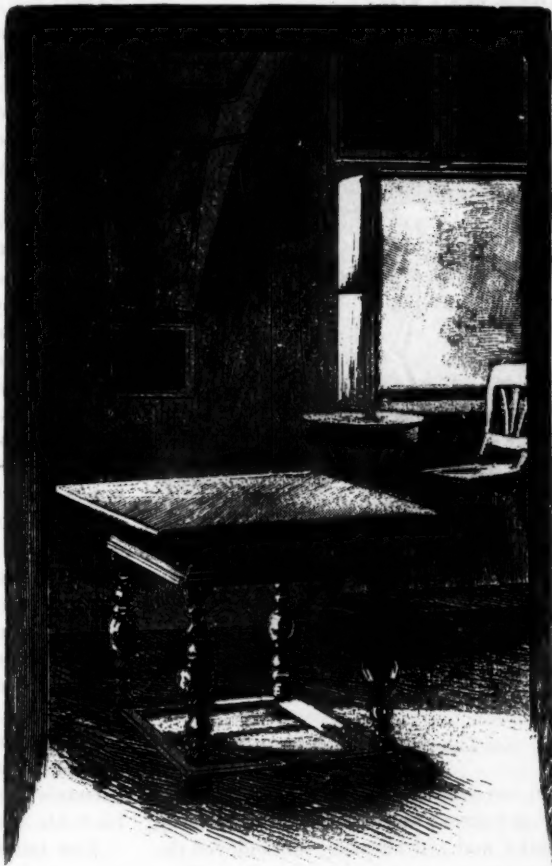
this world, the element of our spiritual nature, and it is this that Beethoven calls around us by his art."

To her also Beethoven seems to have written quite freely. He says in one letter: "I send with this, written in my own hand, Kennst du das Land?" And again: "My circumstances, however, require that I should be more or less guided by profit. It is another affair with the world itself. There, thank God, I never think of profit, but only how I write. Art! who comprehends the meaning of this word? With whom may I speak of this great divinity!"

Many of his letters are preserved, and give us a clear insight into his mind. "Does the devil then ride you altogether, gentlemen, to propose to me to make such a sonata?" he breaks out in one of his epistles. In another he says: "My sonata is beautifully engraved, but it has been a confounded long while a doing." Some impassioned love-letters of his, written to a lady of high rank, show the fervor of his feelings. She it was who is said to be the inspiration of the beautiful moonlight sonata. But from whatever cause, that chapter of his life ended in disappointment, and though apparently susceptible to the charms of female society, and from time to time more or less attracted by one or another, he never married.

Beethoven's first public concert was given in 1802, and he may be said to have reached the summit of his fame in 1819, when the symphony celebrating the victories of the allies over the French op-

pressor was rewarded by the applause of the sovereigns of Europe assembled at the Congress of Vienna. Republican in sentiment, he had believed in Napoleon at first, but tore in pieces the music composed in his honor when he heard that he had assumed the crown.



BEETHOVEN'S CHAMBER IN MÖDLING.

In composing, when he would sometimes be occupied with several pieces at the same time, it was his habit to rise early and write. He rarely worked on into the night, though he would do so occasionally till three o'clock in the morning when under pressure, a short sleep of four or five hours sufficing him. Then at

other times he would absent himself for days without notice. He much prized a fine piano which was sent him from England. Of his art he thought highly, but spoke briefly. He said once, "I never thought of writing for fame and honor. What I have in my heart must come out. This is why I write."

Owing to his deafness, he talked loud, and even when in the street would stand still occasionally in the midst of a conversation, which, if his companion chanced to be a lady, was at times embarrassing.



BEETHOVEN MEMORIAL IN HEILIGENSTADT.

His movements were quick and he was a great walker; was fond of reading classical works and old histories, and enjoyed the newspapers over a cup of coffee. Thus from his own letters and from the descriptions of friends we seem to have Beethoven, the man, brought clearly before us.

Beside the returns from the sale of his works he received something in the way of pensions, and a liberal gift from the Philharmonic Society, of London, was a source of much gratification, and perhaps

the last letter he wrote was in response to this. It came too late, however, to do aught else than defray his funeral expenses. He was ill for some time previously, and died on the 26th of March, 1827, in the midst of a violent thunder storm. After receiving the sacraments, his last words were: "I defy you, ye adverse powers! Depart! God is with me!" He was buried in one of the suburbs of Vienna, and his funeral was largely attended. A monument was subsequently erected to him. Thus ended the life of the great Beethoven. Uneventful, it yet gave to the world an undying name.

Beethoven's compositions may be divided into three periods. The earliest, including sonatas and pieces for the piano-forte and strings, shows the influence of his great masters, Mozart and Haydn, and were more strictly conformed to the received canons and rules of musical art. From his sixteenth to his eighteenth work he seemed to have thrown off all shackles, and the magnificence of his genius shone out in the full splendor of the symphonies, overtures, etc., which it required the full orchestra to produce, but it also included many works for the piano and a few stringed instruments. The melodramatic music in Goethe's "Egmont," the choruses and instrumental music in the "Ruins of Athens," and the opera of "Fidelio," the first truly German work of a dramatic character, seem to stand alone and in the grand "Ninth Symphony" and "Missa Solemnis" he reaches perhaps the climax of his noble work.

This latter period includes also many other productions; but it is on the solemn mass music that our thoughts seem to dwell as a fitting close to the labors of one who never stooped to degrade the divinity he worshiped by pandering to public taste, but lifted his listeners up with him to noble heights and served art with a pure heart and a high ideal to the end.

LEIGH NORTH.

BAD BOYS.

NO matter in what station of life he may be born, the bad boy is the Ishmael of civilized lands. The hands of maiden aunts, despairing parents, stern preceptors, injured owners of orchards, are all against him. To do the youth justice, he contrives to make things in general very lively for all his enemies, and his proceedings are often sadly reprehensible; but nevertheless the heart of the truly charitable philosopher is moved by the forlorn gallantry of the youthful rebel, and some of the gravest among us have a sneaking kindness for the bad boy. Those who are in immediate contact with him are not always able to view his varied performances with judicial calmness, and we can hardly wonder when we find the insurgent assailed not with hard words alone; but, to the onlooker, the humor of the bad boy's actions is often more apparent than the wickedness. The juvenile hero who proposed to write a work entitled *One Hundred Ways of Making Uncle Jump* is the type of a numerous and active class. Uncles have our warm sympathy; and there is one uncle known to history who may even claim tears of compassion. Every one knows the story of the guileless man to whom five boys were sent when an earthquake had desolated their home. The good fellow generously agreed to harbor his nephews; but at the end of three days he telegraphed, "Send us the earthquake and take away your boys." The story is venerable, but the expression of woe in that curt telegram exactly explains the feelings of all martyred uncles.

We have no sentimental pity for young offenders who torture cats and schoolmasters; our purpose is to save boys from falling victims to an unscientific definition. Owing to a free-and-easy system of nomen-

clature, many boys are labeled as "bad" who are not bad at all; on the contrary, they are really sound-hearted little fellows whose trifling eccentricities are misunderstood by a prosaic world. Their vivacity is set down to original sin, and they are curbed and punished and assailed with vituperation until all that is good in them is perverted, and they become sulky louts. Would it not be well if elderly people took the trouble to study boys with a little more attention? The very "pickle" whose tricks bring him into constant trouble may be cured by simply diverting his energies into harmless channels; the comic lad whose smart answers are taken as evidence of impertinence may in reality be a modest, clever, and well-meaning fellow. To illustrate this last point we may mention one significant fact. A boy had answered an examination-paper in French, and he was asked why the word *silence* is the only French noun ending in "ence" that is masculine. The youth drove the examiner frantic with rage by saying, "*Silence* is masculine because it is the only thing women cannot keep." That examiner should have recognized the humor, but, instead, he set him down as a bad boy worthy of scourge and failure. Another boy was badgered by a senseless examiner who behaved as though he had lunched too freely. At last the dignitary asked, "How much cloth would it take to cover an ass?"—and the demure "pickle" answered, "I will ask your tailor, sir." It was gross impudence, of course, but impudence that should have taught a wise man a lesson. Vivacity, humor, and energy in boys are far too often treated as signs of wickedness, and promising lives have been destroyed by the thick-witted interference of matter-of-fact teachers and guardians.

From a rather extensive study of the subject we have come to the conclusion that the majority of men who have done anything great in life were regarded in youth as bad boys. We are not pleading for the sneak, the bully, the liar, or the foul-mouthed boy. We are talking just now of the merry and turbulent youths who are called "bad" at random, and we choose from recent history the names of several who belied the stigma carelessly placed on them by ignorant elders. Anthony Trollope was a good and useful citizen, but he was nearly cowed into sulky blackguardism by the persistent ill-treatment he had to undergo owing to his supposed naughtiness. His school-life was one long drizzle of misery; and it is a mercy that this particular boy escaped mental ruin. Hugh Miller was another very, very bad boy who developed into a noble man. His wild curiosity and energy led him to organize a band of young scamps, and he lived for some time in a cave with his followers. Serious folk held up their hands and prophesied evil; young Hugh was cited as an example of downright depravity, and his life was made very hard. His rascal schoolmaster beat him continually, and, as many of us are aware, Hugh closed his school career by thrashing his tutor to a jelly. It is sickening to read of the treatment bestowed on that bold, generous, noble boy; the miraculous thing is that he escaped from the ordeal and grew up pure, kindly, and honest. How many and many have been spoiled by similar treatment! Gordon, whom we take as a pattern of all the virtues, was a dreadful boy who roused unfriendly emotions in many elderly breasts. He smashed forty-eight panes of glass in one morning, and closed the entertainment by sending a small bolt whizzing past the bald head of an Arsenal dignitary. He was saved from rough treatment, and all the world knows what that very bad little boy achieved on this earth which he adorned.

Every one in the English-speaking world should know the story of Charles Dickens's hideous boyhood. Through ill-treatment and misunderstanding that lovely soul was all but turned to evil. The novelist always used to say that he thanked God for saving him from the criminal career into which he nearly drifted. We suppose that the poetic, irrepressible lad was set down as bad; and his precious guardians came within an ace of robbing the world of many blessed delights. We need not say much about Clive. That great, gloomy man might become the noblest as well as the most daring and powerful hero of his generation had he been tenderly guided and counseled in youth. But he was a bad boy, and he became a social pariah before he was fifteen years of age. A wise modern schoolmaster would know how to deal with such a dashing, audacious boy, but old-fashioned discipline made the conqueror of India a misanthrope.

A heavy responsibility rests on those who have to deal with wild little rebels of the kind we have described. The bad boy is very trying, but no parent or teacher should forget that the tiresome youth may have infinite possibilities of good within him. Reckless severity in verbal censure or actual physical punishment always tends to arouse latent evil. The youth who appropriates apples from a neighbor's tree is guilty of pilfering, but the proper censure should be gently given, and no such words as "thief" should be used. After years of observation we have concluded that boys invariably try to avoid pretenses when they can. If the parent or teacher ostentatiously avows his belief in a lad's goodness of heart, the youth will in time endeavor to act up to the ideal of himself which he believes his seniors hold. Treat a boy as if he were good, and he will eventually become really good; treat peccadilloes as crimes, and the genuine crime will very probably follow.

CHANCE, FATE, OR THE BLUE SILK HANDKERCHIEF?

DOROTHEA says it was chance; I am sure it was fate; whilst the Doctor—But I will tell how it happened, and let the reader decide.

Dorothea had given me a list of articles to be purchased at the village store. Now, I detest a memorandum, for it weakens the memory and is provokingly convincing if you make a blunder. I prefer to keep a sort of tally on my fingers, but Dorothea says the use of fingers, especially in counting, "is primordial and savage." The savages have the advantage in many ways, though I would not shock Dorothea by saying so.

Dorothea is ten years older than I am, and though in our small society I was considered settled in life—that is, past all chances of marriage—yet I was and still am to her only a giddy girl. And I am foolishly impulsive, which often places me in difficulties and annoys Dorothea.

There was nothing to tempt me to loiter on the road that March morning. Vegetation was dead as yet, and our long lane was muddy and rather dismal-looking. I was glad to see some one coming up it, though the distance did not permit me to decide who he was.

His gyrations proclaimed his youth some time before I recognized Mike Randy, the most ragged boy in the village. Curiosity as to possible birds' and improbable stickle-backs' nests led Mike into zig-zag paths of indefinite hope—paths so devious that I had no idea he had an object beyond the hedges and the ditches of our lane, and was surprised to learn, when we at last met, that he was "goin' to the house."

"That is right," I said. "Go to the kitchen, and Ginnie will give you something to eat if you tell her I sent you." For I knew that Mike did not always re-

joice in three square meals a day, and so his visit might not be as hap-hazard as it appeared.

"It be a telegram, ma'am," explained Mike, as I moved away.

"A telegram! O Mike! where from?" for such messages were unusual with us, and always associated with ill-news.

"It be's for Miss Magruder," said Mike, wishing to reassure me.

"Let me see it, please"—stretching out an unsteady hand.

Mike searched in his ragged pockets, not one of which was whole enough to be trusted with the dime I had in readiness, but he did not refuse my modest tip, and disposed of it in his mouth, where it did not in the least impede his speech, but rather, like Demosthenes' pebble, helped him to a freer articulation.

"Why don't you open her, Miss Cynthy?" asked Mike, keeping his hands where his pockets properly belonged and nodding in a friendly way toward the yellow envelope.

"It is directed to Miss Magruder. That is, Miss Dorothea," I explained.

"Her isn't a letter. Lots of folks have been a-readin' her—the fellow at the t'other end and Mr. Dick Page at ourn. It 'pears to me," he added, confidentially, "they jist writ down to suit themselves. Anyhow, her's not a genuine letter, with the head of Giniral Washin'ton."

"But it is sealed," I said, regretfully. "I have never broken a seal not belonging to me, and I would rather not begin now."

Mike shrugged his almost bare shoulders and laughed, as much as to say that I could not learn new tricks later in life. But seeing I was not to be tempted, he took the horrid yellow envelope from me, carrying it conspicuously as we walked up

the lane together. I did my best to feel an interest in Mike's answers to my questions as to the health and happiness of his family, but fear he detected my heartlessness. I was glad when we reached the house, and I could take the telegram from him, sending him to the kitchen to be fed.

Dorothea was where I had left her—at the old mahogany secretary in the west parlor. For she was the business member of the family, doing all of the headwork and only using me as her factotum. Of course, she was surprised to see me back so soon, and I had to give some excuse, for I did not wish to alarm her by giving her the telegram. But I succeeded almost too well in allaying her fears, for I thought that she would never open the yellow envelope. She read with provoking deliberation the printed instructions, commenting on and strongly disapproving of them; criticised the agent's handwriting, and entered into the probabilities of an answer being required, praising my forethought when I told her I had retained Mike. And so, when every possibility was set at rest, Dorothea opened the envelope and found:

"Children have measles. Light cases. Mary needs one of you.

"[Signed.] ROBERT GRANT."

"I do not see how I can go," said Dorothea, reflectively. "Mr. Strong is to be here one day this week, and—"

"Oh! I am the one to go," I said. For Dorothea never leaves home except on a great emergency, and I never remember one happening. "Luckily, the disease is of a mild form, so Mary will put up with me," I added.

"One cannot tell at what moment an eruptive disease may prove malignant. The cases being light when Robert telegraphed, is no guide as to their present state. I had better telegraph for the latest news before you determine to go," suggested Dorothea.

"But Mary must be in need of one of us at once. No doubt she has not had a night's sleep since the darlings were taken. I can at least watch them and let poor Mary rest. Of course, if they are really ill I can return and you can go. But if there is no danger it would be a pity for you to miss Mr. Strong."

So it was arranged that Dorothea should send a telegram by Mike, informing Robert I would leave in the noon train, which would bring me to B— before dark. It sounds ridiculous, but I was in a flutter of excitement at the thought of traveling, even so short a distance, by myself. Ladies never made journeys alone when I was young; and, though I knew that now it was quite usual and considered proper to do so, yet as it was my first venture I felt timid. If an accident should happen, I was sure I should lose my head and make a fool of myself. One comfort, accidents are not an every-day occurrence.

I steadied my nerves by the thought of the children and Mary's need of me, though Dorothea did not help to reassure me by the minute instructions she gave me:

I was on no consideration to take a seat by a man; the benevolent old gentleman was most strictly to be avoided, as the most dangerous. Neither was I to enter into conversation with my neighbor, even after I had made a careful selection with reference to sex and gentility; for very well dressed persons might prove objectionable, and, above all things, I was to take care of my purse, for every one was a possible pickpocket, according to Dorothea's theory, and so to be avoided. I was glad she did not make a memorandum of all my possible dangers—reading it would not have been reassuring; and if I lost it and others saw it, they might have been surprised.

I had a limited time to hear Dorothea's instructions, pack my trunk for an indefinite absence, and dress. This last I had not fully accomplished when Jacob drove

up to the door with the desponding message that I would certainly miss the train. Though used to the old man's cry of wof, and having always found myself provokingly early, yet, notwithstanding these experiences, I hurried through my toilette in a nervous fashion that really retarded me, so that my final glance in my mirror was by no means a pleasure to me. I do not know that I am vain, but I am fond of pretty colors. So, catching up a pale-blue silk neckerchief (Mary's last gift), I knotted it round my throat as a contrast to my gray dress and sacque. Then I hurried down-stairs to say good-bye to Dorothea.

"Ask Robert to telegraph your arrival. And, Cynthia, do be careful, and do not talk to every one you meet. It might not be understood how a lady came to travel without an escort. And, pray, be careful of your purse. And— So you have your new silk handkerchief on. It looks gay. Oh! do not take it off. You look very nice."

And then she kissed me and began to give Jacob his directions.

Of course, I had an abundance of time at the station—leisure enough to recall the numerous articles I had forgotten in my haste and would be sure to want. And yet, after all my waiting and thinking, the train came with a suddenness and whirl that quite upset me. I can't see why passengers at way-stations should be so dreadfully hurried. They pay their fare honestly, and are treated as if they had no rights on the train. It makes entering a car very uncomfortable, if not dangerous. At least, I found it so; for the sudden lurch in starting came just as I entered, and nearly threw me on my face. I was only saved from a fall by the strong grasp of a man's hand.

"Bless my soul! Why don't you look where you are going? Sit down," he said, peremptorily.

I was glad to slink, decidedly crest-

fallen, into the proffered seat. It took a little time for me to collect my scattered wits, as well as to overcome my shamefacedness. How shocked Dorothea would have been if she had witnessed my violent propulsion into the car. And, dear me! I had done exactly what she had warned me not to do, though a furtive glance showed me my traveling companion was by no means benevolent looking. He proved to be decidedly testy in manner and speech.

There was nothing to be done, for there was not a vacant seat in the car, and after my narrow escape I could not venture to cross into another whilst the train was in motion. So I concluded to stay where I was until the next station, when I would ask the conductor to find me a seat by a respectable woman. A surreptitious search in my pocket assured me that my purse was safe; so I kept myself as much as possible to myself, tried my best to hold my sociable tongue, and amused myself watching the other passengers.

I found it necessary to keep strictly to my own corner, for a more restless individual than my neighbor I never met; Mike Randy was a fool to him! Quicksilver was quiescent in comparison! Impatient was not the word to describe him! He declared the train crawled, when it spun on so fast it took my breath away; and he had his head so constantly out of the window, it was only an act of common charity to warn him of his danger. At last I told him of an accident I had read of in the paper, where a young man with a fine head of black hair actually lost both by injudiciously looking out of a car-window. I was a little frightened by his hearty laugh at my anecdote, though I did not regret telling it, since it had the effect of keeping his head out of danger.

But he *would* talk to me, and was curious to know where I came from, and where I was going; and was wonderfully interested (for a man) in the measles,

for men usually make very little of children's diseases. When I told him that Robert Grant, to whose house I was going, had married my niece, he was absurdly amused. Altogether, I thought my neighbor peculiar. But as he seemed harmless, I was getting used to his eccentricities, and was really feeling friendly toward him, when suddenly there came a great thump and bump, and I was thrown violently against him. I was heartily ashamed, and began to apologize, when I saw that his face was bleeding. He had evidently been cut near the temple by the window glass, which was badly shattered.

There was an accident, though my neighbor was the only one hurt, at least in our car. But there was a panic, and a rush to the door, for the train had stopped, and my old gentleman was as eager as the rest. I was sure he did not know how badly he was cut, nor how serious the loss of so much blood might be to one of his years. He pooh-poohed my modest offer to dress his wound, until he saw me take from my satchel some sticking-plaster—I never go to Mary's without a supply for the casual hurts that will befall babies—which looked like business.

"Go ahead," he said, ungraciously. "I suspect you have dressed a cut before now."

Luckily, there was water in the cooler, and the tumbler was unbroken: to break a railway tumbler would require a sledge-hammer. So I wet my handkerchief, and began to wash the wound. I found a good deal of splintered glass in the cut, which had to be removed, and during the operation my patient behaved abominably. He appeared to think I had intentions upon his life, and he gave me so many directions how to proceed, one would have thought he saw the top of his own head much better than I did. He winced from my touch as if I designed to torture him, though I was as gentle as if he were a baby.

At last I began to scold, telling him that Mary's three-year-old Bobby, perhaps sick with the measles, would have behaved better; and whether he wished it or not, I intended to get every bit of glass out of the wound, for if I did not, tetanus (I did not like to say lock-jaw) would set in. And though no doubt it would serve him right if it did, I was not going to take the responsibility.

So at last, by scolding, coaxing, and laughing at him, I had my own way. I closed the lips of the wound with sticking-plaster, cut in narrow slips to give the wound a chance of bleeding without disturbing the sticking-plaster, and then I bandaged his head with his own handkerchief. But fearing that the bandage might slip, I took off my blue silk kerchief and tied it firmly over his own.

"There," I said, standing back a little to see the effect of the delicate blue on his elderly face, and very glad to finish my wound-dressing; "don't remove the bandage, please, until you get a real surgeon, and see if he doesn't think I ought to have a diploma. The great Dr. Habersham himself could not have done better, though I say it who ought not."

"I will tell you what Dr. Habersham thinks of your skill when I return your silk handkerchief," he said, quite gravely.

"Dear me! don't do either. I was only joking. You need not consult such a big authority. And as to the silk handkerchief, I am sure you are welcome to it"—for what else could I say?

I advised my patient to keep quiet, fearing that exertion might make the wound bleed again; but he insisted upon going to see the extent of the accident. Soon after he left, most of the women and children came back into the car, reporting that the locomotive and baggage-cars were badly wrecked, and three men severely, though not seriously, injured. Luckily, there was a physician among the passengers who had taken charge of the unfortunate sufferers.

There was a long detention until the track could be cleared of *débris* and the locomotive, telegraphed for, reached us, so that it was long after dark when we arrived in B——. I was growing a little frightened, and wondered what I had better do.

One of Dorothea's charges to me was, if Robert failed to meet me, by no means to take a hack, though what I was to do under the circumstances she failed to advise. Besides, I was a little disappointed that my patient did not come back to say good-bye. But, of course, that was foolish.

When we reached B—— the first person who came into the car was Robert, in search of me. Some one had telegraphed to him of the accident and that I was safe, and what the time the train would be due. Who could have been so thoughtful I could not guess, not knowing any one on the train. I did not say very much, for I was ashamed of not thinking of telegraphing myself, as it would have saved me much anxiety.

"You must be starved! How tired you look, and—well, dissipated," cried Mary, hugging me over and over again and bending my bonnet in each embrace most ridiculously. "Why, you have nothing round your throat, that is why you look so queerly! But oh! you dearest, if you had been hurt coming to nurse the children I would never have gotten over it."

"Nonsense!" I said. "I am too well seasoned to get hurt." I quite forgot my elderly patient. "But tell me of the children. Has Bobby the horrid measles?"

No, Bobby had escaped. And so the accident and my long waiting were forgotten in the more important news of the nursery. Though the children were not ill, I found Mary was nervous and wanted to consult the great Dr. Habersham, who, by the way, was a cousin of Robert's. I ridiculed the idea of so big a doctor prescribing for measles.

"I am sure I can do quite as well as Dr. Habersham," I said. And then I remembered that was the second time that day that I had proclaimed myself equal to the famous Doctor.

After we thought we were over the disease my special pet, Bobby, took it. From the very first he was ill—so ill that I was as anxious as Mary to have the best advice, and did not laugh when Dr. Habersham was suggested. I did not see him until he had paid a good many visits, for I had persuaded Mary to let me have the night watches, knowing how far more important unbroken sleep is to young people than to elderly ones. So I had been resting every time the Doctor called, though his visits were twice a day. But one night Bobby was much worse, and Robert went for the Doctor, and then I quite understood Mary's great confidence in him. The secret lay in his quiet manner, so free from fuss and excitement.

I saw the great Doctor but seldom, for, as I said before, his visits were usually made in the day, when I was resting; and when he did come in the night, the room was too dark for me to have an idea what he looked like, for we kept the night-lamp dim on account of our darling's eyes. Then, too, I was completely engrossed with Bobby, and though grateful to the Doctor, whose skill I recognized, yet I don't think I thought much of him at the time.

As soon as Bobby could be moved, Dr. Habersham insisted he should leave the heated city. The other children were barely convalescent, and Mary could not leave them; so she consented to let me take the child home with me, the Doctor promising to run down once a week to see him.

So, early in June, Bobby and I journeyed home, this time without accident; and before Dr. Habersham paid his first visit the child was sunburned and rosy. For patients prevented the great Doctor leaving town, and Mary had to be contented with the daily accounts either

Dorothea or I sent her of Bobby's improvement.

At last the Doctor telegraphed his arrival, and Jacob drove to the station to meet him. Dorothea asked a great many questions about the Doctor's personal appearance, and I felt ashamed to find I could tell her nothing. I did not know whether his hair was gray or light, his eyes blue or brown, indeed, whether he was tall or of medium height, yet I considered him an old friend, he was so tender with Bobby, and then I had never seen him but in the dim light of a sick-room.

Jacob was not due for an hour; and Dorothea, who never wasted time, was writing in the best parlor. So, finding Bobby restless, I went with him down the lane to gather wild roses. I had made up quite a bunch, when there was some one coming up the lane, just where I saw Mike Randy the day he brought the telegram. But he was not prospecting for possible nests, as Mike was, though he was not much wiser. For though he had taken off his hat as if to woo the fitful breeze, he was slashing off the heads of the white wild carrots in a heating, nervous fashion. I never see their delicate white blooms without recalling that day.

I wondered who the strange man was, and what he wanted, as the lane only led to our house. Bobby behaved abominably. He suddenly let go my hand, and ran toward the stranger as if to a friend, and then caught him, like a young retriever, by the leg, or holding him until I hastened to the rescue. I was just beginning an apology, when the stranger pushed back his hair from his temple, showing a long scar, which had the effect of silencing me. For at once came a vision of my quondam patient, with my blue silk handkerchief bound over his elderly brow; and in a moment more I knew he stood before me. But whether I was pleased with the fact that he had found me out I was not prepared to say. After the first shock, I was

really glad to see him, and to know that he only wore a scar as earnest of the accident. I had often feared the ugly gash had proved troublesome to one of his impatient temper.

So we walked up the lane, chatting in quite a friendly way, or at least as much so as Bobby would permit. The child was absurdly friendly, and treated my traveling companion, whom he had never seen before, as an old acquaintance. It was not until I was near the house that I remembered I had to introduce our visitor to Dorothea, and as I did not know his name I began to feel awkward. If I had only spoken of him when I told of the railway accident!—but Bobby's illness put so much out of my head.

I must have appeared very simple when Dorothea met us on the porch; for I could not introduce my friend to her, and I had not presence of mind to ask his name. Fancy my horror, when Dorothea took him by both hands, and poured down blessings on his bald head. Poor Dorothea, she had evidently taken him for the great Dr. Habersham. I did not know whether to smile or blush at my quondam patient's behavior. If he had been the great Doctor himself, he could not have been cooler, nor more friendly with Dorothea, nor have petted Bobby any more. Though I admired him, I missed my testy, fidgety, old gentleman, even though I saw through his flimsy disguise, and wondered that Dorothea, who was keen-witted enough, did not detect the fraud.

"Dr. Habersham, indeed!"

The big Doctor was calm and dignified, only thinking of his patients and his duties in a sick-room, whilst our self-installed friend was as gay as a boy, pleased with everything, petting Bobby—in short, behaving like a school-boy on a holiday.

Why, he was as much like Dr. Habersham, as I am like—well, like Dorothea, who was so charmed with this

fraud, that I could only be silent and wait for an opportunity to pour out my vials of wrath upon him.

Opportunities are sure to come if one only waits long enough. Dorothea found some order necessary for our guest's comfort, and went herself to see after it. I, for the first time in my life, made no offer to go for her. And so my patient and I stood face to face; I indignant, he smiling.

"How can you?" I said, almost angrily. "Oh! I wish you would not. I can't tell you how you hurt me; and I have thought so much of you—of your wound, I mean."

He was grave in a moment. "Do you know that I will carry the scar of that wound until my dying day?" he asked.

"What if you do? you are not a vain woman to mind such a thing. Besides, it might have been much worse, for the cut was frightfully deep and bled profusely, and—"

"I know it," he interrupted, catching both my hands, as if fearing I would run away. "I know how serious the wound might have been, if somebody had not been both prompt and skillful."

"Nonsense!" I said. "If you had known so much, you would have been quieter, and would not have tried to undo my dressing by exerting yourself with the wounded men. Do you think I did not see you through the broken window?"

He laughed good-humoredly. "You forget you taught me to be helpful to distressed strangers."

"But you ran a great risk of the wound's bleeding again. If you had been a physician—a Dr. Habersham—" I mentioned his name because I was still expecting him—"of course, he would be justified in running the risk you did."

Again he laughed.

"By the way, I promised to show the Doctor your bandage. He approved it highly. 'A sensible woman at last,' he said. But," he continued, drawing a blue silk handkerchief, discolored by yellow splotches, from his pocket, "I cannot give you this silk bandage, for I intend to give it to my bride when I win her."

"Your bride!" I said, foolishly flushing up like a girl, for I was ashamed that so elderly a man, and one I liked, should be so silly.

I suppose I was stupid, but it took some little time for me to understand that my traveling-companion and patient and the great Dr. Habersham were the same person; though he said he recognized me when I began to tell him Bobby's symptoms in the dark nursery, yet I doubt if he would have been so wise if I had not told him I was going to nurse Robert Grant's children, ill with measles.

There was no use in explaining everything to Dorothea, and Bobby had been quick enough in recognizing his father's far-off cousin. As for myself—I suppose some women never outgrow the giddy age of loving.

Every one smiled, congratulating me on my wedding-day, and thought, no doubt, that it was a fine feather in my cap to have caught the great Doctor, which, in fact, I never did, for my testy, fidgety goodman is as different from the famous Doctor the women dote on as day is from night. And I am glad he is; for I took a fancy to the man who is sure that I saved his life by my blue-silk bandage; the man I knew before I ever met the great Dr. Habersham. Then, too, I have him, as it were, all to myself, which a wife is sure to prefer, whilst I have to share with all his patients the famous Doctor.

EMILY READ.

THE PHILPOTTS ESTATE.

"BUT what *has* become of Cousin Samuel?"

"Samuella," said the mild voice of the elderly Quakeress, reprovingly, "thee hast much of the world's ways about thee for a descendant of that godly man, Samuel Philpotts, whose name thee bearest. And," with quite a change of tone, "thee hast much offended Rebecca by thy indiscreet questionings."

"Aunt Rachel," answered a bright, girlish voice, "how could I guess it would offend Aunt Rebecca to have me ask about her only son? I always liked Cousin Samuel so much. He wasn't"—hesitating a moment—"half so *gray* as the rest of you."

Rachel Barton smiled, then quickly looked grave.

"I do not know myself what Samuel has done to grieve his mother. She is a most self-containing woman, and mentions not her trouble even to me—only she will not have him spoken of before her. I have been much driven to conjecture whether he perchance hath not been tempted by this world's goods, and so moved to commit some action deemed dishonorable. In my idle moments—see, Samuella, how needful it is to be occupied—I have even thought that he may have committed a forgery—or *joined the Episcopalians*."

Samuella, who had been listening with a grave face, could not resist this climax. She threw back her pretty head and laughed, with a merry, rippling laugh, the hearty *abandon* of which sounded strangely enough in the quiet and colorless rooms and halls of the old Quaker mansion.

Rachel moved more quickly than her wont to the door and closed it, and spoke, in a surprised and displeased tone:

"Why dost thee laugh in this unseemly

fashion? Dost thee not know it would be a sore disgrace to a Friend if her only son forsook his own people for the world? Thee hast little feeling, Samuella, to indulge in such immoderate mirth."

Samuella wiped her eyes, in which the tears stood from laughing, and said:

"If she minds it so much I am sorry for her. But it seems so ridiculous for her to think of it as if it were a sin or a shame, like dishonesty. And why does she dislike all *my* people so, Aunt Rachel?"

"Well, thee knows if Samuel marries not, or, if marrying, he has no son, all his father's wealth goes back to his own nephews and nieces. You are one, Samuella, and Rachel liketh not that it should not be hers to do with as she wills."

"That's such an unlikely chance, she need not dislike us for that. Cousin Samuel will no doubt marry and leave the estate to his children and grandchildren."

"Thee does not know. Thee is too light in thy speech, Samuella," said the Quakeress, as she turned to leave the room.

Samuella Norris was a bright, thoughtless girl of eighteen, about to be married to a young man with whom she was very much in love, and not at all likely to be much impressed by the stern old Quaker mother and her anxieties as to the Philpotts estate.

After she had left the Barton's country house, she did not, indeed, recall the matter at all until one morning in Philadelphia, when she was doing some shopping in a modest way for her approaching marriage, she saw a handsome; stylish-looking woman entering a carriage, escorted by a gentleman whom she recognized at once as her cousin, Samuel Philpotts.

The clerks were admiring the spirited

and blooded horses and the general style of the equipage, and she gathered from their remarks to each other that Mr. Philpotts had recently married a widow, who was an Episcopalian and very fashionable, and that he himself had joined the Episcopal Church.

She smiled to herself as she thought of her Aunt Rachel's dismay, but a question from the salesman as to the relative merits of two shades of pink in the ribbon before her entirely scattered such thoughts, and she returned to her shopping with undivided interest.

Many years have passed since then. The young and merry girl is now the mother, a little careful about household economies and thrifts. Her brown hair is beginning to be streaked with gray; she wears a widow's dress, and looks up fondly to another Samuella, her young daughter, who is an inch taller than her mother, and has inherited from her the sunny temper of her youth, it is true, but from her father the more spiritual brow, the more tender and earnest eyes.

It is a winter night, and outside the winds, with a salt smell from the sea, blow keen and shrill, and the snowflakes are blown across each other in snowflick zig-zag lines of descent. But in the little parlor, though it is somewhat barely furnished and the furniture that is there is of an older fashion than the date of which I write, there is comfort in close-drawn curtains, and the bright glow of the coal-fire and beauty in the young girl's face and her graceful, slender figure as she pours out the tea in the delicate china cups.

She is the centre of the little group. The mother's eyes watch her movements, quiet and gentle, with a pleased affection; and the young man, John Winn, whose rather pale face is somewhat shadowed in his seat in the further corner, leans eagerly forward to answer her slightest word. They have been engaged just two weeks, but the marriage is yet very dimly dreamed of, for both are very poor.

The talk has been of windfalls, and unexpected good-luck, of legacies, and unknown heirs.

"My uncle, J. R. Clements—you know his father was a lawyer, Mrs. Meens—told me of a curious legacy once. It was a large estate in England, and it was left to a man whose name was not mentioned."

"Why, how was that?" asked Mrs. Meens, with a keen taste for remarkable stories.

"The old gentleman who made the will hated all of his kinspeople, for he thought they were all trying to get his money, and when he made his final disposition of his property, he said he had never had but one disinterested act of kindness shown, and he did not remember the name of the person who did that.

"It seems he was traveling through the United States once, and he was taken ill at a small seaport town with some contagious disease. His own servant left him, and nobody knew who or what he was, and he would have been altogether neglected, if the druggist's clerk, a youth of seventeen, had not, of sheer pity, nursed and tended him. After he recovered he returned to England, and, it seems, forgot all about this boy for years, until this talk about his will recalled him to his mind. He had always intended to leave him a legacy, he said, and before the conversation was over he decided to leave him the whole estate. He was rather a cross-grained old fellow, and the lawyer's opposition to such an extraordinary bequest to an unknown legatee was just what was needed. I can imagine him chuckling to himself with satisfaction at having outwitted and astonished everybody."

"Did the young man ever get the estate?" asked Mrs. Meens.

"Yes; but he wasn't a *young* man by that time, but old and careworn, and with a big family. Mr. Clements was the lawyer—or one of them—on his side, and it took years and years to prove his identity,

for he had moved away, and so many of the people who had formerly known him had either moved away too, or died. And, of course, the English relatives contested the will at every step. I think that law-suit gave my uncle—Mr. J. R. Clements—such a horror of going to law, for he was quite old enough then to hear of all the disappointments and delays.”

Mrs. Meens sighed. “I am glad the poor man was successful at last. His children, at least, could enjoy it.”

John Winn pushed back the brown, waving hair from his brow with rather a slight, nervous-looking hand.

“I don’t know a possible chance of my ever getting a legacy,” he said, looking into the bright coals. “Mr. Samuel Philpotts, of Philadelphia—perhaps you have heard of there, Mrs. Meens, he was a very wealthy merchant—was the only rich relative I ever heard of, and he died several years ago.”

Mr. Samuel Philpotts—the name brought back to Mrs. Meens a flood of memories—the visit to her Quaker cousin, the stern old mother, the day she went shopping in Philadelphia, and saw him with his wife—but here, to do her justice, the thoughts of that time, and its bright dreams and tender affections, the hey-day of youth and love, and the memories of the young husband, who died before his child had seen ten summers, for several minutes put all other ideas out of her mind.

Then she aroused herself with a start.

“Are you related to Samuel Philpotts? Why, I am his cousin, too,” and then a series of genealogical inquiries ensued which proved, much to their surprise, that the eccentric old uncle, Mr. J. R. Clements, and John Winn and Mrs. Meens and her daughter, were the sole surviving relatives of Mr. Samuel Philpotts on his father’s side.

“I never knew much about my father’s kinspeople when I was a girl,” said Mrs. Meens, “we lived so far off from any of them, and we were a good deal divided by

politics, and since my marriage I had other things to think of.” She looked tenderly at Samuella, who had drawn a low chair in front of the fire, and over whose broad, open brow, and sweet, innocent mouth—grave and innocent as that of a little child’s—the flickering firelight played.

“Only think of our being cousins, Samuella,” said John Winn, with a smile, “and not knowing it! I like it—it is like finding an unexpected treasure.”

She turned a very bright face toward him, and then said, a little hesitatingly, in a soft, low voice:

“Is it just right to think so much about money, and wish so to be rich? It seems like putting ourselves in opposition to the will—”

She was about to say “of God,” but a sort of timid reverence kept the sacred name silent on her lips. Of all things Samuella had a dread of seeming to “talk good.”

“That’s just like your father,” said Mrs. Meens, with a softened glance, “he often said such things. But do you know, John, whether Samuel Philpotts left any children?”

“No; I am certain that there were no children when he died, but his mother and his wife survived him.”

“That makes no difference at all,” said Mrs. Meens, putting aside her work in her excitement. “They could not touch the Philpotts estate. That came from his father, and if he died without heirs, it reverted strictly to the old gentleman’s nephews and nieces. Samuel could not alter that.”

“Are you very sure, Mrs. Meens?” questioned John Winn, her excitement spreading to him, and kindling a quick flush on his cheeks, as he sat up in his chair. “Why, *we* are the heirs then!”

“Sure! of course I am sure, John Winn. Cousin Rebecca always disliked us because of that very thing. She wanted to manage the property as she chose, and

bequeath it to her own people. I remember Cousin Rachel's telling me of the will as distinctly as if it were yesterday."

"It ought to be inquired into then," said the young man, rising and walking up and down. "I suppose we ought to consult my uncle, as he is a nephew of Mr. Samuel Philpotts, and one of the heirs. I will write to him to-night."

Mrs. Meens put on more coal, in the delight of her vision of wealth growing indifferent to small economies.

Even Samuella caught a sympathetic glow from their joyous anticipations, and begin to reveal certain longings of her own—a winter in the South, a new piano, and singing lessons—which she had not dared to give utterance to before.

The letter to Mr. J. R. Clements was penned as soon as John Winn returned to his room that night, and a few days brought the following answer:

"ROCHFORD, CAPE ANN, MASS.

"To Mr. John Winn, Chamber's Building, third floor,

"MY DEAR NEPHEW:—You are very kind in consulting me in regard to the proper steps to be taken for securing our interests in Samuel Philpotts' estate. I shall not offer any advice, however. My part in this affair will be strictly limited to receiving my share of the legacy.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"J. R. CLEMENTS."

This eccentric letter was read with much amusement by John Winn to Samuella and her mother. The latter, however, was a little disposed to regard with astonishment and suspicion such a passive attitude in regard to a possible legacy.

John Winn, not sharing his uncle's prejudices against lawsuits, put the case in the hands of a lawyer at once. The first steps that were necessary—the proving their relationship to the old Mr.

Samuel Philpotts—were very easy. Mrs. Meens confided to her daughter a certain regret that in doing this they were all working quite as much for the eccentric Mr. Clements as for themselves, although he had so entirely disclaimed any share of the responsibility.

It was also very easy to prove that Mr. Samuel Philpotts, Jr., died without a child; and it seemed such plain sailing that John pressed for, and obtained, an immediate day for the marriage. It was a very happy time. I think no absolute possession of wealth could have made the three any happier than the delightful possibilities, the day-dreams, which they wove together in the long spring twilights just cold enough for a little central glow of fire, and warm enough for open windows, and all the sweet stir and the soft, living sounds of the wakening up of the year.

Samuella never afterward saw the early spring flowers, the daffodils and buttercups, in bloom without thinking with a quickened pulse of those old dreams.

The wedding-day was in May. A soft, warm wind blew the light folds of the white curtains, and scattered on the floor a few of the petals of the fragrant May roses with which the old china bowl on the centre-table was filled.

The bride looked like an embodied May herself in her simple white dress. Such a soft light shone in her eyes and on her lovely brow and lips. It was a very quiet marriage at the plain little church, but the old pastor, who gave her the marriage-benediction, had baptized her as a child, and Samuella would not have had it different for the world. As the three came back to the old room together the curtains seemed to be moving as if in greeting, and the roses to be welcoming them with fragrance. They took cake and wine together—only those three—in an old-fashioned, formal way. Samuella felt as if there were something almost sacra-

mental about it, and then Samuella went up-stairs to change her dress.

For they were going off, the two, on a little journey by sea. Now that their hopes seemed so near realization, a little extravagance on such an occasion was surely pardonable; and John Winn had found out in those long twilight talks that a sea-voyage was one of Samuella's dreams.

While John Winn was moving about in the sheer restlessness of happiness, he caught sight of a letter on the mantel addressed to him. It had come by the morning's mail and been sent up to him from his office.

Just then Samuella came down-stairs—her mother behind her. She was dressed in a suit of soft gray. She had inherited in perhaps more things than this a love of Quaker quietness.

"See!" exclaimed John Winn, exultantly, as he held up the letter, "this is from our lawyer. I know there cannot be any but good news for us to-day, and you shall break the seal."

Samuella did so with soft fingers, and then by a quick impulse, which she could not quite explain, even to herself, turned and put it in her mother's hands, as if, like a little child, she thought them the safest of all.

Mrs. Meens opened it, glanced at the page through her glasses, and exclaimed:

"O John!" He took it quickly, and read aloud:

"MY DEAR SIR:—Mrs. Samuel Philpotts gave birth to a posthumous child—a son—five months after Mr. Philpotts' death. Very respectfully yours,

"T. C. MINOR."

John turned deadly pale, and Mrs. Meens began to sob and cry, but Samuella cheeked her by a caressing touch on her arm and a whisper:

"Hush, dear mother, don't make it harder to bear."

When she turned to John her face was glowing with the tenderest light.

"I am so glad we did not know this before. Now we can bear it together."

John uttered a groan.

"I never thought I was bringing you to deeper poverty."

"John," she said, softly, "are you sorry—you have *me*?"

He could only answer that question in one way.

"Our journey must be given up," she said presently. "We must not begin by an extravagance;" and from her happy tone one would have fancied she was planning a new pleasure instead of renouncing one. "Mother will not be sorry, at any rate, for she would have had a lonesome time without us—and really, I believe I am very glad to stay just here."

So their married life began, and so it went on, with the same brave and sunshiny spirit on the part of the young wife, though the years brought toil, anxiety, and even sorrow. The first child, a boy, was very delicate, and the second one died. The young husband was not strong, and his sanguine temperament had led him into some losses, which were small in themselves, but large with such a limited income as theirs.

A faint hope of the Philpotts estate had been revived by another letter from the lawyer. Mrs. Philpotts, it was discovered, had given birth to several children who had died in infancy during her husband's life. The posthumous child, although living at the time of Mrs. Philpotts' death, which took place in the South a few years since, was an extremely delicate child, and had been carried South for his health.

Samuella looked grave when this was mentioned, and held her own little son—little Davie—closer in her arms.

"Poor boy, without father or mother! I trust, John, we don't grudge him any blessing wealth could give."

John had pushed back his chair impa-

tiently as she said this; then his tone softened as he said:

"Poor little mother!" for he glanced at the boy's pale, little face, resting so languidly against the mother's bosom. "Heaven knows I would not shorten an hour of the boy's life, only we ought to know if he is living."

But this, strange to say, had not been ascertained. He had gone South with his old nurse, Hannah Kincaid, a very trustworthy woman, who had been a long while in Mrs. Philpotts' service. That was all which was positively known. Mrs. Philpotts had had property of her own in the South and elsewhere, and often long intervals had passed without her drawing on Mr. Philpotts' bankers or lawyers, so that the present silence really proved nothing. At John Winn's solicitation his lawyer had written to Hannah Kincaid at her last address in Florida, but no answer had been received from her.

In the meanwhile Samuella had another child—a little daughter. This one was a strong and healthy infant, but it seemed as the shadow of illness was never to be removed long from their threshold, for in the midst of their rejoicing over this baby's growth and brightness John fell ill.

The physician insisted on change and rest for him, and Samuella, with a sinking heart, took the last of her own savings from the bank and insisted that they should all spend a month at South End, a quiet little country place, which was peculiarly sheltered from the east winds, and where the flowers always bloomed two weeks earlier than elsewhere.

Davie needed the change, she said, as well as his father, and as for the baby, another Samuella, and herself, it would be a pure holiday for them.

"It's taking our journey which we put off on our wedding-day," she said, smiling.

Little Davie asked if it was always Sunday at South End, the first week they spent there, it was so very quiet.

Both John and himself were helped by the pure, yet mild air and the warm sunshine. Davie took the deepest interest in a queer little red house down near the marsh, which he could see from his mother's window. He was greatly delighted when his mother employed the old woman who lived in it as her washer-woman.

The first time she came—an old woman with a great many wrinkles in her brown skin, but with bright eyes and an air of great respectability—he asked so many questions about it that the old woman was quite taken with his grave, innocent ways, and asked that he might some morning come over to see her and the little red house, too.

"I've been used to the taking care of children, ma'am," she said, with a little sigh, "and I would see that the little master didn't tire himself. He doesn't look strong, but this air will do him good, bless his heart!"

"You were a nurse, then?" asked Samuella, noticing her dark stuff gown, so thoroughly respectable, and observing, also, that her accent was more correct than that of most of the working-people she had met.

"For a time, ma'am. It came about quite natural. Mistress was always uneasy about the boy, dear little lad, for she had lost two or three infants, and though I was her maid, she would say she always felt easier in her mind if she knew I had the child. She didn't like strange folks with him, ma'am, and no more did I. And so I got to be head nurse and maid too."

"You seem so fond of children," continued Samuella, pleased by her kindly look at Davie—it had almost a mother-hunger in its keen interest—and Davie leant against her broad lap in a way quite unusual for his shy nature. "I wonder you are not nursing now."

"Well, ma'am, there was no need—and I had an idea I should like to come back

to the little red house I used to live in before I went into service—that was when my mistress' father lived at the South End Rectory. But I couldn't get on without some work. I found I was always interfering with the mothers about the children," with a low, good-natured laugh. "It would surprise you, ma'am, to see what careless ways they have with the babies, but they thrive. I can't deny they do thrive in spite of it. And so, ma'am, I took in washing."

"Does you tell the mothers now what to do?" asked little Davie, who had been listening attentively.

"They don't go lacking for my advice, little master," she said, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but I must go to my washing, now. You'll let him come and see me some good day, ma'am?"

Samuella promised. She did not find it convenient to go that week, however, and the next washing-day Davie was very much disappointed because she did not come, but sent a boy instead for the basket of clothes.

It appeared from the boy's account that a neighbor's baby had had the croup, and that the old nurse had been sitting up with the child all night.

John Winn was lying listlessly on the lounge with a newspaper in his hand, but at the sound of a certain name he raised his head quickly:

"What did you call her?" he asked, so abruptly that the boy started and looked a little resentful.

"Aunt Hannah—all the children call her that."

"What is her other name?"

"I disremember—I aint never heard it, as I knows of."

John turned to his wife with suppressed excitement trembling in his voice.

"Samuella, suppose this should be Hannah Kincaid, after all! Was the name like Kincaid?" he asked again of the boy; but the boy could not be persuaded into

remembering any other name than "Aunt Hannah."

Samuella noticed with anxiety that two feverish spots were beginning to burn on his cheeks, and that his hand shook nervously.

"John, dear, there are so many nurses, and there must be many named Hannah—it is such a common name—besides the one we want," she said, beseechingly.

"But you will go to see her?"

"Oh! yes; this very afternoon. I have been promising to take little Davie for a long time."

She did not start so early as she expected, for Mrs. Jones came in to pay a ceremonious call, and had much to tell of all the inhabitants of South End, past, present, and, I had almost said, future. Certainly, she prognosticated their futures for them, being one of those so intimate with the three Fates, that she was confident of precisely the next snip of the shears of Atropos, and how Lachesis would mingle her mottled threads.

But all things end—even a call from Mrs. Jones; and it was still a very reasonable hour for a walk, when she at last set out across the meadow to the queer little red house.

Her little boy walked beside her sedately, looking oh! so fair and delicate, that the mother's heart ached a little at the very purity of the small face upturned to hers, but the baby sat in her carriage, as fat and rosy as a baby need be, and screamed with delight at every jolt in the narrow path.

"Her joys herself, don't her, mamma?" said Davie, talking more in a baby fashion than his wont, out of compliment to the baby sister.

The flickering sunbeams and shadows thrown by the light boughs of an ash tree danced across the carriage, and the baby laughed out with ecstasy, and tried to catch the flying playmates, looking astonished as she failed.

"'Ou is a sunbeam 'ourself, 'ittle sister," cried Davie, rapturously kissing her.

They find Hannah at home, and for a little while her greeting of the children and provision for their entertainment occupies her, and Mrs. Winn finds no opportunity to ask the questions she cannot leave without having answered for John's sake.

She plunges desperately into the subject at last.

"What was the name of the little boy you nursed?"

"Master Samuel Philpotts—his father's name, ma'am. He lived in Philadelphia."

"Then you are Hannah Kincaid? I have heard how faithful you were to your mistress and her child. My children are cousins of the little boy of whom you had charge."

"Indeed, ma'am? Well, I never had my heart so taken by any strange child as by little master Davie, and it must have been the likeness. I see it now, quite plain. He has the very mouth of master Samuel, to be sure, but his eyes are not quite so dark. Master Samuel's were like his mother's. Did you ever see her, ma'am?"

"No," said Samuella, "I never knew either of the parents, although my mother was very fond of Mr. Samuel Philpotts when she was young. They were cousins. Is the little boy still living?"

She had asked this in a trembling voice, for a self-reproach had seized upon her, as if it were unkind to be questioning thus about his life, but Hannah did not catch her question.

She had heard some of the neighbors' children shouting, and had gone to the door to look lest they should be playing too near the mouth of the old pit—a danger which was ever present to Hannah's imagination.

"It be powerful dangerous for the children, ma'am, and if one were to stray off and fall down on the stones, it might get a limb broken most likely, and it 'd be a

long while before the mother would miss it. They're a careless set, ma'am."

The children were in a safe place, however, and Hannah returned to her work.

Samuella repeats in a low voice her question.

"Oh! no, ma'am; I wouldn't be here if he were alive. I promised his mother faithfully that I would never leave Master Samuel. He died in these arms, ma'am, and just as peaceful, poor lamb! as going to sleep," and Hannah put her apron to her eyes.

"Do you remember the date?" asked Samuella presently, in a feeling that she were in a dream and would soon wake up and find there had been no Hannah at all.

She looked very substantial, however, scrubbing away at the clothes in the tub.

"No, ma'am, but that don't make any difference. I never felt no need to write to the lawyers about Master Samuel, and there was no one else that I knew of."

Samuella explained the state of affairs.

"What you could say, Hannah, would make a great difference to me—it might bring strength and health to my little boy if I could give him what he needs. He is not ill, Hannah, you see, only not very strong."

"I said, ma'am, as it would make no difference about me, and no more it would, for there's another witness besides me. Ma'am, every Sunday you walk within a few yards of the stones that mark his grave and the mother's, and that's testimony without me."

"His mother's? I thought she died in the South."

"She did go South first; then, as the weather grew too warm, she came here. The old Rectory was her home, you see. They both died here—at *South End*. Lawyers generally make mistakes, I am thinking, ma'am."

By what a curious interweaving of the threads, she thought, had she been led to this place, the very home of Mrs. Phil-

potts and the last resting-place of the child, whose living place they would inherit. A thrill came over her to think how unconsciously her feet had passed the stones in the quiet little churchyard, not knowing what they held. And then—for Samuella was not what the world would call a practical woman of business—a very passion of loving compassion came over her for the dead child, so she would gladly have given the wealth to have had him alive again.

"I am glad I did feel so, John," she said afterward. "If I had not I should always have felt as if I had stolen the money—by coveting it, you know."

They inherited the Philpotts Estate without difficulty, and Nurse Hannah with it, for she at once adopted Master Davie into her affections, and resolutely refused to be separated from him.

As for the mother, she is quite reconciled to Mr. J. R. Clements' receiving his share of the estate without making the least exertion in regard to it, for he is a decidedly elderly gentleman now, and takes a very creditable interest in the baby Samuella. It has become habitual to her to look for legacies, and she amuses herself by regarding the baby as his future heiress. * * *

THE END OF THE STORY.

YOU were standing alone in the silence
 When I passed down the stair that night,
 Alone with your thoughts in the shadow,
 Away from the fire's soft light,
 And never a greeting you gave me,
 Not a word your lips let fall,
 As I came from the light to your side, dear,
 That night, in the old oak hall!

But I knew, ah! so well, the secret
 You fancied you kept unseen,
 And I hated the pride that was standing
 Like a shadow our hearts between.
 So I told you, that night, a story,
 And you listened as in a spell,
 Till I saw that you guessed the meaning
 Of the story I tried to tell!

You fain would have silenced me then, dear;
 To leave it untold were best—
 Too late, for I learned, as you drew me
 To your heart, that you knew the rest!
 And the shadow passed by from between us,
 Forever, beyond recall,
 As you whispered the end of the story
 That night, in the old oak hall!

THE MURMUR OF THE BEES.



IN city home, in crowded street,
Amid the throng of bustling feet,
On sunny days my thoughts take wing,
And once again the wild birds sing
Around the home of long ago,
And I can hear the brooklet flow
That wound the cottage round about,
And cheerily rings out the shout
Of merry children 'neath the trees,
And, plain and clear,
I seem to hear
The low-toned murmur of the bees—
The drowsy murmur of the bees.

The turmoil of a city life—
Its endless worries and its strife—
Pass out of mind, and I am glad
With that calm joy I one time had
When life was young and free from care.
And, lo! the murky city air
Is sweet with breath of old-time flowers,
Refreshed by summer's passing showers;
And, carried gently on the breeze,
Full plain and clear
I seem to hear
The low-toned murmur of the bees—
The drowsy murmur of the bees.



THE BLIND OF CHINA.

THOSE who have attempted to master the excruciating difficulties of any of the numerous dialects of Chinese, or the terrible array of intricate written characters which the weary eye must transfer to memory ere it is possible to read the simplest book, can alone fully appreciate the boon which has been conferred on the legion of the blind in China by means of the patient ingenuity of a Scotch working-man. Since in favored England, where the ravages of smallpox and ophthalmia are so effectually kept in check, there are nearly forty thousand blind persons, we can form some idea of their number in China, England being just about the size of the smallest of the eighteen provinces of that vast Empire. Whereas in our own land even to see one blind beggar is exceptional, in China there is not a city where they do not abound, frequently going about in companies of a dozen or more and assembling at certain spots in clamorous crowds, hungry and almost naked—truly of all men most miserable—the more so as many are also afflicted with leprosy.

The benefactor who has in such a wonderful sense opened the eyes of the blind is Mr. W. H. Murray, whose calling to mission work must be traced to an accident in a saw-mill, whereby he lost an arm and so was disabled from following his original profession. This apparent calamity has resulted in a discovery which, if properly developed, may prove an incalculable boon to millions yet unborn in the Celestial Empire.

As soon as he was able to resume work, Mr. Murray obtained employment as a rural letter-carrier in the neighborhood of Glasgow, but was subsequently employed by the National Bible Society of Scotland as a colporteur, and at this time his re-

markable faculty for languages attracted the notice of some of the directors. It was accordingly arranged that he should attend classes at the College, though his studies were not allowed to interfere with his regular work. All day long, therefore, he traveled with his Bible wagon, rising daily at three A. M. all through the chill winter mornings in order to prepare for his classes at eight and nine A. M., and then began again at a new day's work of bookselling.

During this period, apparently so fully occupied, he found time for an additional study, his interest having been aroused by seeing so many blind persons come to purchase books printed on Moon's system. Having mastered this, he took lessons in Professor Bell's system of visible speech, and also in Braille's system of reading and writing for the blind by means of embossed dots.

Ere long he was sent as agent for the National Bible Society of Scotland to Peking, where his work as a colporteur was at first very discouraging, but has of late years proved remarkably successful, and has included several highly encouraging Bible-selling expeditions into Mongolia. In the course of his sixteen years' work he has sold upward of a hundred thousand copies and portions of the Holy Scriptures in the Chinese and Tartar languages, so that were this the sole result of his accident it would be no trifling gain to his fellow-men.

But, furthermore, on arriving in China he found that the aforesaid system of visible speech (which he had acquired simply as an interesting curiosity) actually facilitated his own study of the very difficult language, so he noted down the value of every sound he mastered, and thus ascertained that these are really limited to

about four hundred and twenty—a very goodly number as compared with our own twenty-four, but a mere trifle as compared with the four thousand distinct and crabbed characters which every Chinaman must acquire before he can read such a book as the Bible in ordinary print. Even a child must master one thousand two hundred characters before he can read the Chinese equivalent of Jack the Giant Killer.

The continual sight of the innumerable Chinese beggars, whom Mr. Murray met at every turn, awakened an unspeakable longing to devise some means of alleviating their hard lot, and it was evident that, in a country where literature is held in such high honor, the power of reading would be simply an incalculable boon. He therefore set himself to reduce the four hundred and twenty sounds to a system of equivalent dots, and after eight years of persistent puzzling, his patient ingenuity was at length rewarded by finding that he was thus able accurately to represent the perplexing sounds of the language and to replace the bewildering multitude of Chinese characters.

Having thus overcome these apparently insuperable difficulties, his next care was to test the system, and prove whether even the most sensitive fingers could learn to discriminate four hundred separate arrangements of dots. Selecting a poor little orphan blind beggar, who was lying almost naked in the streets, and who, notwithstanding his loneliness and poverty, always seemed cheerful and content, Mr. Murray took him in hand, washed and clothed him, and undertook to feed and lodge him, provided he would apply himself in earnest to mastering this new learning. Naturally the boy was delighted, and we can imagine his ecstasy, and the thankful gladness of his teacher, when, *within six weeks*, he was able not only to read fluently, but to write with remarkable accuracy!

To complete the experiment, two blind

men were next induced to learn, the boy acting as teacher. One was able to read well within two months; the other more slowly, but also with great pleasure. It was at this stage that I made their acquaintance, and it struck me as intensely pathetic, as we stood at the door of a dark room—for it was night—to hear what I knew to be words of Holy Scripture read by men who, less than four months previously, sat begging in the streets, in misery and rags, on the verge of starvation.

No wonder that to their countrymen it should appear little short of miraculous that blind beggars should be thus cared for by foreigners, and endowed with apparently supernatural powers; consequently, when one was sent out to read in the street in company with a native colporteur, crowds gathered round to see, hear, and to buy the book. From the singular reverence of the Chinese for all written characters, and for those who can read them, it is evident that a blind reader there occupies a very different position from that of the men whom we are accustomed to see in our own streets. Furthermore, in no other country have so many converts attributed the conviction which has induced them to face all the persecution that almost invariably follows the renunciation of idolatry, solely to their solitary study of some copy of the Scriptures which has casually fallen into their hands. Hence it is obvious that, as assistant colporteurs, blind Scripture-readers may prove most valuable agents in spreading the knowledge of Christian truth.

I may add that the same system has been applied to musical symbols, and several boys who were found to have a remarkable talent for music have now been instructed in its science, and have learnt to write music from dictation with extraordinary facility. When the sheet is taken out of the frame each reads off his part, and rarely makes any mistakes. One of these boys now plays the harmon-

ium at the Sunday services in Chinese, the others forming an efficient choir.

Of course, tidings of the wonderful gift thus conferred on a chosen few have brought others who, being able to maintain themselves, have come as self-supporting pupils. Thus one blind man arrived who had traveled three hundred miles to put himself under Mr. Murray's tuition.

Another came who was found to be endowed with talents which seemed so specially to fit him for the ministry that he has been transferred to an institution at Tien-Tsin, where candidates are prepared for Holy Orders.

Amongst the recent pupils has been a handsome young married woman, about eighteen years of age, who lost her sight shortly before her marriage. Her betrothed, however, proved faithful, and brought her under Mr. Murray's care, and in a few months she had mastered the mysteries of reading, writing, and music. Both bride and bridegroom are Christians. Another very satisfactory pupil is a young man who lost his sight when he was about twenty. He rapidly acquired the blind system of reading and writing, and then set to work to stereotype an embossed Gospel of St. Matthew in classical mandarin Chinese, which is the *lingua franca* understood by all educated men throughout the Empire.

Of course, in a country where the dialects spoken between Canton and Peking are so different as to necessitate the publication of at least eight different translations of the Bible for persons with the use of their eyes, it is evident that all these must be reduced to the dot system ere the blind beggars of the Central and Southern Provinces can share the privilege already open to those of North China; so that eventually separate schools for the blind must be established in Southern cities.

Hitherto the work has been crippled in its cradle for want of funds, its development having been limited to what could be accomplished by the continual self-

denial of the working man to whom it owes its existence. Being bound to devote all his hours of recognized work to book-selling, he has evolved every detail of the system and taught his pupils in hours stolen from sleep. Moreover, he has all along taxed his slender salary to the very uttermost in order to provide board, lodging, and raiment for these blind students. (For even a frugal Chinaman cannot be respectably clothed and fed for less than fifty dollars a year.)

For sixteen years this patient toiler has thus worked on almost unknown, but it is now high time that he should be enabled to give up ceaselessly traveling with his book-cart, in order that he may have leisure to prepare the Holy Scriptures and other books for the use of successive generations of this vast multitude of darkened lives, variously estimated at from five hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand, for whom so little has hitherto been done either by their own countrymen or by foreigners.

But the Bible Society for which Mr. Murray works is at present unable to undertake any fresh expense in addition to the salary of its Bible-selling agent at Peking. It therefore rests with the public to make it possible for Mr. Murray to devote his remaining days to transmitting to others the knowledge which has been so specially revealed to him, and which he alone is competent to develop. It is hoped that Mr. Murray may be able to train many teachers, gifted with sight, either Europeans or first-class Chinese converts, who may be employed by the various missions in all parts of the Empire. One such sighted head-teacher in each district could there found a Blind School, and train Chinese Scripture-readers and others, and thus the work may be ceaselessly extended till it overspreads the whole vast Empire like a network. It is hoped that among those who offer themselves for this work some may be found who are endowed with that peculiar

faculty which may enable them to apply the system to the principal dialects of the eighteen great Provinces of China.

Surely such a story as this may well incite many to prove their interest by some act of self-denial, which may enable them to help so earnest a worker. For we all know how very apt we are to limit our giving-power to such a sum as we can spare without involving much self-denial!

Would that some who read these lines would consider for a moment what life would be to themselves were they deprived of gifts so precious as SIGHT and LIGHT, and would each resolve to present for this branch of GOD'S work such a sum as he shall really miss—not taken from the total of his accustomed offerings, but as a special thank-offering for these precious gifts—a portion of that money-talent which we know we only hold in trust, as

we so often need to remind ourselves when we say, "Both riches and honor come of THEE, and of THINE own do we give THEE!"

This new mission will certainly appeal, as no other has yet done, to two of the strongest characteristics of China's millions, namely, *their reverence for pure benevolence, and their veneration for the power of reading.* To see foreigners undertaking such a work of love for the destitute blind will go far toward dispelling prejudice against Christians and their MASTER, and will prepare the way for the workers of all Christian missions.

All donations for the Chinese Blind Mission may be sent to Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, Glen-Earn House, Crieff, Scotland, or the Editor of the HOME MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 920, Philadelphia, who will forward any amounts received to above address.

UNDER THE CHESTNUT-TREES.

NOWHERE do chestnut-trees look so luxuriant and beautiful as in the little French village of St. Léger. The three tiny lakes are bordered with large, fine old trees, whose leafy branches are mirrored in the clear blue waters; the houses are all built in the shadow of chestnut-boughs, and these trees seem, indeed, to be of more consequence to the villagers than are the rye and wheat fields, for the people live on the nuts for half the year, and their principal wealth is derived from the sale of the wood. A few years ago I set out for this place on a special errand. Madame Vircourt, a friend of my mother's, had intrusted to me five hundred francs (about one hundred dollars), which she wished to be divided among the most needy of the villagers. St. Léger was her birthplace, as well as my father's, and now, on her death-

bed, she remembered the scenes of her childhood.

It was early autumn, so I had a pleasant journey and the prospect of a few days' shooting; but first I must do my errand. Thinking that the easiest way to accomplish this was to apply to the pastor, I went at once to his house and introduced myself. He received me in a small apartment which evidently served as parlor, study, and bed-room in one, and as I set down and stated the reason of my visit, I was surprised to see that neither the news nor the sight of the silver pieces gave the good man especial delight.

"You wish to give alms in St. Léger, and expect me to say just where they are most needed?" he said, slowly. "Well, truly, I do not know of any one who is in actual want at present. The money, however, might be useful in the winter."

"That will not do," I answered, "for Madame Vircourt directed me to distribute the money within twenty-four hours, and in this parish only. Do you mean to tell me that you have no poor?"

"Nearly all my people are poor," replied the old man, with a smile; "that is, they have very little; but then, they do not know what luxury is, for they have never seen it. They are perfectly content to live on chestnuts, potatoes, and bread all the week, with a little pork and cider on Sunday. However, as the good lady's money must needs be given to my parishioners, I will go round and see what I can do with it. Come here to-morrow morning, and I will tell you the result of my search."

So I took my leave and went for an afternoon's shooting, and had fine sport among the partridges. When I returned to the pastor he greeted me with the words, "I have been able to dispose of twenty-five francs only, but perhaps if you were to take the rest of the money and go among the people you would be more successful than I have been."

There seemed to be no other way, so I took up my gun and set out in search of game and poverty. On my way through the woods I came upon a charcoal-burner's cabin, and the owner inviting me to enter, I went in and sat down on a stump which served as a stool. We began to converse, and what was my surprise to find on telling the old man my name and profession, that he had known my father and still held his memory in affectionate esteem. I looked round the miserable hut and thought an alms would certainly be welcome here, for a heap of straw was the man's only bed. I resolved to give him enough money to buy a mattress and a warm quilt. Just then he asked me a question.

"Monsieur, will you do me a favor when you return to the city? My niece's husband died lately, leaving her with four young children to support; she is in great

distress, and I have long wanted to help her, but have not known how to send money. If you would take her these ten francs you would be doing a charity."

I consented, of course, and took the money with the niece's name and address, and at the same time I slipped into my pocket again the twenty francs which I had been about to hand to the speaker. How could I offer alms to a man who was himself giving charity? I bade him good-bye, and resumed my shooting, until chance led me to another dwelling. It was larger than the charcoal-burner's hut, though hardly less poor looking. Here lived a widow with three children; her husband, she told me, had died some years ago, and for a time her poverty had been so great that she had almost been driven to begging. Thank Heaven, though, she had escaped that, and now her children were old enough to work, one earning twenty cents a day, and the other ten. So, you see, we are comfortable," she added, smiling, and I put my money back into my pocket.

"Surely," I said, "every one in this parish is not as fortunate as you! Can you not tell me of any one who is in want, for a charitable lady has intrusted me with some money for the poor of St. Léger."

She thought for a moment, and then said slowly: "I do not know of any one who is in actual want, though there are many people who would no doubt be glad of the money. But the men would spend it on wine, and the women on finery—wait!" she cried, as I was turning away impatiently—"I forgot poor old Bourdon. He broke his leg a while ago, and as he has a sick wife and five children, I should think he would be delighted to have help. They live about half a mile from here, straight on by the path."

I thanked her, and at once turned in the direction she pointed out. Before long I came in sight of a tiny cottage, but to reach it, had to go over a wide stretch

of heath and through weeds and brambles which reached to my knees. Before the door, a man with a bandaged leg sat chopping wood and whistling gayly. Two children were playing in the sunshine near him, and an older one was dandling a baby at the open window.

"Is your name Bourdon?" I asked of the man, and on his assenting, I hastened to add, "I hear you have lately met with an accident."

"Yes, but it was not so bad as I thought," he answered; "it is nearly well already."

"You are fortunate," I said, gloomily; "but it must have caused you great loss of time."

"A little," he replied; "but I have almost made it up; thank Heaven! we have nothing to complain of."

I was furious, for it was evident that he needed no help, and without speaking to him again I retraced my steps through the weeds and brambles. When I regained the highway I walked along slowly, reflecting on the ill-success of my errand. I came at last to a cross-road, and here stood the most magnificent chestnut-tree I had yet seen. But what interested me more was the poor woman who was crouched at the foot of the tree, shivering from head to foot.

"Are you ill, my good woman?" I said, scarcely able to conceal my delight.

"Yes, sir, chills and fever," she gasped.

"You must take quinine," I cried, joyfully; "here is money to buy it;" and I thrust twenty francs into her shaking hand, while she called down a thousand blessings on my head.

Delighted by this incident, I went at once to the parsonage, exclaiming, as I entered:

"Such luck as I have had! Two rabbits, three partridges, and a poor old woman!" But when I told the pastor what had happened he laughed good-humoredly as he said:

"So that is the way you obey your friend's strict orders!"

"What!" I cried, "was not that old, sick creature in actual want?"

"Oh! yes," he answered; "and poor Madge is a worthy object of charity, but she belongs to the next parish!"

I went home that night, and lost no time in explaining to Madame Vircourt's daughter the difficulty of obeying her mother's wishes, and at the same time I obtained permission to distribute the rest of the money among the city's poor. Alas! I had only to visit two houses, near my own home, to dispose of all the alms, and if I had had three times the amount it would not have been half enough. Yet these people had quite as much, if not more, to eat and drink and wear as the villagers of St. Léger! But the poor of the city saw the rich living around them in spacious mansions, wearing fine clothes, and eating rich food, and the contrast made their own lot seem bitter. I have since heard that the little hamlet under the chestnut-trees is fast growing up to be a town, a large factory and a sugar refinery having been established there, and I fear that if I were again to visit St. Léger I should find more "poverty" than I could possibly relieve.

JEAN GRANGE.

MY LOVE LOVES ME.



WHAT is the meaning of thy thought,
O maiden fair and young?
There is such pleasure in thine eyes,
Such music on thy tongue;
There is such glory on thy face,
What can the meaning be?
"I love my Love, because I know
My Love loves me."

TWO THOUSAND AND FOUR.

A TALE OF THE CONSCRIPTION OF 1813.

SOMEWHERE about five o'clock on a January morning, pitch dark of course, and the wind swirling the snow, of which a light shower has fallen some hours before, into mimic pyramids on the frozen roads, or every now and then catching up a handful of it, as it were, to fling in the face of any person foolish enough to be out and about at such an hour and in such weather.

There are not many.

In the quiet French village all is as dark and stiller than the night, where the wind and the bare rime-covered boughs of the thick orchard trees are holding a sort of weird concert.

Only in one little cottage, a poor tumble-down cabin standing solitary in a small rocky gorge that leads down to the sea, is a light or any sign of movement. Here, at intervals through the night, a man's figure might have been seen coming to the door of the cabin and then retreating with a sort of shrug. But at length, conquering his indecision, or urged, it might be, by some force from within, he comes out, shuts the door behind him, and pulling his cap well over his eyes, starts at a quick, uneven pace up the gorge.

When he gains the road he turns up a lane, and with some difficulty finding a gate, crosses a meadow in the direction of a small house, which he has almost to touch before he can be quite sure that he is near to it, so very dark is it under the shadow of the big trees which surround the cottage.

At sound of his footsteps on the hard ground a dog begins to bark, and the man, feeling his way, approaches the door and hammers loudly at it. Presently a

voice answers from within: "In Heaven's name! what is it? Hold! I'm coming."

Then the door opens, and a man's head in a cotton nightcap looks out. He holds a lantern up to the face of the intruder.

When he sees who it is he gives a rather angry exclamation and sets the lantern down.

"Joubert! you! What do you mean by disturbing us like this at this hour of the night? What do you want?"

"It is not night, it is morning," says the man, gruffly. "I have waited for that. My wife is dying, or dead perhaps. I have come for Madame Thouret." He speaks not as if he were asking a favor, but rather as though he were demanding a right.

The husband is inclined to grumble a little. "Madame Thouret indeed!—at this hour! Anybody might think I had married the doctor, or the *curé*, perhaps. What have we done, honest people like us, I should like to know, that we should be roused up for every— Eh! what is that you say, wife?"

A woman's voice has broken in upon the tirade. "Tell Monsieur Joubert that I will come at once," it says.

A few minutes later and Madame Thouret, wrapped in a big gray cloak with a hood and armed with a big red umbrella, which it is too windy to hold up, is found ready to respond to the appeal which has been made to her. Madame Thouret's reputation as a sick-nurse is widespread, and this is by no means the first time that she has been aroused from sleep by the needs of some suffering neighbor, for her kindliness is well known to be equal to her skill. Still, as her husband remarks, as he rubs his chilled fin-

gers and holds the lantern for her to pass out, "There are limits."

Jacques Joubert takes the lantern, and without so much as a good-night or thank you, sets off by the side of Madame Thouret, his shambling, uncertain gait contrasting curiously with her light, even steps as their footfalls resound together on the frozen ground in the deep stillness.

"She has had those fits all the night," he says, gloomily, when they have crossed the meadow and have got into the road.

"And you were drinking at Coutances all yesterday," says Madame Thouret.

"How do you know?" asks Joubert, sulkily.

Madame Thouret does not answer, because the wind is just then blowing her about very much, but she nods her head ~~all~~ to herself—it is so dark that her companion cannot see the movement—as much as to say, "I know a good many things more than you may think."

Not many more words pass between the two before, stumbling along in the thick darkness, they reach the cabin, from which a faint light peeps out. Joubert turns the handle and enters, Madame Thouret following.

The poor sufferer is lying now in a quite unconscious state, and Madame Thouret, with a practiced eye, sees that the end cannot be far off.

"You did well to fetch me," she says, softening in her manner to Joubert, who stands looking miserable, with his arms folded.

Madame Thouret sets him to work to light a fire, while with womanly instinct she begins to set the place a little in order. It is a miserable home, and has long been the scandal of the village; but whether the fault is altogether on the side of the dissipated husband, or whether the greater share of the blame should not be borne by the thriftless and untidy wife, is a matter of opinion.

When Madame Thouret is trying to smooth and arrange the poor bedclothes a

little more comfortably for the sick woman, she inadvertently rolls over a bundle of rags, from which at once comes a fretful cry.

"O Toine!" she says, "poor little man, I did not know that you were there."

The child sits up, rubs its dirty face with a still dirtier hand, and roars its very hardest.

"Hold your noise," says the father, harshly.

"Do not disturb poor mother," says Madame Thouret, gently. "She is asleep, you see."

But the sound seems to have pierced to the dull mind of the dying woman. She opens her eyes and stretches out a hand toward the child; then, seeing Madame Thouret, she tries to raise herself, and makes a violent effort to point, as it were, from the child to her and from her to the child.

"You—you—" she says, and then words fail her.

Madame Thouret, however, seems to understand her meaning.

"I promise you, Thérèse, I will look after him," she says; and taking a big, red cotton pocket-handkerchief from her pocket, she wipes the little, dirty, tear-stained face and then kisses it.

It is thus that Toine Joubert becomes in a sense one of the Thouret household. His mother dies as the day comes in on that bleak January morning, and Madame Thouret, having no more work of love left to do in the miserable cabin, wraps little Toine in her big gray cloak and carries him home with her there and then.

She does not mean to adopt him. Her promise to his dying mother was not intended to amount to so much as that. Indeed, Madame Thouret is not sure that her husband would sanction such a course.

But this is practically what does take place.

After his wife's death Jacques Joubert's ways do not improve. On the contrary,

he is idler and more dissipated than ever, often staying away from home for days together, with apparently no concern at all as to what may become of the poor little child, who should now be his sole care. When at home he is much oftener harsh and cruel to the boy than kind, so that Toine cannot naturally be expected to miss his father much when absent, unless it might be with a sense of relief. By a sort of instinct little Toine finds his way time after time to the Thourrets' cottage, and though he cannot truly be said to receive a very warm welcome, the door is never shut against him, and he is fain to be content with such small mercies as fall to him.

Monsieur Thouret does not especially favor him; little Prospère, the son of the house, regards him with a sort of contemptuous pity; and Babette, the rough farm servant-girl, is disposed to sweep him away with her big broom; but from Madame Thouret herself he never receives anything but kindness. She is not by nature demonstrative, being in this respect not a typical Frenchwoman, or perhaps more Norman than French. But Toine soon learns to know that even if Madame Thouret has no word of greeting, she has always a plate of something good to eat ready for him in her cupboard; and, like some vagrant cur who, with his tail between his legs, takes kicks and scraps with apparently equal relish, so poor Toine accepts Farmer Thouret's harsh words and his wife's relishing morsels with the same air of stolid indifference. He was certainly not an attractive child, nobody could deny that, and his manners were the reverse of good.

"He is like the pigs who eat the acorns which fall at their feet, but who do not trouble to look up to see where they come from," Monsieur Thouret would say. "He has not a grateful spirit."

"As for that," his wife would answer, "I don't know that he has so much to be grateful for, and, for the acorns, somebody

must eat them, or the world would be overgrown with oaks. So with our scraps. What should be done with them if little Toine were not at hand?"

"He is a sullen little owl, to say the best of him," was Monsieur Thouret's verdict.

"Think of his father, think of his mother. What would you have, my friend? You cannot expect a peach to grow out of a bramble-bush," pleads his wife, as the extenuating circumstances of the case. "He will improve with time."

As the years passed on, however, it became apparent that Time's education failed to accomplish its proper work. There was something wanting in poor Toine.

When his mother had died he had been a mere infant, little over two years old, and backward both in walking and speaking. As he grew into boyhood his body developed rapidly, but his mind grew hardly at all. When he was seven years old his intelligence was certainly not equal to that of an ordinary child of three.

It was about this time that his father began actually to ill-treat him, to beat as well as starve him, or at least it was then only that such treatment came to the knowledge of Madame Thouret and roused her indignation. Frequently the child would come to her house blackened by bruises, the results of his father's violence. It was long before he would admit that this was their cause, and would shake his head vaguely when Madame Thouret questioned him. But once, when he had received an unusually severe blow from his father, he let the secret out, and from that time Madame Thouret was made the confidante of his sufferings in a manner which would certainly not have been intelligible to any other person, but which she understood perfectly. Madame Thouret waxed very wroth over this ill-treatment of the unfortunate child, and spoke to her husband about it.

"Bah!" said that unsympathetic person; "the creature is such a little imp that I think I could beat him myself."

"Not if you were his father," cried Madame, still indignant.

"Which I am not, thank Heaven."

"Yes, thank Heaven, indeed," echoed the wife, looking proudly at her own bright, handsome boy, who was at the time in the room. "If ever the sins of the parents," she went on, "were visited on the children, it is so on that poor little Toine; but surely that is the reason why his father ought to be all the gentler with him, for if he is an idiot it is certainly his own fault, and, after all, he is remarkably like his mother."

"Well," said Monsieur Thouret, laughing, "that is perhaps no very strong recommendation in Jacques Joubert's eyes, for everybody knew that he got a bad bargain in her."

"Anyway, my heart grieves for the poor little lad," said kind Madame Thouret, "and if that brute goes on beating him in this way, he will knock the little sense he has out of him."

"And it wouldn't take a very hard blow to do that," says the incorrigible farmer.

Madame Thouret at length spoke to Jacques Joubert on the subject, and got very little thanks for her interference. Nor probably did Toine reap much benefit from it either, except from the suggestion, impudent enough in its way, that if Madame was so fond of the brat, and thought he was not being properly brought up, she had better take charge of him herself.

Finally the boy made his appearance at the Thourets' door one day in midwinter with the information that "*Pupa* was gone," a statement that time verified, for Joubert was never seen again in the neighborhood, and when Madame Thouret, after some little time, went to his cabin on a voyage of discovery, she found the coast very clear indeed; for he had

evidently carried off with him everything that was of the slightest value.

Toine was consequently admitted as a humble member of the Thouret family, not without some little opposition from the head of the house; but, of course, in the end he yielded, as he always did, to his wife's wishes.

"He will be useful, to be sure, to frighten the crows," said Monsieur Thouret. "He has just the face and figure for it."

"He will improve, mark my words," said his wife.

"Let us hope so," responded the husband.

At this time Toine was about ten years old, an ungainly boy, with arms and legs which seemed to have been a misfit from the body of some other person, like little Prospère's old clothes, in which he was habitually dressed. He had a big uncouth head, with a flat, expressionless face and lack-lustre eyes. His speech was slow and defective, and his intelligence variable. At times he seemed incapable of understanding the simplest facts. At another time he would obey orders or even execute little commissions with exactitude. He was always specially shy and stupid with Monsieur Thouret, of whom he seemed to be afraid, but his devotion to Madame Thouret was almost touching.

He would follow her about like a dog, watch her movements, and in time so learnt to anticipate her wants, that he was to her, as she would sometimes tell him, "a third hand." Nothing moved him to so great an exhibition of pleasure as a smile or a word of praise from her, while at a word or look of reproof he would burst into tears. To every one else he was perfectly stolid. He was not much of a companion to little Prospère, who was, to be sure, two years his junior, but who in everything except appearance might have been four or five years the elder. The younger boy at once assumed a tone

of command over the elder, which no one, except Madame Thouret occasionally, thought of attempting to modulate; and it was rarely indeed that Toine made any resistance, although at times Prospère, from thoughtlessness less than ill-will, proved himself a tolerably hard master. In truth, poor Toine had the very profoundest respect and admiration for Prospère, only touched occasionally by a slight tinge of jealousy if he happened to be receiving any special marks of attention or endearment from his mother.

This sometimes showed itself in a droll way. Once Prospère was ill of a fever, not an infectious one; but Madame Thouret's time was so taken up by her cares of the invalid, that very little notice was taken of Toine. One day Toine was found curled up at the foot of Prospère's bed.

"What are you doing here?" was asked.

"I am catching the fever," was the unusually quick reply, "so that Maman Thouret may take care of me too."

At another time little Prospère had been disobedient, and his mother, looking sadly at him, had said, "You make me very unhappy," upon hearing which Toine immediately caught up a big stick which happened to be near and was preparing to thump the offender on the head. When prevented, he muttered sulkily, "Toine will beat anybody who makes Maman Thouret sad."

The aggressive was, however, a very rare mood for the poor child; for, as a rule, he was timid in the extreme, and his apparent sullenness was no doubt in great measure due to this cause.

Years passed on, and the two lads who had grown side by side developed each in his own way. Prospère at eighteen was a fine, handsome fellow, with an open face and good carriage, bold and active as a young lion, a little overbearing, perhaps, but true-hearted, and the joy and pride of his parents' hearts.

Toine at twenty still shambled on in Prospère's old clothes, which he was still able to take in reversion, and which fitted him better than in the days of his early boyhood, for he was smaller than Prospère and not nearly so broad. Speech had never come to him as it comes to most of us. He spoke rather as a child who is being taught a foreign language; but by the aid of signs he managed to convey the few simple ideas which came into his brain. Madame Thouret had at one time sent him to school, and when pronounced hopeless there, had even herself attempted to teach him a little; but he had never yet been able to master the difficulties of great *A* and little *b*. The *curé* had refused to admit him to the communion on the evident ground that he could not be made to understand matters of religion. But he habitually attended church with Madame Thouret, and none of the congregation behaved with greater propriety. He was extremely sensitive to sounds, being always terrified by any loud noise such as thunder or the report of a gun, but delighting in music, and being himself able to produce music of a sweet, wild kind from an old flute which he had found lying neglected in the Thourets' house. This was his constant companion. With it he would sit hour after hour, in some secluded nook or corner, discoursing wandering melodies, and at night it lay always beside him ready for his waking hand. This was his one amusement. For occupation he was able to render various small services about the farm, and was, as he had been from the first, obedient and gentle, but with an expression of sullen vacuity upon his face which in truth belied him, for it seemed to imply some evil qualities which he did not possess. Perhaps they, like his brain, were undeveloped. In the census of the *arrondissement*, Antoine Joubert was set down as an imbecile; yet this was scarcely the word which most fitly represented him. Half-witted would have been a better designation for

him, but for this there may perhaps be no exact word in the French language; but, of course, for all purposes of the State he was useless, and, so to speak, a blank.

"Ah, *mon enfant*," said Madame Thouret to the lad one day when he came to her, sick and faint from the sight of a few drops of blood on a cut finger, "it is well for thy poor heart that God has made thee an idiot; otherwise thou mightst have been shot for a coward."

"*Bom! Bom!*" said Toine, shuddering. "Toine does not like that noise."

"No," returned Madame Thouret, as she tied up the wounded finger; "it is well thou canst never be called for a soldier."

This was a constant dread upon her mind with regard to Prospère, and just about this time this shadowy terror became a very real and pressing anxiety.

Now, according to the present law, it is a trouble which every French mother has to bear as a part of the burthen of her motherhood, but in the days of which we are writing, every man was not called upon to take up arms, but the conscription chose its victims by ballot. If the present law seems to our English notions a hard and cruel one, it has at least the merit of the inevitable. In the days of the conscription there were always present the agitating elements of hope and fear, the cruel uncertainties of chance. At the beginning of this century the wars of Napoleon were draining France of its men; year after year came fresh demands, and as each successive levy was made, the standard of age was both lowered and raised, and the difficulty of obtaining exemptions increased. In the year 1813, in order to carry on his war with England to a successful termination, as he believed, Napoleon called for a fresh conscription of fifty thousand men; and on this occasion the practice which had been very prevalent among the well-to-do, or with those who were averse to a military life, of purchasing a substitute, was forbidden.

This order created something approaching to consternation in many families who had hitherto contrived by great personal sacrifices to maintain their circle unbroken. Especially in the rural districts of Normandy and Brittany, where the Empire was not popular, this new edict was much resented, and the village of St. Brie was no exception to the general rule. Madame Thouret was from the first disposed to be desponding with regard to Prospère. The exemption which as an only son he would have been able in former years to claim had been for some time abolished, and, indeed, for this conscription even married men were requisitioned. It was perhaps because he was such a fine handsome fellow, and would look so well, every one said, in regimentals, that his mother feared so much for him, as though the indiscriminating hand of blind chance must perforce choose the fittest victim.

It was therefore with no sense of shock, though with a heart-wrenching pang, that Madame Thouret learned from her son that the fates had pronounced against her.

"*Eh bien!*" she had asked eagerly. She was waiting his return from the ballot by the house door. "*Eh bien!*" But in truth she had nothing to ask, for the first sound of his footsteps, so tremblingly watched for by her anxious ears, had revealed the truth. They had not been the gay, careless steps of one who runs with pleasant news; they had been quick and firm and steady. But the mother knew by their sound, and by the look, half-sad and half-proud, on the handsome face, that she would have to lose her son.

"Yes, mother, I am drawn—I am 'two thousand and four.' Don't fret, I shall come back to you perhaps"—a little trembling in the voice—"with a star upon my breast; and in the mean time, well—" At this moment Toine, flute in hand, comes shambling out of some hidden nook, and Prospère, by way of a poor little joke, finishes his sentence with, "in the mean time you will have Toine."

Madame Thouret looks through tear-dimmed eyes from one to the other—both in their way dear to her; but in comparing them her mother's heart bleeds, yearning over the bright, beautiful life, so full of hope and promise, which she foresees ebbing away unnoticed amid the cruel carnage of a battlefield, and for the first time in her life she turns away from poor Toine with something like a shudder.

"*Bon Dieu!*" she cries, as though the words were wrong from her. "If it could have been the other way—he to go and you to stay!"

Nobody knew or heeded if Toine heard the words. Prospère threw his arm about his mother, and looking at Toine laughed. "Wouldst like to be a soldier, Toine, like me?" he asked, gayly.

"Is that what thou art?" asked Toine, with more of interest than he usually showed in passing matters.

"To be sure," returned the young man, puffing out his breast and marching up and down in military style. "Behold me—no longer Prospère as you know him, but Conserit 2004—later on, Field-Marshal of France."

"Ah! my son, it is well to laugh while thou canst," said his mother, turning away to hide her tears; "and the future rests with God. But for the present, it is very bitter."

The next few days were days of anxious preparation and sad good-byes in the Thouret household and among the little circle of their friends. In three days from the date of the ballot, the new recruits were to join their respective headquarters. The time was short, and yet it was perhaps felt to be better, after all, if the wrench had to be made, that the pain of it should not be too long drawn out. All this time, during which Prospère is the constant centre of an admiring group, Toine is almost invisible. Circumstances naturally placed him in the background, and it is supposed that the general interest felt in Prospère makes him moody and

inclined to be jealous. He is restless, too. His pipe is heard playing in the deep of the night, when he and the rest of the world should be asleep, but when one other at least, Madame Thouret, to wit, can find little repose for her sad mother's breast. Perambulating the house in her unrest she hears, as she thinks, stifled sobs and cries in the little closet where Toine sleeps; she stops at the door to listen, and a curious eager prayer is conveyed to her ears: "God! God! let me not forget two thousand and four." She turns the handle and goes in, but in the darkness can distinguish nothing, and Toine is breathing heavily, as in sleep. "Poor fellow, he is dreaming of Prospère," she says, softly. "He feels more than he shows."

The conscription drawing was on Thursday. On Monday morning at nine o'clock Prospère has to present himself at headquarters. The whole house is up betimes. The new soldier has a distance of six miles to travel, and Monsieur Thouret is to drive him in the cart.

It is not a very cheerful family meal that last breakfast. Monsieur Thouret is silent; Madame Thouret makes an effort to be gay, and breaks down every now and then signally; Prospère makes jokes, and sobs in the middle of them; and Toine, who, to be sure, would not in any case have added much to the general hilarity, does not appear. As a matter of fact he is forgotten in the tumult, and no one thinks of inquiring for him.

But when Prospère is on the point of starting and the cart is waiting at the cross-road, there is a general outcry. Prospère's knapsack is missing. All his worldly goods, clothes, money, certificates of baptism and confirmation, all the small treasures of his life, even the silk handkerchief worked with his name by pretty Bertha Hoche, all are in the parcel, and it is gone. Suddenly Monsieur Thouret connects its disappearance with that of Toine Joubert.

"It is some idiot's trick that the fellow

is playing, confound him!" he says; "or he has stolen it."

"He has not done that," says Madame Thouret, "but he may have hidden it, so thinking to keep Prospère at home." She makes her way to his bed-room, and comes back with a little air of bewilderment. "He is not there," she says, "and his bed has not been slept on—that is curious."

"Confound him!" again cries Monsieur Thouret, angrily. Then: "Anyway, thou hadst best come, my son, to report thyself in good time. If this fool has made away with thy clothes, thy mother and I must find thee others."

Considerably annoyed by this *contre-temps*, which, however, served to break the dreariness of the farewell, Prospère and his father at length set off, while Madame Thouret retired into the cottage to indulge in the feminine luxury of a good cry, and then she busied herself to set the house in order, that it might look fairly clean and tidy when her husband returned; cheerful it could never look again in her eyes with no Prospère for its sun.

The day passed away and the darkness began to fall, and still Monsieur Thouret did not return. His wife, growing anxious, lighted the lamp, set it in the window that it might be a sort of beacon, and then, opening the house-door, stood there watching, pale and eager, and with a terrible sense of loneliness creeping over her. Prospère was gone and Toine had made no sign all the day, and now her husband was missing. What new, terrible grief was going to happen to her? she wondered.

At length the creaking wheels of a cart smote her ear coming along the high road.

"Thank God, at last," she said. But then again she heard voices, and she shook her head. "That cannot be my husband, he will be—alone," she said to herself, with a sigh. Yet again those voices, those footsteps. She runs out into the gathering gloom, and with something like a

scream catches Prospère in her glad arms. "My dear one, what is it?" she cries. "Is peace proclaimed? Is the Emperor dead? Is—"

"Maman," said Prospère, as he leads his mother back into the house, "it is Toine." As he speaks he brushes a tear from his cheek with the back of his hand. "When we got to the barracks they would not admit me, as two thousand and four had already answered to his name. He—he must have gone there last night, poor fellow, and taken the knapsack."

"I never thought of that, beast that I am," says Monsieur Thouret, huskily.

And Madame Thouret throws her apron over her head, and cries rather as if she had lost her son than as if she had found him.

"But what is to be done?" she says presently. We must bring him back, *le pauvre enfant*. He would die with fright at the sound of the first gun."

"Of course," says Prospère. "We have been waiting about, all the day, to see the commandant, and to make the necessary depositions, but all is in such confusion that we could get no one to attend to us; neither could we get a sight of Toine. The *conscripts* are all confined to barracks. I must go again to-morrow, mother, and perhaps you had better come and fetch Toine back. He would not come so well for any other bidding."

"Would it not be perhaps as well to let well alone?" suggests Monsieur Thouret, doubtfully, scratching a little bald place on the top of his head, as he had the habit of doing at times of perplexity. "As he chose to go, why not let him?"

"No, no, my friend, that is not possible," returns his wife, with firmness, adding, in a more trembling tone: "To-morrow we will reclaim our poor innocent and trust our son to God's mercy."

In accordance with this resolution, the next day Prospère, accompanied by both mother and father, and bearing with them a certificate from Monsieur le Curé as to

Toine's mental condition, once more made their way to Coutances on, as it, however, turned out to be, a fruitless errand, for they found the little town restored to the dull placidity which follows a storm. The *conservés* had all been marched away, "Heaven knows where," according to their informant, at daybreak that morning.

Some five years later on an old soldier, with an armless sleeve, comes to St. Brie inquiring for Madame Thouret. He is directed to the house, and finds two to answer to the name, Madame Thouret number two being a pretty, dark-eyed girl, once Bertha Hoche, who finds something more useful to do now than to embroider silk kerchiefs with Prospère's name; for is there not always the baby to mind? and such a child as she is for getting into mischief! The old soldier turns from the younger to the elder woman.

"It is you, Madame, to whom I have a message," he says, pulling out of his pocket an old flute. "A poor, half-witted fellow who called himself two thousand and four, and no other name, gave it to me, and begged me with his dying breath to bring it to St. Brie to one Maman Thouret, with the message that he was not ungrateful. He begged so earnestly, and seemed so sensible at the last, that I was fain to grant his request, and as my home is not more than a couple of leagues off, I promised; if ever I came back, I would find you out."

Madame Thouret took the old flute and kissed it with a simple reverence, as if it had been some saint's relic.

"Then he is dead?" she said. "Poor Toine!"

"Yes, Madame. He suffered a good

deal; he couldn't submit to discipline, or, as I believe, understand orders, and nothing, I verily believe, would ever have made him stand fire."

"Indeed, no, I should fear not," said Madame Thouret.

"So that perhaps it was as well for him that he so soon got fever—brain fever, I think they called it—and died. I was in hospital with him, and saw a good bit of him at the last. He lived some while after the fever left him, but he was quite like a child, as simple and gentle, but not seeming to understand what was going on about him. How he ever got taken as a *conservé* I cannot imagine, except that at that time there was such a greediness on the part of the military authorities that anything seemed like fish to them that got into their net."

"Ah!" said Madame Thouret, wiping her eyes with her apron. "He was a noble fellow, after all! Poor Toine! Nobody ever knew how good he was!"

"He was that, but he had not the make of a soldier, Madame. *Tiens!* he would cut and run at the very sound of powder, let alone shot. He had only half the make of a man about him. In fact, he always struck me as—well, I hardly know how to express it—as a sort of half-finished creature."

"That was it, that was it. Poor Toine!" returned Madame Thouret. "When *le bon Dieu* began making him He must have put all the good into him first, meaning to put the evil after, and then He must have changed His mind, and so never finished him at all. This was Toine." Then, after a moment's pause, she added, reverently: "But He will have finished His work by this time, and be sure it is very good now."

A MODERN EVANGELINE.

YOU think my picture should be called "A Flower-Girl," or "At the Market," "Gänsblume," or any other of the half dozen titles suggested by the mädchen, with straw basket-tray slung across her shoulders by its canvas straps, making a background of wicker-work and summer blossoms for round face and yellow hair beneath the knotted kerchief?

Yes; and so I thought myself, when I first saw it.

It was at the corner of a narrow, dingy street that turned off lower Broadway, of all places the most unlikely stand a flower-girl could have selected. One would have thought the very grimy shadows would have blighted every bloom. But when she half put out her hand, offering me a bunch of her field daisies, the spirit of Spring was abroad in the air.

Yes, I know field daisies belong to summer as well as to spring, and that nook or corner all over the land there is none—unless between the paving-stones of such a busy street as that—where their little, obtrusive heads may not start up. But then, field daisies and Hanne together: it was impossible to think of anything but spring meadows.

And that was the way she came to sit to me.

I meant at first to sketch her as a little goose-girl, herding her troublesome flock in those same meadows, in the midst of her "goose-flowers," as she called her daisies. But, after all, it was as a flower-girl that she was at her best, and that I painted her there, as you see. It was afterward that it came to be named Evangeline.

Hanne was certainly the most troublesome model I ever had, for all the serene look which you see in her face, and which

I never saw her face without but for one moment—and then it came back to it forever.

It is a strange look—serene, patient, because of a trustful expectancy of something which cannot possibly fail her. It was that expression which first attracted me in the face and made me cast about in my own mind for its story. For, you see, except the coloring—(the coloring is as fresh and pure as her own daisies—) it is not beautiful.

But—troublesome? Yes; in this way. While Hanne readily enough agreed to come to my studio, flowers and all, and pose for me, there was hardly an available hour in the twenty-four, when I could secure her.

"Ach, not in the morning, gracious Fraulein!" she would say, shaking her blonde head at me, with all the blossoms at her back nodding again—"not in the morning! that is the busy time of day, when the wagons and the big drays are passing and passing! I cannot leave my stand then!"

"Little Goose-flower!" I scolded her, "do you think the draymen and the wagoners are going to stop to buy your posies?"

But the blue eyes only widened with their far-away, expectant look, and Hanne did not come.

In the afternoon, then?

"But what for a flower-girl would Hanne be, dear Fraulein, not to be at her post when all the town is busy still, coming and going?"

One day I lost patience.

"If I should ask you to come to my studio after two and before four o'clock in the morning, Hannchen, that would suit you, I suppose! For those are about the only hours of the twenty-four when

your horrible old drays and wagons are not thundering past this corner."

"Before four o'clock? recht so! gracious Fraulein—"

Then she saw that I was laughing at her, and she laughed too, though the eager light faded out of her face.

But it was then that she told me her story, while I sat on her own little stool, screened by the mass of flowers on the stall in front, and shaded by the big red umbrella she had brought with her from home over the seas.

Fritz had come over the year before to seek his fortune and hers. And when he had found it (of which they neither of them had had any doubt, in this golden country of ours), Hanne, it had been agreed upon, was to come over and join him, and they would be married.

He had not found it, however. It had been difficult even to obtain employment. There were no fewer wagoners over here than at home, but many, many more, and all Fritz knew about was horses.

But he had borne up bravely, until the very last letter she had had from him. That was written from a hospital. He had fallen on the ice and fractured his leg, and there was no hope for it but he must lose it. And he wrote to free his bride, as the Germans call a betrothed maiden, from her bond to a maimed and helpless man.

My Hannchen drew the letter from her capacious pocket, and laid her cheek furtively against it before she gave it to me to puzzle out the queer, sharp German handwriting, with which I was not too familiar. There was tears in her eyes; but when I had slowly accomplished my task, the tears were gone, and only a tender smile in their stead.

"It is a good letter, my Fraulein. It is only for my sake that he would part. He loves me the same; that is sun-clear."

That might be so, but why she should stand smiling over it, and it her last letter?

But to Hanne it was all very simple: no parting at all, only a little waiting. If he were maimed and helpless, so much the more need had he of her. She had written at once to tell him so; she, for her part, would work harder and harder, and make the money to come to him.

And, after all, that had not been necessary. Her old grandfather, the wood-carver, he who had lived as a hermit in the mountains, and to whom she had sent money again and once again out of her scanty earnings as flower-girl at home, because everybody thought him so poor, he had died suddenly, and it turned out that he had been a miser for years and years, and when he could no longer keep his gold to handle himself, he had left it to the only creature who, as he said, had ever of free will given him one thaler to add to it. So Hanne wrote another and a joyful letter to the hospital, saying she was coming over on the very next steamer.

Yes, Fritz had gotten her first letter, but her second arrived after he had left the hospital; and when she reached New York and went to the hospital to inquire for her lover the poor little letter was put unopened into her hands. No one could tell her what had become of Fritz, only on his wooden leg he had stumped out into the world again to seek his fortune. He had gotten a job as wagoner in the city; he had told them he did not mean to leave the city.

"And as he will not leave the city, and as he is driving, do you not see, my Fraulein, that sooner or later he must pass, and find me at my post? And he will know his little flower-maiden even far off, is it not so? The red umbrella and the basket and the kerchief—all, all as he has seen his Hannchen often and often, as he drove into the market-place at home! And even if he did not guess all at once it was his Hannchen, he would drive nearer just to look, for Hannchen's sake. What is to do, my Fraulein, but to wait—to wait and to pray.

"Gut!—a quarter-dollar, mein Herr?"

She turned to sell her bouquet to her customer, but not before I had seen and understood at last that wonderful look in the round face, serene and patient and expectant: "That is for Fritz too," she said to me, as she dropped the silver pieces in her money-box.

My Hanne, though she had never heard of our doughty old General Andrew Jackson, lived up to his motto: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

Well, after all, my picture did get itself very nearly finished—face and figure, basket-tray, and all, only I wanted a few flowers to make a special study of. There is a florist's just round the corner from here, you know; but I could not make up my mind to get them from any one but Hanne, though such a resolution involved much more than a Sabbath-day's journey down Broadway.

Yes, it was Saturday; I remember that, because on that day there often seems more of a jam and a crush down town than on any other. You cannot quite take the idea of the crowd in now, because you only know New York since these late days of the Broadway cars, and that Saturday was just within the epoch of the stages. I thought that which carried me would never get on, we came to a deadlock so often, and, indeed, the shadows were fast lengthening for dusk when I reached Hanne's corner.

"Goose-flowers, thou dear little Goose-maiden; I must have all that are left!"

She got up just a little heavily from her stool behind the stall. Her young body might be weary sometimes, but the strong soul within it—never.

She rested one hand on her hip, and put out the other toward me with a bunch of daisies taken from the stall, almost exactly as when first I saw her. And I told her so.

"Ach, gracious Fraulein, the poor

flowers are fast withering—the poor flower maiden, too!"

She lifted her face to me, and there were tears in her eyes and her lip was quivering.

Had the poor little soul lost heart, then, at last? There was a frightened look in her eyes, as if she for the first time caught sight of the black shadow of despair that lurked in wait for her.

"Ach, Fraulein, if Fritz—"

"Fritz! Fritz!" The name was prolonged in a wild cry that goes thrilling through and through me even now when I recall it—"Fritz!"

She had sprung out to the edge of the pavement, both her hands outstretched, holding the daisies still unconsciously, as she had held them to me.

Lumbering down the street there came a heavy beer wagon; up on the driver's seat a young, yellow-haired, florid German, who seemed to be lounging back against the side of the wagon with quite too little regard for his horses in this crowded thoroughfare. The next instant, as the wagon neared us, I saw that his eyes were half shut and his face had a flushed, unnatural look.

"Fritz!"

He started at the cry and opened his eyes, and so near were we together now that I could not miss the wild terror that flashed into them.

Such a look as that might go far to make one believe in ghosts—so evident it was that the man was sure he saw something unearthly, supernatural, impossible.

He lurched forward, his wooden leg stretching out clumsily, and I saw him lash at his horses frantically, brutally. I was staring at him, sickening at heart—could this be my innocent little Hanne's Fritz?—and so did not see what had happened until a cry of horror went up from the passers-by.

Yes; they were dragging her out from under the hoofs of the horses.

* * * * *

When they let me take her head upon my lap, there on the pavement in the midst of her flowers, her eyes were shut, her face as white as death, but the colorless lips had the faint smile of trust and peace I knew so well.

A policeman had gone for a hospital ambulance; another stood by, with his grip on Fritz, completely sobered now.

The fellow leaned with his elbows on the flower-stall, his head in his hands, crying like a child.

"Let them take me away—let them take me away before she comes to herself—I am not fit for such as she is to look at!"

"She will hardly come to," said the doctor at my elbow. Perhaps he understood the German's broken utterance.

"Stop, Fritz," I said to him, I am afraid I could not have spoken other than harshly, and with no pity for his evident misery—"you shall not go away. She has been looking for you—poor soul, looking for you!—all this while. If she does regain her senses for a moment before she dies, she shall have the comfort of seeing you beside her."

I shall never forget that strange, mingled look he gave me. Horror was in it—despair—a trembling yearning toward the lifeless creature lying on my lap.

"You seem to be her friend," he said, brokenly. "I will tell you—but you will send me away from her when you know all. I am married—married, Gott in Himmel!—to so many beer-barrels!"

His wild, discordant burst of laughter grated strangely on the hush about us.

"To so many beer-barrels—to a brewery—to a fat old brewer's widow, who first hired me, and then bought me—at a big price too, she says, considering I am but half a man!"

He shifted himself upon his wooden leg.

"Now, will you send me away, before she can come to?"

But I made him a hurried sign.

"Hush!—wait!"

Hanne was opening her eyes—those sweet, blue eyes, with the patient look.

Nay, but what a gladness beyond words flashed through the patience!

She could not move, she only stirred faintly, where she lay in my lap. But her eyes and her smile called him as plainly as if she had held out her arms to him, as she tried to do.

"My Fritz!"

"Yes," I said aloud, warning him, who in his despair would have blurted out the whole miserable story—"your Fritz—at last. He is kneeling by you, Hannchen—dear, look up!"

For her eyes were closing again, already.

The man was down beside her, hiding his wretched face in a fold of her gown.

"Hannchen—Hannchen—if you could forgive—"

The cry of his despair brought her back from the edge of paradise.

"My Fritz, I have nothing to forgive—nothing to forgive. It was all my fault—all! You did not see me, dear—and I thought I was going to lose you—to lose you after so long waiting. I knew not what I did—I flung myself under the wheels—"

At some movement in the crowd she had caught sight of a policeman. It seemed to flash some sense of her Fritz's danger on her mind. She raised herself with a wild effort on her elbow.

"The fault was mine—all mine!"—then fell back in my arms, the life-blood stealing from her parted lips.

* * * * *

Ah! yes, that was the end. The ambulance had come; but it was a lifeless body, past the pain of movement, that was lifted into it.

Past pain, with just that half smile of expectancy on the serene face, as if she waited for him still in paradise.

Fritz?

Oh! after Hanne's dying declaration

no one troubled him. I did not know when he passed through the crowd. Only, the crushed daisies disappeared with him that were still in her hands as she tried to stretch them out to him.

My poor, faithful Evangeline!

But, you see, the modern Gabriels—it were better not to follow up their wanderings.

AUTHOR OF "A PASSAMAQUODDY SIREN."

A GENERAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

IT is an hour after the usual time, and Marvin has not come home to dinner. His little wife is growing anxious and rather cross, especially since Toinette, the domestic, has come in three times to say that the dinner is spoiling. What can have happened to him? An accident, probably, for Philip is always so regular, so exact. He must have been run over. He always had a passion for crossing the street when it was crowded with vehicles. No! the key sounds in the door; here he is!

"Bring in the dinner, Toinette."

"Well! has anything happened? are you hurt? I am not surprised."

"Why, not at all; I am not hurt. What an idea! Why should I be?"

"You are so late."

"Let us sit down to table. I am hungry. I will tell you all about it while we are eating."

"Everything is burned. But never mind; you have no bones broken—that is the chief thing."

And while Mrs. Marvin throws a last glance over the table to see that nothing is lacking, lowers the chandelier, raises the gas, and places the chairs, Marvin removes his overcoat and takes out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead; he has almost run home and is overheated. Unluckily, as he draws out this object, he drops, without seeing it, a colored card.

The soup is consumed in a silence broken only by the regular and monotonous click of the spoons. Then, while disposing of some meat-pie, Philip relates that

when he was near home some one tapped him on the shoulder, and who should it be but Proudine!

Mrs. Marvin looks inquiringly: "Proudine?"

"Proudine," her husband continues—"that charming fellow I have told you about a dozen times. Something of a journalist, a great smoker—above all, an incorrigible Bohemian. It is five years since I had seen him, so judge of my surprise and joy, for I always liked him and would have invited him to dine with us long ago, only that—well, he is very gay, and, as I am not quite sure of his principles—in short, I didn't want to introduce any wolf into my sheepfold. But never mind about that. We went into a restaurant to have a little talk—how he did make me laugh!"

Dinner is over. Marvin rises whistling and goes to his room to get his slippers and his good old pipe, while his wife assists the maid to remove the dishes, for they sit in the dining-room in the evening, it is cozier there. In stooping for a napkin-ring which has rolled down, Mrs. Marvin sees the card and picks it up, wondering how on earth it ever got there. It is a ticket of admission to a series of musical recitals in the adjoining city (the Marvins live in a suburb), and on the back is a number written in pencil. Philip must have dropped it. And just then her husband returns, carrying a new novel.

"Tell me, Philip, have you been in town to-day?"

"I? No."

"But reflect."

"No need to reflect. I have been at the office all day."

"Are you sure?"

"Why, of course I am sure. Why should I say no if I had been? And why do you ask me?"

"Ah! you seemed tired."

"Nonsense!"

Marvin installs himself in a low arm-chair, his feet on the andirons, his book on the table, and a paper-cutter in his hand. But his wife watches him and says to herself:

"There is something under this. I have not been out to-day, Toinette has not been out, and this ticket could not have come by itself, so my husband must have brought it. He has been away to-day, and does not want me to know it. As he was so late for dinner, it is perfectly clear; that story about meeting an old friend was all made up. Philip is deceiving me. There is something going on and I want to know what it is." As these thoughts pass through her mind she thoughtfully places the card behind one of the mantel ornaments.

"I am going to get my work," she says.

Several seconds pass. Philip, still reading, draws vainly on his pipe. Seeing that it has gone out, he rises to take a lighter from a little box on the mantel, and as he stretches out his hand his eyes fall on the ticket.

"Ha! my wife has been in the city! at a concert! She is forever on the go." And, as she returns with her embroidery: "So you have been in town yourself to-day, dearest?"

"Oh! no. The weather has been too bad."

"You have been at home all day?"

"Why, yes; it is not the first time."

"I know that, and I congratulate you. The domestic little woman for me. But I am not getting on with my book; let me read."

If Philip asks his wife to be still, it is not to enjoy his novel, but to pursue his little monologue uninterrupted.

"She is hiding something from me. I have not been in town; this ticket didn't get here by itself; she must have brought it in. She will not admit that she has been out, because she does not want me to know where she went. She is deceiving me, that is clear. I must know all."

Applying himself to his book, Philip tries to follow the story, but in vain. His eyes wander over the print, his mind is busy elsewhere. Unable to bear it, he suddenly closes the volume and cries:

"Well, now, come. I wish to understand this."

"Oh! how you frightened me."

"Tell me the truth. You have been out to-day?"

"Now that is a little too much!" replies the young wife. "Here I have been these ten minutes past, trying to embroider and only pricking my fingers because I am sure you have been in the city to-day and will not tell me."

"Ah! that is all very well to try to turn the conversation; but I ask you to answer me. Did you leave the house to-day?"

"No, I questioned you first, and I want you to answer me. Were you in town to-day?"

The maid, entering, begins to set things in order, and drives Mrs. Marvin frantic with nervousness. She remembers that Toinette's mother is ailing and that the girl will be glad of permission to go home for the night.

"Lay the covers for the morning, Toinette, bring in fuel, and you may catch the evening train and spend the night at home. Take one of the door-keys, and do not be too late in returning to-morrow."

The domestic has no sooner closed the door behind her than Philip, who has restrained his anger by drumming on the table, bursts out:

"You deny it, and therefore it is certain. You are perpetually going somewhere or other. Now I want to understand it. Where do you go, and *with whom?*"

"Oh! what do you mean?" cries his little wife, very justly wounded by this cruel suspicion. "If either of us has any right to complain, it is surely I. When you are late it is always extra work at the office, or you have met a friend. And this long, long time I have thought that—that handsome Mrs. Aldeberg—"

"Ah! I was waiting for that name! It is almost a week since the last time you accused me of admiring Mrs. Aldeberg. Now listen," screams Marvin, white with rage, "if ever you dare to pronounce—"

"You threaten me? I shall go home to my mother. My dear mother will not be surprised—"

"Go there—and stay. Stay as long as possible—stay till I go after you!"

And from words to words the discussion mounts, until the dialogue becomes aided by furious gestures, and who knows where it is going to end, when it is interrupted by a confused sound of voices and the door is opened without ceremony.

"Here we are at last!"

"I am an honest girl!"

"We shall soon find out!"

"Very well. Very well. We shall."

"Go on in front."

And Toinette, red as an over-ripe tomato, her eyes bloodshot, her hair in disorder, enters the dining-room, followed by two policemen and a respectable-looking old gentleman.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaims Mrs. Marvin, in terror.

The two officers and Toinette all explain at once, and in the confusion of sounds only the words, "railway station," "prison," "gatekeeper," "box on the ear," repeated over and over, are heard.

"If everybody talks at once we shall never find out what is the matter," says Marvin, desperately. "You, sir," turn-

ing to the respectable old gentleman, "will you kindly explain?"

"No. I ought to tell it, since it all happened to me," insists Toinette, firmly. "Tell it, then. Only do be calm."

"Mrs. Marvin said I might go home for the night. I took the cars that pass the door, and reached the station just in time to get my ticket and hurry to the gate. The gatekeeper refused my ticket. I said I had just bought it at the ticket office. He said that wasn't true and I was trying to cheat. 'Not true! Cheat!' says I, and I up and boxed his ears. He looked as if he was going to kill me when this gentleman interfered. A policeman was called. Two came. I begged this gentleman, who had heard all, to come with me, and I asked the officers to bring me here first, so that you could tell them I am an honest girl and no cheat!"

"But, after all," remarks one of the officers, "what possible interest could the gatekeeper have in saying your ticket was bad if it was good?"

"How do I know?"

"Perhaps you had some other ticket in your pocket," suggests the second.

"Why no; I had only this one," replies Toinette, fumbling in her apron pocket. "How should I—why yes, here is another! Oh! then! everything is explained. I must have given this card instead of the ticket. They are the same color."

"Where did you get it?" inquires Mrs. Marvin, looking attentively at one of the bits of pasteboard in Toinette's hands.

"I don't know, ma'am—Oh! ah!—"

"What?" they all demand.

"I remember now. I put the room in order just before I went out, and I took this off the mantel-piece and put it in my pocket, intending to throw it into the scrap-basket."

"The concert ticket," murmur Mr. and Mrs. Marvin as their eyes meet.

At this instant a furious ring sounds at the door and Toinette hurries to open it. A gentleman she has never seen pushes

her aside and plunges into the room calling:

"Marvin! O Marvin!"

"What is the matter? What now!"

Falling into a chair, Proudine, for it is he, pants out: "I beg your pardon, madam, for my abrupt entrance; but I am so anxious. Tell me, Philip, did you find a concert ticket in your overcoat-pocket?"

"A ticket? This one, perhaps?"

"Yes, old chap, yes. Oh! but I am glad to have found it!"

"But please explain," says Marvin, rather coldly.

"It's very simple. I have a mania for playing practical jokes, and while we were talking I slipped this into your overcoat-pocket, forgetting that I had written a number on the back of it, the address of a house where they are expecting me to dine. How I have hunted for it!"

"It was a very practical joke, my dear friend," says Marvin, with some spirit. "Thanks to your intellectual trifling, I have had a violent quarrel with my

wife, and our domestic came near spending the night at the police station."

"O Marvin! O my dear fellow! I beg you to accept my excuses. I never foresaw such results. If two places for the theatre will procure my pardon you may count on me. I must be off. They are waiting dinner for me and it is all hours. I have no time to lose, my carriage is waiting. Good-bye."

"There's a funny fellow," says one of the policemen; "but all the same, my good girl, no more boxing of ears. Shall we go, sir?"

And the respectable old gentleman, without having opened his mouth, follows the representatives of the law.

—

"Philip?"

"My own darling?"

"You take it back about my going out with any one else?"

"With all my heart."

"Well, then! I—withdraw—Mrs. Aldeberg."

FELIX GALIPAUX.

MANUSCRIPTS, PALIMPSESTS, AND INCUNABULA.

AS all the records prior to the fifteenth century were necessarily made by hand, manuscripts present a wide field for study. Written on papyrus, parchment, or vellum, in letters of black or red, with occasional ornaments of blue or gold, manuscripts are either long or short, according to the subject treated, and to the verbosity or laconism of the author. Then long, ancient manuscripts were generally kept in rolls, but when short, they were often written on separate sheets. Some Egyptian records, but lately exhumed from tombs, where they have been perfectly preserved, thanks to the total lack of humidity in the sandy soil, are now to be seen in various museums and

libraries, both in the Old World and in the New. The oldest of these manuscripts, a moral treatise, written by an Egyptian Prince some four thousand years before Christ, is now carefully treasured in the National Library in Paris, and rolls of Egyptian manuscript more than three thousand years of age are kept in the British Museum.

Greek manuscript writers employed the same materials as the Egyptian, but their works are generally on separate sheets, and although some of their early writings were probably rolled, none have been preserved to this day. The oldest Greek manuscripts now extant are, in all probability, a fragment of the *Iliad*, recently

discovered, dating from the third century before Christ, and a musical work from the pen of a writer of the first century (B. C.), which was found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

All the Hebrew manuscripts were rolled; so also were some of the Mexican manuscripts, while others were folded like maps, and kept between boards fashioned for the purpose. The Hindoo manuscripts were all written on loose sheets, and therefore subject to countless accidents. They also suffered so much from the prevailing dampness of the climate that it is said no Hindoo manuscript is now extant for which more than about four hundred years existence can be claimed. In Europe and the East the custom of rolling manuscripts fell into disuse during the third century, and from that time forth they were almost invariably written on sheets of quarto size.

The oldest dated manuscript of the Christian era is said to be *Cicero's de Republica*, of the second century, now preserved in the Vatican Library at Rome.

As a rule, old Greek and Latin manuscripts were written in capital letters, without any division between the words and sentences. This was the usual style of writing; but during the tenth century the fashion changed, and the cursive writing, in which the letters were joined, was adopted, and capitals were only used as initials. Although scarcely larger than the other characters at first, these initials gradually increased in size, until they reached such exaggerated proportions that one of these letters with its ornaments often occupied one whole page.

Already in the fifth century the dot was inserted to mark the close of one sentence and the beginning of the next. Five centuries later the comma was introduced, and soon after the interrogation and exclamation points; while ten centuries were allowed to elapse between the general introduction of the dot and the invention of the parenthesis. The Arabic numerals

were brought into use some time during the course of the twelfth century, and as for the abbreviations, they were used and abused to such an extent, especially during the Middle Ages, that some manuscripts are rendered almost illegible by their frequency.

In Greece and Rome manuscripts were at first transcribed by slave copyists, carefully trained for this purpose, but in the fifth century copying became a recognized business, and Roman citizens no longer disdained to take up a trade which had formerly been pursued almost exclusively by slaves. For the majority of the mediæval manuscripts, however, we are indebted to the laborious pens of painstaking monks.

Chrysography, or the art of writing in gold letters, was considered by the ancients a great accomplishment, and an expert in this style of calligraphy was said to command a high price for his labors. Although early known, chrysography was sparingly practiced until the second century, A. D.; and it was only later, and during the Dark Ages, that whole manuscripts were transcribed with this precious substance, and that was brought into use as a background for certain miniatures. But even during the Middle Ages none but sacred writings and devotional works were considered worthy of this distinction. Thus we are told that Saint Boniface engaged an abbess to transcribe in letters of gold the epistles of St. Peter, "out of respect for the Holy Writ."

Some Egyptian, and many Arabic, Persian, and Syriac manuscripts are richly illuminated, and gold is used quite lavishly in their ornamentation. Indeed, the only sect which ever objected to the use of this precious metal was that of the Cistercian monks, who took the vows of extreme poverty on entering the order.

Silver was also used, both for writing and decoration, but as it tarnished easily, and the beauty of the work was thus marred, it was less frequently employed

than gold. Three beautiful specimens of silver-lettered manuscripts have been carefully preserved, however, *i. e.*, The *Codex Argenteus*, of Upsala, of the fourth century; King Edgar's charter, of the ninth century, and a beautiful Psalter, once the property of Saint German, Bishop of Paris.

Only a very few of the Greek and Latin manuscripts are illustrated, and although Pliny mentions a biography, written in the first century before Christ, by Varro, a friend of Cæsar, and describes it as ornamented with several hundred portraits, no trace of this valuable work has as yet been found. Almost the earliest illustrations representing the human form are said to have been found in a Biblical manuscript in the British Museum, which, although partly destroyed by fire, still contains about two hundred and fifty miniatures, belonging probably to the sixth century.

Manuscripts are valued not only on account of their antiquity and as curiosities, but also for the light they cast upon obscure points in history and literature, and for their importance as references, regarding the fidelity and exactitude of copies and duplicates. Biblical manuscripts are especially priceless under this point of view, and many a new reading has been discovered by patient search among the ancient lyric copies of the Scriptures, for the originals have long since disappeared, and all the copies made during the first four centuries have been destroyed, either during the persecutions inflicted upon the early Church, or by the constant wear to which they were exposed.

The oldest Biblical manuscript as yet discovered dates from the fourth century, and was found by Dr. Tischendorf in a monastery on Mount Sinai, from whence it has received the name of *Codex Sinaiticus*. This copy was presented by the monks to the Russian Emperor, Alexander II, and now forms part of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. Two

other copies of the Bible, ascribed to the same century, are the *Codex Vaticanus*, of Rome, and the *Codex Argenteus*, of Upsala. The *Codex Alexandrinus*, of the British Museum, is of the fifth century, so is also the *Codex Ephræmi*, while the *Codex Bezae* dates from the sixth, and the celebrated Irish *Book of Kells*, in Trinity College, Dublin, from the seventh century. It is estimated that about two thousand copies of the Scriptures, dating from the fourth to the fifteenth centuries, have come down to us, either in a fragmentary condition or complete.

The value attached to the possession of manuscripts was very great, even in ancient times, and much activity was displayed in multiplying them. Manuscripts were often borrowed for this purpose by different monasteries and institutions, and in the ninth century Lupus, Abbot of Ferrières, petitioned for the loan of manuscripts of ancient writers to the Pope and even to the Bishops of England and Ireland. Thus, gradually, collections of manuscripts were made by cathedrals and abbeys, the most noted among them being those of St. Denis, Clugny, Beauvais, Cologne, Fécamp, Seville, and Toledo, and many authors, to secure a reading, published their works under the title of translations from manuscripts taken from these libraries. Thus the romancers of the Round Table pretended having taken their writings from manuscripts in the Abbey of Fécamp and the Cathedral of Salisbury, where they declared King Arthur had deposited the records of the doughty deeds of his paladins.

High prices were paid for manuscripts during the Middle Ages; a fourteenth-century Bible, taken at the Battle of Poitiers, for instance, was sold for one hundred marks, a sum equivalent, in those days, to about one thousand five hundred dollars, and Charles VI in 1412 paid six hundred ecus for a *Book of Hours*, which he presented to the Duchess of Bour-

gogne. Dictionaries were then considered especially rare. A chart of 1426 testifies to the gratitude of the Jacobins of Poitiers, who had received from Simon de Gramaud, their Bishop, a dictionary in two volumes, in return for which precious gift they decreed he should participate in the merits of all their prayers and good works, be entitled to a solemn funeral mass every year to perpetuity, and that his name should be inscribed in their book of martyrs. This dictionary, which was designated by the Jacobins as a "delectable, honorable, useful, and fruitful gift, of an inestimable value," was chained fast in the monastery library for fear lest it might be stolen.

Silvester gives a curious account of the veneration paid to the Florentine *Pandects*, in the Laurentian Library. This work, written in the seventh century and esteemed the most valuable of all the manuscripts of the Roman law, was transferred from Pisa to Florence in 1406. Here it "was regarded with almost religious veneration, being shown only to the highest personages, with great ceremony, in the presence of the Chief Magistrate, accompanied by monks, bare-headed and bearing lighted tapers." Manuscripts were also received as pledges for loans, and one, now on exhibition in the British Museum, is said to have been pawned five succeeding times between 1483 and 1500.

The nucleus of the world-renowned *Bibliothèque Nationale* is said to have been the nine or ten manuscripts belonging to King John, and even in 1373 this library contained only about nine hundred volumes.

PALIMPSESTS.

Parchment, papyrus, or vellum manuscripts, from which the writing has been wholly or partly erased to allow of their being used a second or third time, are called palimpsests. When the ink first employed consisted only of the ordinary fatty pigment generally employed, a

sponge sufficed to obliterate its traces, but when mineral ink had been used the effect reached beyond the surface, and scraping tools and pumice stone were often indispensable. When hastily or insufficiently applied, traces of the first draft frequently remained, and in some palimpsest manuscripts the original writing can still be read without the least difficulty. Indeed, in some cases, the writer did not even attempt to efface what was previously written, but merely contented himself with the employment of letters differing in character or size, or wrote in another language.

Under the early Emperors the constant intercourse with Egypt and the East secured a moderately large and cheap supply of papyrus. Of course, such being the case, there was no necessity to resort to the expedient of the palimpsest, but after the separation of the East and West, and still more after the conquest of Egypt by the Mohammedans, the supply of papyrus decreased so rapidly and became so inadequate to the demands, that from the seventh century in the West and the tenth or eleventh in the East, the palimpsest was quite frequently used.

As far as can now be ascertained, none but incomplete or damaged works were thus treated, but as mutilated members of sacred literature and ancient learning are of great value, the loss thus occasioned has been undeniably great. The chief, if not the sole, interest of palimpsest manuscripts, depends upon the degree of the legibility which the ancient writings still retain, and noted scholars, such as Mai, Niebuhr, Tischendorf, and many others, have endeavored to restore some of these writings and have published the result of their labors.

Various Biblical manuscripts have thus been restored, among others, the celebrated *Codex Ephræmi*, over which the works of Ephræm, the Lyrian, were found written.

Ulphilas' Gothic translation of the

Bible, containing all the Old Testament except the books of Samuel and Kings, has also suffered many vicissitudes. Written in the fourth century, it not only served to fix the language, but also perpetuated Christianity among the Goths, who carried this sacred book with them in all their migrations until the ninth century, from which epoch to the sixteenth century nothing is positively known concerning it. A portion of this work, containing the Four Gospels, was discovered by Arnold Mercator in the Abbey of Werden, whence it was taken to Prague, where it remained until carried away as spoil by the Swedes in 1648. Written on fine, violet-colored vellum, in letters of silver, this copy of the Scriptures is known as the *Codez Argenteus*, and is considered one of the greatest treasures of the University Library at Upsala. A great portion of the letters of St. Paul pertaining to this work were found by Mai and Castiglioni on palimpsest manuscripts in Lombardy, which fragments, added to sundry others, bring the New Testament somewhat near completion, but of the Old Testament only a few passages of Ezra and Nehemiah still remain. Setting completely aside the importance of this manuscript under a religious point of view, its value can scarcely be overrated, as it is the sole remnant of the Gothic, a German dialect of surpassing wealth and purity, which has become known principally through this work.

In Greek classic literature, the most important discovery in palimpsests has been about four thousand lines of the *Iliad*, which, although previously known, are of much greater antiquity than any of the earliest manuscripts of the great epic which have yet been found, and are therefore of great value as reference.

In Latin, the greatest palimpsest discovery has undoubtedly been Cicero's celebrated dialogue *De Republica*, found, restored, and published by Cardinal Mai. The later writing of this palimpsest, con-

sisted in Saint Augustine's *Commentary on the Psalms*. Other discoveries, almost too numerous to enumerate, have been made in the same field, and many and ingenious are the different methods which have been employed for the treatment of palimpsest manuscripts, with the intention of discovering their former contents.

INCUNABULA.

In the *Dictionary of Bibliography*, incunabula is the term used to designate the first fruits of printing, i. e., the books which appeared previous to the year 1500. The number of these works has been estimated at about twenty thousand. With scarcely any exception the incunabula all belong to the category of rare books, and are eagerly sought and highly prized by bibliophiles.

Although Gutenberg, during his exile in Strasbourg, projected the printing of a Bible, to be sold to the Pilgrims at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1440, this plan was never put into execution, and it was only after his return to Mayence in 1450 that he made, with the aid of Faust, his first essay in typography. As far as can be ascertained, their first labors were a small vocabulary and a Donatus Minor. Some years later they farther improved their invention by casting their type, and Schœffer, who had entered into partnership with them, introduced the use of leads.

The first dated work from their press appeared in 1457, when Gutenberg had already retired from the Association; this book, a *Psalmorum Codez*, which has since been valued by Dibden at ten thousand pounds, was bought by Louis XVIII for the Bibliothèque Royale for the sum of twelve hundred francs.

Two Doctors of the Sorbonne induced the German printers Gering, Crantz, and Friburger to come to Paris, where they set up their first press in the Halls of the Sorbonne. In England, the first press was established by William Caxton in

Westminster in 1471, and one of the very first works printed there, a *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy*, was sold, at one time, for one thousand and fifty pounds. A few leaves of this rare work have now found their way to the Astor Library, of New York city. Another book, printed in the same country in 1477, bears the title of *The Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers*, and is considered very rare indeed.

In Holland, Coster was the first printer. His press was established at Haarlem, while Aldo Manucio, the first to practice typography in Italy, began his labors in Venice in 1490, and there founded the celebrated printing house from whence the much vaunted Aldine editions are derived.

The German Koburger, who has been called the Prince of Printers, published in 1493 the *Chronicles of Nuremberg*, containing nearly two hundred engravings, which are specially curious as all the figures are represented in Mediæval costumes; the Queen of Sheba, for instance, wearing a huge Normandy cap. In France, the first engravings are said to have been executed by Simon Vostre, while Aldo Manuccio brought out the first engravings and vignettes in Italy.

Typography has reached such perfection within the last century that it is reported that there are fonts for the printing of the Lord's Prayer in more than two hundred languages and dialects in the Imperial Printing Office at Vienna.

At the public sale of the library of the Duke of Roxburghe, June 17th, 1812, a *Decameron* was sold for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds, which sale caused such an excitement amongst the English bibliophiles that they formed a club of thirty-one members to commemorate the event. This Society, which bears the name of the Roxburghe Club, meets on the anniversary of the sale for a grand symposium, where, among many others, the following toasts are always proposed:

"To the cause of Bibliomania throughout the World," "To the immortal memory of Christopher Valderfer, printer of the *Decameron*," "To William Caxton, first printer in England," "To the Manucci," "To the Estiennes," and, finally, "To the memory of John, Duke of Roxburghe." The members of this Club are further bound to print, every year, in turn, at their own expense, a limited number of copies of some rare work. These copies are distributed to the members at the annual dinner, only a very few being reserved to be sent to the most noted public libraries.

In imitation of this Club many others have since been formed, the most important of which are: The Camden, Percy, Shakespeare, Cheetham, and Wharton Societies, in England; the Ballantyne, Maitland, and Abbotsford, in Scotland, and the Celtic, in Ireland. These Societies have made important contributions to English literature by occasional publications of rare manuscripts and pamphlets.

H. A. G.

THERE is a very pretty custom which the wives of some fishermen in islands near the coast of Italy have had for centuries. When evening comes, and while the boats are still out, they take their knitting and their babies to the shore, and there each in turn lifts her voice in a tune agreed upon as a signal. Their voices go far out upon the water, and the first singer does not cease until her own husband's voice answers her. She knows it. No trick can be played upon her; but when the answer comes she ceases to sing, and rocks her child, and listens to the others as, one by one, they send their musical greetings, which may be heard so far in that clear air across the water. If she were not answered, her heart would sink like lead, for she would know that her husband was in trouble out there, or else angry with her.

LUTE'S PIANO.

"I SAY, ma, there's a letter come from Aunt Susan, and she's a-goin' to give our Lute her old pianner," panted Jamie, bouncing into the snug kitchen, and leaving a trail of snow behind him on the spotless floor.

"For the land's sake! shut the door, child," cried Mrs. Peckham, hastily setting down her pan of apples. "There, now, you've been and waked David Edward, and he a-cryin' half the night with his teeth, poor darlin'," she continued, querulously. "There, there," jogging the old wooden cradle.

But, despite sundry maternal pats, the red-faced youngster squirmed and kicked vigorously, digging his chubby fists into his sleepy eyes, and setting up a wail of disapproval. With a patient sigh Mrs. Peckham drew up the rocking-chair, rolled down the sleeves of her faded calico, and gathered him in her tired arms, where he snuggled down contentedly to the time-honored melody of "By-low, baby."

Meanwhile, Jamie, unable to make himself heard, bounced out as suddenly as he came in, and, with an Indian war-whoop, plunged through the snowdrifts to meet a girlish figure plodding sturdily up the hill from the village.

Presently the latch was cautiously lifted, and Lute peeped in. Perceiving David Edward's round, wide-awake eyes intently fixed upon her, she quickly entered, closely followed by the irrepressible Jamie. Hastily throwing off her wraps, she held out her arms to the baby, who sprang into them with a gurgle of satisfaction.

"O mother! you can't guess what has happened—just read this"—tossing a letter into her mother's lap.

Mrs. Peckham critically examined the postmark, the seal with its dainty monogram, and holding the creamy sheet gin-

gerly in her toil-worn fingers, slowly spelled out the graceful handwriting.

"Well, I never," she ejaculated, returning the letter to Lute. "I must say that's right down handsome in Susan. Whatever will your pa say! I allers hoped you'd have a good chance, Lutie, and mebbe this is the beginnin'," she added, solemnly.

"I—don't know," hesitated Lute, "I would almost rather have the money. I'm not musical, and just think, it would send me to the academy for two whole years. I do so long to become a teacher," she continued, wistfully.

"Oh! you'll learn, never fear," exclaimed Mrs. Peckham, reassuringly. "We'll take part of the butter and egg money, and have 'Melia Harris over. Who knows but you'll play the orgin for meetin' yet. How proud I should feel!" and Mrs. Peckham's dim blue eyes brightened at this delightful vision. "Why, bless me! look at the clock, and pa and the boys will be comin' in from choppin' like to famish. Give me baby, and do you fly round, Lutie. There's that cold pork on the pantry shelf, that'll be sorter relishin' for pa," as Lute dexterously tossed on the snowy tablecloth, and deftly distributed the quaint brown dishes.

"Here they are!" shouted Jamie, exultantly, as a stamping of heavy boots heralded the arrival of pa and the boys. In they came, panting and puffing, drew their chairs unceremoniously around the substantial supper table, and proceeded to help themselves with a zest born of keen appetites.

"Pa," said Mrs. Peckham, impressively, as she dispensed tea right and left in the old-fashioned cups, "our Lute has had a handsome present from your sister Susan!"

"You don't say," replied Farmer Peckham, half-rising in his chair to spear a

thick slice of pork on the platter. "What might it be, mother?"

"A *pianner*, Dan'el," replied Mrs. Peckham, solemnly.

"A *pianner*! Jerusalem!" exclaimed Farmer Peckham, laying down his knife and fork. "What in time does she want to give away her *pianner* for?"

"Well, you see," explained Mrs. Peckham, serving the apple-sauce meantime, "she writes as how her husband is a-goin' to give her a *grand* one. I s'pose by that her'n aint fine enough. Anyhow, she's a-goin' to send it to our Lute."

"An' it's a-comin' to-morrer," stammered Jamie, with his mouth full.

"Wa'll, Susan allers was hifalutin'. Mighty lucky for her that she married a rich man as can cater to her notions. Ben more sensible to have sent me a couple o' hunderd to buy Farnham's steers. Mighty good bargain, that"—helping himself to a huge wedge of pumpkin-pie.

"She aint really your sister, is she, pa?" queried Jamie, surreptitiously buttering both sides of his bread.

"La! no, child," replied his father, contemptuously; "no such nonsense about the Peckhams, I'll warrant ye. She's my stepmother's darter by her first husband. Her ma spilt her a-givin' her too much eddication. She used to go a moonshin'-in' round readin' vases and writin' 'em, like enough. Never took no interest in kitchen work nor nuthin'. She was a mighty pooty leetle critter, though," he added, thoughtfully, stroking his thin beard.

"She married young, didn't she, pa?" inquired Mrs. Peckham, removing the sugar-bowl from Jamie's vicinity with a warning shake of the head.

"Yes," replied Farmer Peckham, hitching his chair back and tilting it against the partition. "You see, arter her ma died, father thought he'd got Susan on his hands sure, so when that artist-feller came along an' fell head over ears in love with her, father give his consent mighty quick

an' hurried up the match afore they could change their minds. I've heern tell as how her husband makes money hand over fist jest a-paintin' picters," he added, thoughtfully.

"Why doesn't she ever come here?" asked Lute, daintily scraping the plates; "I never even saw Aunt Susan."

"Wa'll, you see," hesitated her father, hitching his chair uneasily, "she *did* come out here when me and your ma were first married. I 's kinder afeard she might keep it up, so I told her square that I'd got my row to hoe, company was expensive, and me an' ma 'd have no time for idlin'; if she'd a mind to call now and then, well an' good, but if she stayed to feed I should charge her a fair price. She never came arter that. Susan allus was hifalutin'."

"I think she is very kind to give me the piano," said Lute, her cheeks flushing, "and I mean to write this very day and thank her."

"Look a here, Lutie, you couldn't edge in anything about Farnham's steers, could ye?" queried her father, eagerly; but Lute was already washing dishes with some unnecessary clatter. Taking down the milk-pails, he shuffled along the path to the barn, muttering: "Farnham offered to sell for a couple o' hunderd—mighty good bargain!"

"O mother! mother!" sobbed Lute, after Rube and Steve had joined their father, closely followed by Jamie in hot haste to see the spotted calf fed, "how can I ever accept such a present from Aunt Susan when pa treated her so?"

"Lutie," said Mrs. Peckham, holding the girl close in her motherly arms and patting her shoulder gently, "pa's heart's in the right place. That's what I've allus said, an' that's what *you* must say when he seems a bit near an' close-calkilatin'. As he says, Susan was a pooty leetle creetur', big blue eyes a-shinin', an' yaller curls a-bobbin' round her face. I only saw her that once when she came here, and I did

want to visit with her the wust way, but pa felt that he couldn't afford it, an' so I had to give it up. I've given up most things, Lutie, but pa's heart's in the right place; I hold on to that."

Lutie softly took the faded, wrinkled face in both her hands, kissed it gently, compressed her lips, and went back to her dishes. Mrs. Peckham quietly wiped away a tear with the corner of her check apron, and proceeded to undress David Edward, who stretched his dimpled legs to the fire with a coo of delight.

"Poor mother!" murmured Lute, as she tramped from sink to cupboard with cups and saucers. "I'll get an education somehow, if I have to fight for it, and then we'll see whether she wears her fingers to the bone with all this heavy work, and plods round in old wrappers the whole year through. There," putting away tubs and dish-towels, "now I'll answer Aunt Susan's letter right away."

The next morning Farmer Peckham yoked his steers to the ox-sled.

"Tell ye what, Rube," he said to his eldest hopeful, "if we only had that pair o' Farnham's they'd make a harnsome team, wouldn't they, though?"

By the united efforts of Farmer Peckham, Rube, Steve, and the depot-master, the huge box containing the piano had been safely loaded on the ox-sled, and with much geeing and hawing the great oxen started homeward. The queer little procession wound up the road from the rickety red depot, Lute plodding along behind, and Jamie circulating round the whole, his face aglow with excitement. With no little difficulty, the piano and its belongings were at last deposited in the low-studded barely furnished parlor.

Farmer Peckham proceeded to remove the case, while the family clustered about him with various expressions of surprise and delight.

"Rale rosewood, Lutie, think o' that," said Mrs. Peckham, softly touching the glossy cover with her rough fore-finger.

"My! aint it a stunner, though?" ejaculated Jamie, whirling the top off the piano stool, which fell with a bang.

Farmer Peckham slowly ranged the carved legs and pedals in a row beside him. "I'll be consarned," he exclaimed, wiping his hot forehead, and surveying the legless instrument, "if I know how in time to put the critter together!"

"Send over for 'Melia Harris," suggested Rube, meditatively.

"Yes, send for 'Melia Harris," chorused the whole family.

Jamie was already out of the door and flying toward the nearest neighbor's as fast as his fat legs could carry him. Back he came in an incredibly short time, accompanied by Miss 'Melia, who had watched the whole proceedings from her bed-room window, and was all agog with curiosity. By dint of skillful questioning, she elicited the whole story from Jamie ere they came panting into the parlor.

"My! my! Lute," she twittered, "what a present you've had, to be sure. I expect I'll have to look to my laurels now," she simpered, "though Professor Bruce—he was my old teacher you know, Mrs. Peckham—Professor Bruce said, says he, it's a pleasure to teach you, Miss Harris, you have so much music in your soul! Here, we'll set it up in no time;" and by the united exertions of the family, the really fine instrument was raised to an upright position, making the little parlor look more bare and cheerless than before. "There!" exclaimed Miss 'Melia, nimbly twirling the piano stool to the proper elevation, "now we'll try the tone, as the Professor used to say," and with head well thrown back, and many bendings of the body, she struck into that most beautiful but much-enduring composition, "The Maiden's Prayer."

The family gathered around her in open-mouthed admiration. If sharps were flatted and flats sharpened occasionally, the fact was not perceptible to their untutored ears. Besides, had not Miss

'Melia presided over the organ for at least ten years, as well as being the acknowledged musical authority of the whole village? Lute despairingly watched the slim fingers gliding over the keys.

"See, Lute," said Miss 'Melia, "you commence slow and softly like, then put in louder and louder, so fashion, and end up this way," bringing her hands down with a crash, and throwing them aloft so vigorously, that Jamie, close by her elbow, dodged back in alarm. "That's what Professor Bruce calls the *grand finally*," swinging around and complacently surveying her admiring audience.

"Well, I never can do it like that, *never!*" exclaimed Lute, looking at her plump, red fingers with disfavor.

"Just what I used to say to Professor Bruce, I never can. 'Oh! yes, you will,' says he, and la! it wa'n't three months before I could bring out the tone as well as he could. Hear this now!" And up and down the key-board she went energetically, ending with a deep growl on the lowest bass notes. "Professor said I really had talent," modestly casting down her eyes. "Perhaps you may not learn as readily, but I've no doubt you'll do very well," she added, patronizingly. "I *must* go home to my practice," rising airily. "Professor often said to me, says he 'Talent and practice must go hand in hand. You've got the talent, Miss Harris, so don't neglect the practice.' Two hours every morning is my rule. I'll run in to-morrow and start you, Lute," and with a parting nod Miss 'Melia glided homeward to impart the wonderful news, and to congratulate herself on the fact that she could now venture to speak of her music scholars, as little Peter Jones took a lesson occasionally.

The next day Lute set to work in good earnest under Miss 'Melia's tuition. She could readily have given the list of Presidents, with the dates of each administration, was always at the head of her class, could "figger like a steam-injine," as her

father expressed it, but here was a task insurmountable to her. The technical part she mastered easily, but how to connect the little puzzling black dots with the keys that seemed to change places so tantalizingly every day. Her fingers, nimble enough in her accustomed tasks, seemed suddenly jointless and awkward when she sat down to the piano. Her untrained ear failed to warn her when a false note was struck, and the consequence was a fearful succession of discords, which increased with each new lesson. Still, she kept on with dogged perseverance, practicing diligently every day. Miss 'Melia advised, encouraged, and quoted Professor Bruce. Mrs. Peckham, who had sung in the choir in her youth, listened in the kitchen to the doleful sounds issuing from the parlor, and waited in good faith for the time when this preparatory discord should cease and melody begin.

Meanwhile she comforted David Edward, whose nerves seemed unpleasantly affected by the minor keys and who added an accompaniment of his own to the din. The very cat deserted her accustomed cozy corner and took her morning nap on the sunny side of the corn-barn.

Six weary months Lute drummed patiently on, often with throbbing temples and streaming eyes, as, despite her efforts, each fresh page remained a sealed enigma to her. At last, grown desperate with repeated failures, she locked the piano, slipped the key in her pocket, and shut herself up in her room to write a letter. Aunt Susan, in her distant city home, laughed and cried over the honest little note she received.

"I fear you will think me an ungrateful wretch, but indeed I have tried faithfully, and a musician I can never be. Could I—might I—sell the piano? I could then attend the Academy, and to be a teacher is the desire of my life."

The answer brought peace and comfort to Lute's troubled mind.

"MY DEAR CHILD:—I think you have decided wisely. We cannot choose the talent bestowed on us—we can but improve what we possess. A friend of mine begged to purchase the instrument years ago, but when I found that your mother had a daughter about the age of my lost Elsie I determined to send it to her. My friend's offer is still open. Pack and send the piano, and by return express you will receive two hundred dollars. Spend two years at the Academy, and then, if you still desire to be a teacher and your parents can spare you, come to me for a year or two, and I will help you to fit yourself for your work. Your loving

"AUNT SUSAN."

The piano was safely packed and taken again to the depot. The next day Lute joyfully held up before her mother's eyes a roll of crisp new bills.

"Two hundred dollars! that means two whole years of school, and then better times for you, little mother. You shall have that new south window for flowers and a black silk dress and a girl to help you and oh! lots of things!" and giving her one excited little hug, Lute bounded up-stairs to put away her treasure. Down she danced again, arrayed in her well-worn walking-dress.

"Mother," as she adjusted her shabby brown hat before the cracked looking-glass, "I've hidden the money under the pile of handkerchiefs in the right-hand bureau drawer. Nobody would ever think of looking there. Now I'm going down to settle with 'Melie Harris. I'll be back in time to help about dinner. Bye-bye, baby."

Farmer Peckham, pausing under the kitchen window to light his pipe, heard the little colloquy.

"Two hundred dollars!" he muttered; "that's a power o' money for a leetle gal like Lutie."

A few moments later Mrs. Peckham, busily preparing vegetables, fancied she heard soft footfalls overhead.

"Jamie," she called, setting the entry door ajar, "is that you?" but as no answer came she thought no more about the matter, even when David Edward shouted, "Dad! dad! dad!" as a familiar shadow flitted past the window. An hour passed by in unbroken silence, save when baby cooed over his string of spools or made ineffectual attempts to grasp the flecks of sunshine on the floor.

Suddenly Mrs. Peckham, glancing up from the pudding she was concocting, was transfixed by seeing her husband drive a yoke of oxen into the barn-yard and put up the bars. Farnham's steers! She could not be mistaken. She had often admired their wide-branching horns, great, soft eyes, and glossy sides as they grazed in the lower meadow. Like a flash came the remembrance of that stealthy footstep overhead. Hastily summoning Jamie from his rabbit-pen to take care of the baby, she hurried up-stairs as fast as her trembling limbs would permit. With shaking fingers she searched the right-hand drawer of the old bureau. *The money was gone!*

Swiftly replacing the articles, she darted down the stairs and across the garden to the barn-yard. Farmer Peckham, moving here and there, shaking out fodder, glanced furtively at her as she slipped through the bars.

"Harnsome critters, aint they, mother? Can't find their beat in the hull county, I'll be bound."

Mrs. Peckham walked steadily up to him, regardless of the great oxen, who lifted their heads inquiringly; "Dan'el," said she, hoarsely, laying her hand upon his arm—"Dan'el, where's Lute's money?"

Farmer Peckham leaned heavily on his hay-fork and shifted from one foot to the other uneasily. "How should I know?" he ejaculated, feebly.

"Dan'el," her voice gaining in intensity, "do you go straight over to Farnham's and get Lute's money."

"Now, look o' here, mother, jest listen

to reason. Lute aint of age, and 'taint noways proper for such a slip of a gal to take care o' such a heap o' money. Spend it all on gimcracks, most likely. I've only *invested* it for her, don't you see? I'll pay it all back again with interest in full. It's a business transaction, mother," insinuatingly.

"Dan'el," repeated Mrs. Peckham, her alight figure straightening and expanding, "God knows I've never said a word agin ye in the twenty years I've ben your wife. But if you don't fetch that money at once, I shall go straight to Farnham's myself, and all Bayboro will hear the story afore night."

Had one of the meek-faced sheep, quietly nibbling grass in the adjoining field, suddenly confronted him accusingly, Farmer Peckham would not have been more astounded. "Why, mother! why, mother!" he faltered, "if you're a-goin' to take it to heart like this, of course, I'll take the critters right back," letting down the bars with hands that shook as with an ague. The huge oxen, nothing loth to return to their old home, blundered over the lowered rails, and started on a swinging dog-trot down the lane.

"I'll wait for ye at the corner," said Mrs. Peckham, quietly.

Farmer Peckham slowly shambled down the road and laid the roll of bills in his wife's outstretched hand. She counted them carefully twice over, and turned away.

"I say, mother," glancing up and down sheepishly, "no perticler need o' mentionin' this little affair to Lute, is there?"

For the first and only time in her life Mrs. Peckham gave the husband of her youth an almost contemptuous glance, but she only answered, wearily: "No Dan'el, you needn't be afeard. I sha'n't say nuthin'," and dragged herself into the house.

"Mar-mar," cooed the baby, both fat hands outstretched in his most beguiling manner; then, as his affectionate greeting

was unnoticed, the rosy mouth drooped in a pitiful curve. "Mother's little man," cried Mrs. Peckham, cuddling him close in her arms and burying her face in his warm neck. "It's so hard, baby, so hard; but pa means well; his heart is in the right place." As the soft, chubby hands wandered aimlessly over her thin cheeks, she grew calm, and, still clasping the baby, carried the money up-stairs and carefully replaced it.

"Lutie," said Mrs. Peckham, with averted face, when Lute re-entered, "you'd better take that two hundred dollars right down to lawyer Davis, an' get a receipt an' have it locked up in his safe. It makes me oneasy like havin' such a pile layin' round loose," fumbling nervously at her apron-hem; "there's no knowin' what might happen, an' it's best to be on the safe side, anyhow."

Lute, who from 'Melia Harris's window had wonderingly watched her father pass and re-pass with the steers, opened her lips, but a glance at her mother's face checked her, and she silently went on her errand.

Lute's two years at the academy were busy and happy ones, and at their close she graduated with high honors. Aunt Susan, with whom she had kept up a constant correspondence, renewed her offer, which was gratefully accepted. Through careful saving and her aunt's generosity she was enabled to secure a stout German girl to supply her own place as her mother's assistant, and carried her point despite her father's disapproval.

"Big nonsense! In the first place, she'll eat her head off—more'n mother an' Lute put together. The work aint nuthin' so terrible, now David Edward's on his feet. 'Wear out, not rust out,' that's my motto. The money Lute's throwin' away on that air Dutch maid would stock the farm with yearlin's!"

In the great city Lute was provided with abundant opportunities to fit herself for her chosen vocation, and at the end of

the year, through her aunt's recommendation, obtained an excellent situation as teacher of mathematics in Madame B.'s famous boarding-school. The first fruits of her labors was forwarded to her mother, in the shape of the long-coveted black silk. She bent all her energies to her work, resolved that her younger brothers should have a broader education than had been granted to Rube and Steve. In the pauses of her busy life she made flying visits to the old farm. Toward the close of the third winter Lute received a letter in Jamie's blotted chirography.

"Can't you come home, Lutie? I dunno what ails ma. I creep down o' nights an' hear her cryin' an' cryin' for you. I wanted the doctor to come, but pa says she'll perk up all right in the spring. She don't eat nuthin' an' is pinin' away to a shadder. Do come, Lutie."

Lute procured a substitute forthwith, packed her trunk, and took the next train homeward. When she first crossed the familiar threshold, and looked in her mother's face, she saw that Jamie's alarm was not unfounded. All that the tenderest care could devise was bestowed upon the gentle invalid, but the early days of

spring brought no strength to the feeble frame. Daily the so-called "nap" was prolonged, until at last she did not attempt to leave her bed.

"You're gettin' as hifalutin' as Susan, Lute," growled Farmer Peckham. "Here's that doctor feller a drivin' up ev'ry mornin' in his shiny buggy, when a good dose o' yarb tea is wuth all his fancy pills and fixed-up messes. If the ile is out o' the lamp, 'twon't do no good nuther. The money you're a wastin' would more'n pay for that air Jersey Farnham showed me last week. Mighty slick leetle critter, and wuth double what he'll take for her!"

"Never mind, dear," whispered Mrs. Peckham, as Lute busied herself about the bed to hide her indignant face and tear-filled eyes; "that's pa's way. He don't mear nuthin'."

As the afternoon sun sank slowly in its bed of crimson clouds, she nestled one wrinkled, blue-veined hand beneath her cheek.

"You've allers ben a good girl, Lutie," she murmured, with a loving glance at the figure bending over her—"don't ever forget"—here a bright glimmer shone in the faded blue eyes, "pa's—heart's—in—the—right—place!" She never spoke again.

MARION E. PICKERING.

HOPE.

THE folded bud of spring contains within
 Its inmost heart a hope, sublime and sweet,
 Of gorgeous blossoming soon to begin.
 So, in the spring of life, with hope we greet
 The coming years which will our joys repeat.
 How careful should we be to live aright,
 So that our blossom suffer not from blight.—"BETH."

THREE YOUNG WIVES.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IV.

ON her way home, after parting from Florence Whitcomb, Mrs. Wilder passed a lady closely wrapped in a large shawl. There was something familiar in her figure and movements. Turning to look after her, Mrs. Wilder saw her stop and stand for a few moments, as if hearkening for some sound or signal, and then move on again, but with slower steps.

"Can that be Mrs. Leonard?" The question, though addressed to herself, came in audible words from the lips of Mrs. Wilder.

"Poor old lady!" she murmured, as the conviction became clear. "I see it all; she cannot rest until she has her son at home. He's getting dreadfully wild, they say. Ah me! can a heavier load than this be laid upon a mother's heart? and she was so wrapped up in Frank—so proud of him."

"Ah Mrs. Wilder! aren't you keeping late hours?" said a familiar voice.

"O Judge Glendenning! Yes, rather late for me. You gentlemen have the monopoly of this late hour business." Mrs. Wilder moved forward in the direction of her home as she said this, the Judge walking by her side.

"I don't know," replied the Judge, with the manner of one who defended himself against an accusation. "If my observation is not at fault, you ladies are quite as ready to trespass on the small hours—given the opportunity—as we are."

"Given the opportunity! Very well said, Judge Glendenning. But how often do we get the opportunity?"

"For what?—for keeping late hours? I didn't know before that you thought it such a dreadful nice thing to—to-be out late at night."

"You forget what you said just now about ladies being as ready as you gentlemen to trespass on the small hours," returned Mrs. Wilder.

"So they are. It's as much as your life is worth to get a woman home at night. So many feints to leave; so many last words with her dear friends; so much lingering over her wraps, and all that sort of thing. Don't I know!"

The Judge was not quite clear in his head, nor quite as dignified in speech and manner as usual, a fact which Mrs. Wilder was not slow to perceive. And she understood exactly what it meant, for the people of Westbrook were not only observant of Paul's injunction to look every one on the things of his neighbor, but somewhat given to talking about them into the bargain. On this account it had become known pretty widely that Judge Glendenning indulged himself a little too freely at times in a social glass, and this more especially in the evenings and at the Grant House, where he was always sure to meet friends.

"Did you see anything of Frank Leonard to-night?" asked Mrs. Wilder, as the thought of his mother came back into her mind.

"Yes. I left him at the Grant House a little while ago merry as a fiddler."

"O Judge!" There was pain in Mrs. Wilder's voice.

"It's a great pity, I know; for Frank's a splendid young fellow, and has more law in his head already than half the men at our bar. He'll make his mark if he keeps straight."

"If?—Ah Judge! That 'if' shadows everything as we look into his future."

"Oh! he'll come out all right. Young

men must sow their wild oats. I sowed mine."

"Do wild oats never grow?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

The Judge gave a shrug, but did not answer. And now they had reached the lady's residence. Good-nights were said, and Judge Glendenning was moving away when Mrs. Wilder called after him and said:

"Perhaps I'd better tell you that I passed Mrs. Leonard just now on her way down the street."

"Frank's mother?"

"Yes."

"Where was she going?"

"I didn't speak to her; but I think it will not be hard to guess the errand that has brought her out at this late hour. You say that you left her son at the Grant House?"

"Yes; Frank was there when I came away."

"And he'd been drinking?"

"Yes; until he was quite merry."

"Poor mother!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilder.

"It is a pity," returned Judge Glendenning, in a half mechanical way—"a great pity, and a shame for Frank. He should take better care of himself. I'll give him a good talking to when I see him to-morrow. I'll lay down the law to him, you may depend on it, Mrs. Wilder."

"But it's to-night of which I'm thinking, Judge, and of the unhappy mother and her son."

"Nothing can be done to-night, Mrs. Wilder. If Frank's mother finds him she'll take him home, and there will be the end of it."

"But not the end of her heart-ache. Ah Judge Glendenning! this is sad work at best. Let me ask you a question."

"A hundred, if you will, my good friend."

"Did it never occur to you that there rested on you a grave responsibility in regard to this thing?"

"On me! On what thing? I've nothing

to do with Frank Leonard! I'm not responsible for his well or ill doing. That's his own affair and the affair of his friends. If he will drink too much I can't help it."

"Have you ever talked to him about his danger?"

"Of course I have—dozens of times."

The Judge was annoyed, and did not wholly conceal it.

Mrs. Wilder saw that no good was likely to arise from pressing upon him any of the considerations that were coming into her thoughts, so she said:

"We'll talk about this at some other time, Judge," and turning from him entered her home.

"Always meddling, these women, in things that don't concern them!" grumbled the Judge as he moved on. "A grave responsibility resting on me? That's cool! as if I'd stood sponsor for the young scapegrace!"

Where Whitcomb had stricken down the half-intoxicated assailant of his frightened wife young Leonard was found by his mother, so stunned by the blows he had received as to be almost insensible. Her alarmed outcries brought immediate help, and the young man was raised from the pavement and assisted home.

Westbrook was in considerable excitement on the next day, for it soon got noised around that Frank Leonard had been assaulted on the previous night and dreadfully beaten by some person or persons unknown. His face was badly bruised and disfigured, and there was an ugly cut above one of his temples, supposed to have been made by his head striking on the curbstone. Another excitement grew out of the fact that Florence Whitcomb was reported to be dangerously sick. According to a servant's story, she had been away all the evening, nobody knew where, and was still out when her husband came home after eleven o'clock; that he started to find her and brought her home after awhile in a dread-

fully frightened condition, and had to carry her up-stairs in his arms, she was so weak and faint; that she looked awfully and was as white as a sheet, and didn't speak a word to anybody; then she had to run for the doctor, who stayed all night with the dear soul; and that, after her baby was born, it was as much as they could do to keep life in the poor mother. She knew that something dreadful had happened, but Mr. Whitcomb was as close-mouthed as he could be, and frowned at her if she asked a question.

The gossips in Westbrook were in a fever of excitement, and stories grew and multiplied and transformed themselves into new shapes with marvelous celerity. It was even said that young Whitcomb had come home drunk and driven his wife into the street at midnight. Another story more than suggested that at a late hour he had found her in company with Frank Leonard, and that it was he who had made an assault upon the unfortunate young man. As to the two principal actors in this last affair, both were gravely silent. Whitcomb's angry indignation was held in abeyance by his fear and anxiety, for his wife was in a very critical condition.

Mrs. Wilder had her own theory in regard to what had happened after her parting with Florence on the night before, but prudently kept her thoughts to herself. One thing was clear, and impressing itself more and more deeply on her convictions, and this was that the Grant House was doing more to destroy the peace of families in Westbrook and to ruin its most promising young men than all other causes put together. The attractions of the bar-room and the billiard-tables were drawing scores away from their homes every evening and into temptations that were hard to resist and perilous when yielded to. It was the Grant House and its allurements that had cast a shadow on the lives of her dear young friends, one of whom now lay al-

most trembling in the equipoise between life and death. Ah! if all Westbrook could only see as she saw! But Westbrook was no clearer of sight and no wiser than her sister towns. She had their common inheritance, and held to it loyally, and this was an ingrained conviction that bar-rooms and saloons were, somehow, a public necessity, and not to be meddled with, and that, with all the evils and abuses attendant on their existence, it was impossible to suppress them, even if the policy of doing so were conceded—something that Westbrook was by no means ready to concede.

Judge Glendenning did not feel quite so clear about his responsibility as he had felt on the evening before. An unpleasant recollection was troubling him.

"I wouldn't have so much cared," he said to himself, "if I hadn't been seen taking a glass with Frank last night. It will be a good lesson for him—and for me, too, as to that matter," he added. "Some of our young men are making rather too free with the Grant House bar. A glass now and then won't hurt anybody, but this constant tipping is dangerous."

"Bad business, Judge!"

"Yes, it is bad, Mr. Vivian, very bad," replied Judge Glendenning to one of the clergymen who ministered in spiritual things to the people of Westbrook. They had met on the street.

"Bar-rooms and billiard-tables are the ruin of more young men than all other causes put together," said the clergyman, with considerable warmth of manner.

"If you had said intemperance, I might agree with you," replied the Judge.

"It is the bar-room and the billiard-table that lead to intemperance. Until we can abolish these there is no safety for our young men."

"Until we can separate them, it were better said. The trouble now is that the bar-room and billiard-table are too close together."

"Both are bad—twin evils—and drift together by a law of affinity," returned Mr. Vivian, with great positiveness of manner.

"It is just here, Mr. Vivian," said the Judge, "that your profession fails to discriminate between things innocent and things hurtful. In billiards, *per se*, there is nothing evil."

"Not in gambling, Judge Glendenning?"

"I didn't say in gambling. This is no more involved in a game of billiards than it is in a game of chess or checkers or cards."

"Cards!"

"Do you think it wrong to play at cards?" asked the Judge.

"Of course I do," was Mr. Vivian's prompt reply.

"In what does the wrong consist?"

"It leads to gambling. There's something low and debasing in cards. All kinds of evil associations lie about them. You cannot corrupt a young man more quickly than by cards. They are the devil's recruiting sergeants!"

Judge Glendenning smiled at the clergyman's warm denunciation of cards. He was himself a good whist player, and fond of the game.

"I am afraid you are a little prejudiced, Mr. Vivian," he returned.

"No, sir. I know all about it. Cards from time immemorial have been the curse of the people. You will find them in the hands of the lowest and the vilest. They are the instruments of fraud. It is by cards that the gambler cheats, and by which the cunning fortune-teller pretends to read your fate, and by which the trickster deceives you with his sleight of hand."

"Is money an evil thing?" asked the Judge.

"No one pretends that it is."

"And yet it is made to do evil work sometimes, from penny-pitching all the way up to gold-gambling. Is grain an

evil thing? No! And yet in the Corn Exchange at Chicago millions of dollars are lost and won every year in gambling with wheat and corn. Shall wheat and corn, so harmless in themselves, be laid under the ban for this wicked abuse? Is the gambling virus in the grain, or in the hearts of the gamblers? It is the evil to which we put a thing, Mr. Vivian, makes it evil. If I play at cards or billiards or chess for simple recreation, the game to me will be an innocent one. But if I play to win my neighbor's money, or for any other wrong purpose, it will be evil and hurtful. If I read the Bible aright, it teaches me that it is the evil which comes out of the heart and enters into a man's deeds that makes his acts wrong. The same act may, therefore, be evil with one man and good with another, the purpose for which it is done determining its quality. Do you regard all amusements as wrong in themselves, Mr. Vivian?"

"Oh! no. I wouldn't like to say that," replied the clergyman. "But there is ever attendant on them the danger of running into excess. They are not by any means, we think, favorable to spiritual growth, and for this reason the Church endeavors to hold them in check and limit their range. There is nothing that we fear so much for the children of the Church as they grow up as the alluring pleasures and amusements of the world, for nothing so draws them away from the Church, or makes them so cold and dead toward religion. This, Judge Glendenning, I am free to say, is one of our greatest concerns. The world is too strong for us here, and too often robs us of our children."

They had reached the office of Judge Glendenning, and were now sitting there together.

"Shall I tell you the reason of this, Mr. Vivian, and show you the remedy?"

"I doubt very much if you can, Judge. It is the problem we have long and prayerfully tried to solve."

"And yet it is not a difficult one, and lies close to the surface of things."

"What is your solution of this problem?" There was a dead level in Mr. Vivian's voice, for the clergyman had no faith in any solution that a man of the world like Judge Glendenning might be able to offer.

"You will solve it when you learn to discriminate between the use and the abuse of things."

"I am not sure that I get your meaning, Judge."

"Food is good, and, when rightly used, re-creates and gives life and health to the body; but when taken in excess, or too highly seasoned, or when it is of a bad quality, it becomes the promoter of disease, and may even occasion death. It has been abused, not rightly used. And so may any good thing be changed by abuse into evil."

"I have never seen any good come of cards or billiards, though I have seen a vast deal of harm," returned the clergyman, not meeting the Judge squarely on the question of use and abuse. "And I have very little hope for a young man who is given to either, for I know that his feet have entered a way that leads to destruction. And I think, Judge, that you know this quite as well as I do. If you had a grown up son, I am very certain that you would feel concerned about him if you knew that he went often to a billiard-saloon."

"Doubtless I should, Mr. Vivian. Not on account of the billiards, but because the billiard-tables are too near the bar-room, and drinks too surely follow the games. If you church people were a little wiser than you are, you would, instead of laying games and amusements under a ban, make use of them as soul-saving agencies. You would have your bowling-alleys and billiard-saloons where your young men could go and be free from the vicious associations and dangerous allurements of the bar-room."

A look of almost blank surprise came into the face of Mr. Vivian at this suggestion.

"Church people have bowling-alleys and billiard-saloons!" fell from his astonished lips.

"Why not?" asked the Judge. "There is no harm in bowling or in billiards. They are as innocent in themselves as walking or riding. Divorce them from the bar-room, and they may become an element of good in a community, and save many from the evil associations into which, without them, they might fall."

"No—no—no!" Mr. Vivian rejected, and with considerable warmth of manner, the suggestion of Judge Glendenning. "Cards and billiards—never! They are the devil's devices, and nothing else."

"I'm sorry not to be able to bring you over to my way of thinking," returned the Judge.

"You'll never get me over on to the side of billiard-saloons. Put that down as settled, once and forever."

"Why?"

"Because I regard the billiard-saloon as an open door to hell!" answered the clergyman, with a vehemence that rose almost into passion.

"If," said Judge Glendenning, speaking with a calmness that gave force to what he said, "you had a son who was fond of playing at billiards."

"Which Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Mr. Vivian.

"And I had a billiard-table in my house."

"Which I trust you will never have."

"And, seeing that your son was in danger, by reason of the bar-room and associations of the Grant House, and were to invite him to come with his friends and use my table, and so be out of the way of temptation, what would you say about it?" The Judge, who was regarding the clergyman intently, saw a change in the expression of his face. A look of anxiety, verging on to fear, had come into it.

"Judge Glendenning!"—the voice of Mr. Vivian was repressed and solemn, the color was dying out of his face—"answer me truly, as before God! Have you ever seen my son Heber in the billiard-saloon at the Grant House?" He held his breath for the answer.

"Yes," replied the Judge.

"And playing at billiards?"

"Yes."

"My God!" Mr. Vivian smote his hands together, and then laid his face into them, sitting with bowed head, and as motionless as if life had gone out of him.

"Don't take the matter so deeply to heart, Mr. Vivian. Heber, so far as I have observed him, is in no great danger."

"In no great danger, Judge Glendenning!" the clergyman spoke in a mournful voice, but without lifting his head. "In no great danger; and his feet standing on the threshold of the door that leads to death and hell!"

"I have never seen your son in the bar-room, Mr. Vivian. More than once I have heard him invited to drink, but he always said no! He usually comes with Herbert Allen, and after a few games they go off together. He plays very well, and evidently enjoys the game."

A deep groan came from the clergyman's lips.

"And now, Mr. Vivian," said the Judge, "let me repeat the question I asked just now. If you had a son who was fond of playing at billiards, and I, having a billiard-table at my house, and seeing that your son was in danger by reason of the bar-room and the associations of the Grant House, were to invite him to come with his friends and use my table, and so be out of the way of temptation, what would you say of it?"

Mr. Vivian made no reply.

"Would you not consider him safer in my house than at a tavern? Would you not be thankful in your heart for the pro-

tection I was able to throw around him? Get away from prejudice, my dear sir, and let your honest convictions speak. Grant even that you cannot regard billiards as wholly innocent in themselves, are not lesser evils to be preferred to greater?"

"Doubtless," Mr. Vivian replied, speaking with much constraint of manner, "it would be better, if my son were perversely set on playing billiards, that he should be removed as far as might be from other evil influences. He would be safer with you, of course, than if he were at the Grant House, I will admit that."

"Did you ever know Heber to do anything morally wrong?"

"Not until now; and it is more than I can bear."

"Be careful, Mr. Vivian, how you multiply causes of offense, and make transgression out of innocent enjoyment. A moral wrong is something that hurts the neighbor, as stealing, murder, false witness, and the like. Now, none of these things are involved in a simple trial of skill at the billiard-table or bowling-alley or chess-board."

"Is there no moral turpitude in deception and disobedience?" returned Mr. Vivian. "Heber has deceived me and done what he knows to be wrong."

"May not the wrong lie with you more than with him?" said the Judge.

"With me?" There was a look of unfeigned surprise on Mr. Vivian's face.

"Yes, with you," answered the Judge.

"If you tell your son that drinking is an evil habit and ought to be shunned because it injures the body and leads to drunkenness, he will believe you and respect your judgment because there is reason in what you say; and he will, moreover, try to profit by your admonition. The same thing will follow if you explain to him wherein the evil of gambling lies, or the evil of any dissipation that endangers health or does harm to others. But when you tell him that it is

wrong to indulge in innocent games and amusements, you fail to convince his reason, and, no matter how much he may love and respect you as his father, he will not, because he cannot, believe you; and, what is worse than this, you will have lost a degree of influence over him, for he will no longer have entire faith in your judgment. It is plain, sir, that your son has commenced drifting away from you; and if you would draw him back, you must change your attitude, not only toward him but toward the things of the world which are not evil in themselves, but only made so by perversion and abuse."

Large drops were standing on the minister's forehead, and the bitterness which had come into his heart was revealed in his grief-stricken face.

"My poor boy!" came mournfully from his lips. "I could have looked upon him in his coffin with less of sorrow than I now feel. O Heber! Heber! That I should have lived to see this day!"

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the Judge.

"Heaven knows! I must pray for help and direction."

"And how do you expect this help and direction to come, Mr. Vivian? By an inner dictate or through the exercise of your reason and common sense?" There was an air of courtesy, interest, and good will about the Judge that drew the minister toward him instead of pushing him away.

"Depend upon it, Mr. Vivian, you church people are making a great mistake in your attitude toward amusements."

"We must condemn what leads to worldliness, to dissipation, and to an alienation of the heart from religion and from God," said Mr. Vivian.

"Is a game of billiards any more likely to do this than a game of croquet?" inquired the Judge.

"The associations are entirely different, sir."

"Only because they are made so—that is all. What moral difference is there between a billiard-table in my house, and a croquet ground on my lawn? And what evil power has one in excess of the other?"

"Billiards lead to dissipation and all manner of evil, but croquet does not. You know this, Judge, as well as I do."

"If every prayer-meeting room had an open or secret door into a drinking-saloon, would you seek to abolish the prayer-meeting as an evil, because many who came to enjoy its pious privileges were tempted, after the exercises were over, into the bar-room? or would you hold your prayer-meeting at a safer distance from the saloon?"

Before Mr. Vivian had time to reply, a person came into the office on business, and the clergyman arose to leave. Judge Glendenning accompanied him to the door, and said as they were parting:

"Don't speak to your son about this until we've talked the matter over again. I know the temptations of the billiard-saloon even better than you, and also the dangers to which Heber will be exposed if his visits to the Grant House tables are continued. He may be, and is, I trust, so pure in his moral character, and so settled in his principles, as to be in far less danger than most young men. Still, it would be better for him if he kept away from the tavern; and not only for him, but for all of our young men. It isn't the best place for them. I've seen that for a long time. But when a man has fallen into the river, we must take care that, in our efforts to get him out, we do not push him farther in and, maybe, out of our reach. Take this into consideration. Call and see me in the evening, and bring Mr. Allen. In the multitude of counselors there is wisdom. His son and your son are very intimate, I have noticed, and always play at billiards together. Do you think Mr. Allen knows of this?"

"I am sure that he does not. He would be dreadfully troubled if he did?"

"Tell him, from me, that I've seen Herbert at the Grant House, playing billiards, half a dozen times in the last two or three weeks, and that I would like to see him about it."

"It will be hard thing for me to say to him, Judge."

"You know the facts. Is not your duty plain, Mr. Vivian?"

"It shall be as you say," and the clergyman bowed his head, and went out with a slow and measured step.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Mr. Vivian left the office of Judge Glendenning he was in great pain and bewilderment of mind. His heart beat with heavy strokes. There was a weight and pressure on his breast that seemed as if it would suffocate him. He went home and retired to his room to pray and ask counsel of God. What could he do to save his son from the perilous way in which his feet had entered?—the downward way that "led to death and hell"?

As he prayed and pondered, and cast about in his mind for some means by which to withdraw his son from the danger that looked so imminent, his thought took hold of but a single suggestion, and that was the one made by Judge Glendenning. If, indeed, the Judge had a billiard-table in his house and Heber were there in the evening with his friend Herbert Allen, instead of at the Grant House, would it not be far better? Would he not have a feeling of relief and thankfulness? Ere Mr. Vivian knew where he was drifting, he was over on the Judge's side, and startled, pained, and troubled with a guilty sense of betrayal. Billiards! In his effort to turn away from the consent that was in his heart, he put up his hands as if to bear off a visible enemy. An evil counselor had gained an audience; he was sure of that; but it was all in vain that

he sought to reject his counsels. The minister was in a sore strait.

It was much easier now for Mr. Vivian to perceive the difference between the use and the abuse of a thing, and much more difficult to see why a game of billiards, if the table were in the house of Judge Glendenning, or in the house of anybody else, was sinful, while croquet on the lawn in front of the house was innocent.

Fairly adrift, and unable to get back to his old moorings, and as the waves of doubt broke over the new convictions which were born of his love for his son and his intense desire to save him from the peril in which he saw him standing, Mr. Vivian felt like a mariner on an unknown and stormy sea, beaten by the surges, and driven by gales that were bearing him he knew not whither. Alas for the minister! Had his love for his boy betrayed him? To save this boy was he going to sacrifice principle, open a door into the world, make terms with the enemy, call evil good? It all stood out clearly before him. He saw where he was and whither he was going, but was helpless in the current that was bearing him away.

Sin or no sin, there was a secret pleasure in the heart of Mr. Vivian as he thought of Judge Glendenning's suggestion, and a desire that it might become a reality. For all this, he felt guilty before the Lord; and as his heart held to this desire, the face of the Lord seemed to grow hard and cold and angry, and then to hide itself from him altogether.

The father of Herbert Allen was a leading member of Mr. Vivian's church, a severely pious man, strict in observance, and as narrow in his opinions as to be in many things quite over to the side of unreasoning bigotry. There was no tenderness in his religion and nothing of the sweet spirit of forgiveness. He held to law and obedience, and to sure punishment for all infractions of law. There had been more of authority than love in

his government at home. God, in his view, was an inflexible Judge, holding every one to the strictest obedience, and punishing those who sinned against Him with an angry indignation that was often terrible. There was something in this idea that suited the man's character, for he was naturally hard, stern, and exacting. If his idea of God had been different, if he had seen in the Lord a loving and compassionate Father instead of an inflexible Judge and a stern Executioner who would in no wise forgive until the last farthing of debt was paid, a change in the man's character might have been wrought through his religion. But as God was in his imagination, so did he remain, growing more and more into the image and likeness of his ideal.

As his son Herbert advanced toward manhood, the boy grew more and more away from his father, and less and less inclined to regard him as the embodiment of either wisdom or justice. He did not love him, but the fear of his anger, which had held him to obedience through childhood and youth, still had a restraining influence over him, but this influence was steadily decreasing. At last the young man had stepped across the boundary-line which separated between the Church and the world, and was over, in the language of such men as his father, on the "devil's ground." He hadn't gone very far across the line as yet. The bar at the Grant House had no attractions for him. He did not care for liquor, and had no taste for the coarseness, the profanity, and obscenity that the bar-room begets and fosters. It was the billiard-table which had drawn him to the tavern. But he did not linger there after the games he had come to play were finished.

So the case stood with these two young men, children of the Church, with whom the attractive power of the Church was growing less and less every day.

"I have sad news for you, brother Allen!" said the clergyman, his sorrow-

ful voice and depressed manner sending an impression of alarm to the heart of his parishioner.

"Sad news for me!" Mr. Allen drew himself up, as one who prepares to meet an enemy. His lips did not fall apart, but closed themselves firmly. He was a brave man, never shrinking from a conflict.

"For us both, Mr. Allen. Our poor boys!"

"Our boys! What about them, Mr. Vivian?" Suspense, mingled with fear and sternness, were in Mr. Allen's face.

"It might be worse," said the clergyman—"a great deal worse. Judge Glendenning told me about it."

"About what?" There was a sound in Mr. Allen's voice like the crack of a whip.

"Heber and your son have been playing billiards at the Grant House."

"Billiards!" A look of blank surprise, then a deep red flush, and then a cold, stern pallor.

"When did you hear of this?"

"To-day."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. I'm in great distress of mind. Ah! these open doors to death and hell! How shall we keep our children away from them!"

The form of Mr. Allen was shrinking down in his chair and his head drooping on his breast. There was a look on his face that hurt the clergyman's eyes.

Mr. Vivian had the impression of a cruel beast crouching and gathering up his strength for a spring.

"Judge Glendenning said that he would like to see us this evening."

"For what?"

"He wants to have a talk with us before we say anything to the boys."

"Thanks! But I don't wish any of Judge Glendenning's advice or interference." There was an unpleasant grating in Mr. Allen's voice. "I can manage my own affairs without help from him."

"It can do no harm to have a talk with the Judge," replied Mr. Vivian. "In the multitude of counselors there is wisdom."

"I shall not go to a drinking, swearing, card-playing man of the world like Judge Glendenning for the wisdom I need."

"From the way he spoke of our sons, I think that he feels a genuine interest in them, and I gathered from what he said that he would second us in any efforts we might make to keep them away from the Grant House."

"I don't want any of his help," was the cold, dogged reply.

"In common courtesy," urged the minister, "we can do no less than accept his evidently well-meant invitation. We know him to be a man of sound judgment in all public matters, and he may be able to show us a better way to deal with this unhappy business than we can possibly find out ourselves. The children of this world are wiser in their generation sometimes than the children of light."

"You can do as you think best, Mr. Vivian, but as for me, I prefer other counsel, if I must have it. There is One to whom we may go, if we will, who is wiser than Judge Glendenning."

Mr. Allen's pious tone and manner did not wholly conceal the contempt he felt for the Judge and his opinions.

"Perhaps, on reflection, you will think differently," said Mr. Vivian. "Let me advise great prudence in your dealing with Herbert; and remember, that if through any harsh dealing you push him away from you, it will be like pushing a boat out upon a current that may carry it forever beyond your reach! I confess to be in great fear and perplexity. I have been in my closet, and, with the door shut, have prayed for light and guidance; but all is still dark around me. I cannot see the way."

"The way is not through Judge Glendenning; you may settle that much in your mind," was Mr. Allen's curt response.

"I do not know. The Lord leads us often by ways that we know not, and this may be one of them. So strongly am I impressed with this feeling, that I shall yield to its influence, and refrain from saying anything to Heber until I have had a talk with the Judge and hear what he has to suggest."

"No good will come of it, Mr. Vivian."

"We shall see," replied the clergyman.

"But what answer shall I take from you to the Judge?"

"Say that I'm obliged to him, but as the matter is one that concerns myself and my family alone, I prefer deciding it for myself."

And so they parted.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE young wives—one with her life-pulses beating so low that it seemed every moment as if they would cease altogether, and two sitting alone, troubled and sorrowful. Rose and Millie knew that Florence had become a mother and that her life was in danger. What had really happened on the night previous, after Mrs. Wilder parted from her, they did not know. It must, they felt, have been something dreadful. Out of the conflicting and exaggerated stories that were passing from lip to lip, they gathered enough to make it clear that somebody had been drinking too much on the evening before. Whether it was Lewis Whitcomb or some one else, they could not tell, all they really knew was that he had returned before his wife's arrival and had gone out after her, and that after a little while he had brought her home in an almost insensible condition, and that he was strangely silent about the whole affair.

"Carl says that Lewis hadn't taken anything more than usual. They were together all the evening playing billiards."

"While Robert says," replied Millie, "that he was more under the influence of

liquor than he had seen him for some time, and is afraid the last drink he took might have been too much for him."

"Oh! this drink, drink, Millie! What is to be done about it? If it can't be stopped in some way, there is no safety for our husbands. I'm beginning to feel dreadfully uneasy."

Mrs. Wilder came in while they were talking. She was in trouble about Florence Whitcomb, blaming herself for having permitted her to go home alone. Out of the many stories that were afloat she had taken the probabilities, and, putting them together, made up her own conclusions, which, as we have before intimated, were not far from the truth.

"Things are coming to a serious pass, my dears," she said, "and you must do something to keep your husbands away from the hotel, where they spend too many of their evenings."

"If it wasn't for the billiard-table," Millie responded in a choking voice. "It's all that takes Robert to the Grant House, I'm sure. And they play for drinks. That is where the danger lies."

"I know it. There's no harm in billiards, as far as I'm able to see. The harm lies in what they lead to. I shocked a member of the Young Men's Christian Association not long ago by telling him that if they'd set up a billiard-table in their hall they'd save more young men in Westbrook from falling into intemperance than they'll ever redeem by their gospel meetings."

"Oh! if they'd just do that!" ejaculated Rose, striking her hands quickly together. A light flashed into her eyes, and her face warmed with a sudden glow. "If they'd only do something to interest young men who are not pious!"

"What did he say?" asked Millie Sanderson.

"You'd hardly guess. I can't get over it."

"What?"

"I'll give you his very words. He

said, 'The young man who can't be saved by anything but billiards isn't worth saving.'"

"And what did you say in reply?"

"I was rather sharp on him, I suppose, but I couldn't help it. I told him that he was a bigot, and that if he didn't come into a better mind all the Young Men's Christian Associations in the land couldn't save him; that one man might play at billiards and be in charity toward his neighbor, while another might lead in a prayer-meeting, and be nothing more than sounding brass or tinkling cymbal."

"Did he get angry?"

"It was something very much like anger that looked out at me from his astonished eyes," returned Mrs. Wilder, as a smile played around her lips.

"The thought came to me all at once, while I was talking with this man," she continued, "and it has been running through my mind ever since; and the more I think about it, the more surprised do I feel that no attempt has yet been made to extend the influence of Young Men's Christian Associations by means of more attractive amusements than have yet been introduced. They leave the billiard-table and the ten-pin alley almost exclusively in the hands of saloon and tavern keepers, instead of using them as the means of drawing young men away from corrupting and dangerous associations."

"Oh! it is so strange that they cannot see this," said Rose, with considerable excitement of manner. Her thought had gone to Carl. "Just think, Millie! Wouldn't we feel so much better satisfied if we knew that our husbands were at the hall of the Association instead of at the Grant House?"

"And what's better, Rose," answered Millie, "we might go with them, sometimes, and see them play."

"Why, so we might, dear! I hadn't thought of that. And we could learn to play ourselves."

"And beat your husbands," said Mrs. Wilder.

"Why, yes!" Rose clapped her hands. "You and I could go over to the hall and practice in the daytime, Millie, and then beat our husbands in the evening. Wouldn't that be fun! I see Carl's wide-open eyes now, as he looks at the way I handle the cue and pocket the balls."

"Sisters and brothers, wives and husbands, sweethearts and lovers could meet and enjoy a game together, and the young men be as free from temptation as if in their own homes," said Mrs. Wilder.

"Oh! why can't it be done?" exclaimed Rose.

"Because there are too many leading men in the Association like the one of whom I spoke just now, while Hugh Allen, the President, is, I might say, the narrowest of them all."

"If he knew what I know," said Rose.

"What do you know?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

"I know that Herbert goes to the Grant House. Carl told me. He's been there with Mr. Vivian's son quite frequently of late. They play billiards; but Carl says that they don't mix with the company, and that, so far, he's never seen them enter the bar-room."

"But how long this will last, who can tell?" There was a look of concern in the face of Mrs. Wilder. "The associations are not of a kind to do either of them any good, and if they should be drawn into them, the consequences might be of the saddest character."

"O Mrs. Wilder! If something could only be done!" There was a trembling eagerness about Rose Raynor as she spoke—"something to make it just as pleasant for young men to stay away from a place like the Grant House as to go there."

"If I were rich," said Mrs. Wilder, "I'd have a large building handsomely fitted up for young men; and not alone as a library and reading-room—I'd have billiard-tables and a ten-pin alley, as well as books, periodicals, and chess-tables.

And I'd have a hall for concerts, readings, lectures, tableaux, and—yes, for private theatricals now and then, if our young people had a fancy for them. And I'd encourage the young girls and young wives to go there in the evening with their brothers and husbands."

"Oh! if you were only rich!"

"As I am not, dear; and so my beautiful castle must remain in the air."

"No, the castle of your fancy must not remain in the air!" said Rose, her manner changing and her voice growing steady.

"If I were able to set it upon the earth, you would soon see it resting on stable foundations. But I am not."

"Then other hands must build on the plan you give," Rose answered. "I'm a determined little body, as you know, Mrs. Wilder, if I once get fairly bent on doing anything; and I'm getting more and more bent on doing something to keep my husband away from the Grant House. I know half a dozen members of the Young Men's Christian Association, and I'll talk this thing up whenever I meet them. I'll make them think about it, whether they will or no; and it won't be long before some of them come over to our side."

"The ministers and churches will all be against such an innovation," said Mrs. Wilder. "In their view, the introduction of billiard-tables, tableaux, and scenic representations into the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association would be to open the door for all manner of vice and immorality. It will never, I think, be done in Westbrook; not, at least, while Hugh Allen is President of the organization. You might as well set yourself against a mountain with the hope of removing it from its place, as set yourself to turn this man from his narrowness and bigotry. I know him well. His religion is crystalized prejudice."

"A man will do almost anything to save his son."

"I will not answer for Mr. Allen. The stuff out of which he is made is of the closest fibre and very inflexible."

"He is human," answered Rose, "and as weak as the rest of us if one can but touch the vulnerable place. But don't try to discourage me. Don't magnify difficulties."

"No, no, dear, I will not. As you say, Mr. Allen is human, if not a very impressive specimen of humanity, and it may be that his weak place may be found, and that in the stress and strain

which come upon it, prejudice may be broken."

So these women talked and willed, seeing in dim vision only the ways and means of reaching the end in view. But the more they willed and thought and took counsel together, the more definite in shape did the ways and means of reaching their purpose become, and the stronger grew their confidence in the result.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

GENERAL THOMAS B. VAN BUREN, late Consul General to Japan, delivered a lecture recently on the above subject in San Francisco. The population of the islands is thought to be from thirty-seven million to thirty-eight million. There are sixteen million eight hundred and ninety-one thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine males and sixteen million four hundred and eighty-nine thousand females, so that the excess of males is over four hundred thousand. The Japanese are not of Chinese origin, and, judging from their language, they are not of any Asiatic origin, but may be descendants of the great Hindo-European race. "I think," said the speaker, "that the Japanese are the progenitors of the North American Indians of the Pacific slope."

Originally the Japanese were divided into five classes—the military and officials, the farmers, the artisans, the merchants and bankers, and the coolies or laborers. After the revolution of 1868 the system was remodeled, the lands were taken from the feudal lords, a system of courts was established, and the people now get justice for wrongs. The land is now held in fee simple, and three-tenths of all tilled land is now owned by small holders. The family organization in ancient times was, of course, patriarchal. All that is now changed, but the head of the house has yet much greater power than he would have in Western nations.

Shrine worship is still indulged in, and

the sick are brought to shrines to be cured by the mysterious powers of the gods.

In referring to the fact that a hospital has been established at Yeddo, the speaker stated that native physicians charge as much as from twelve to twenty cents for visits paid them in their offices, and some physicians of the new school have been bold enough to charge the enormous sum of fifty cents a visit. In this connection the speaker incidentally remarked that the Japanese are the most polite people in the world. Of their cleanliness he also spoke highly, saying that the laborers of a certain class are cleaner than any other laborers in the world.

Passing reference and praise was made to the lacquer and bronze work of the Japanese; the tea, rice, and fish industries, the laws, the finances, and the beautiful scenery.

The wages of farm hands, with board, are thirty-five dollars a year; without board, fifty dollars a year. The daily wages are about fifteen cents. They are vegetarians. Their living costs about two dollars a month and their clothes about four dollars a year.

The Mikado, who was formerly never seen, now goes more among his people than do many of the constitutional rulers. Of the descendants of the ancient Christians there are one hundred and fifty thousand in Japan, and of the modern Christians there are about ten thousand. In Tokio alone there thirty-five churches.

MOTHERS.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

LIGHTS and shadows! How strangely they blend in our daily lives, and who shall say the one is not as truly a ministry for good as the other, or that both are not needed to make life complete and harmonious? It is like the sunset I watched the other night. The afternoon had been dull and cloudy, but, just as the day ended, the heavy clouds lifted a little along the western horizon and the sun went down in a sea of gold. All the valley lay in deep shadow, but the hill-tops were glorified with the last touch of sunlight, and I could not tell which, taken separately, had most of beauty—the shadowy valley or the sun-crowned hills—either was very, very fair, and together made a picture never to be forgotten. It seemed to me a true type of life.

Our home is upon the hill-tops now and, more than ever before, our hearts sing in the glad sunlight, for another dear child has been granted to us—another little son given for us to make a man of! Looking into his pure little face, it is easy to believe “Their angels do always behold the face of our Father.” With the help of these holy ones we hope to teach the tender feet to walk only in pure paths, that he may be a manly boy and, in the fullness of time, a manly man. He was the gift of the glad new year to us. But how differently the year dawned in another home near by. There it was the shadowed valley, for two precious little boys lay asleep in death. The soft snow which fell on our baby’s natal day sifted over the new-made grave where the little bodies rested side by side. Dear little brothers were they, always together in their happy play; together now for all eternity—gone from earth ere yet they had tasted of its sorrows or known aught of its sin—gone in beauty and innocence—even the mother, through her fast falling tears, could say, “It is well for them;” but, oh! the pity of missing them from her daily life! not to watch them growing out of boyhood into manhood—to miss

them morning, noon, and night from their accustomed places—this is sad, so sad; but the mother-heart follows them onward and faith and love unite to teach her that, though the sweet task be denied her, others will guide her boys and lead them up the angelic heights whither she may one day follow them. It is well when children are born into this world, but, could we know all, I wonder if we would not feel it to be still better when they are born into the heavenly world? So would sunlight and shadow be alike beautiful to us, since all are of God.

There comes to me to-day such a dark story from the village beyond us that I can think of little else. Ah, the dreadful shame—the pity of it all! When will these things cease to be and men and women walk together purely and happily as children of one family with one Father over all? This is the story: Two women, whose ways led into the dark valley of sin were found living in the village and, complaint being made, they were arrested, tried, convicted, and driven from the town amid the hooting and hissing of men and boys. Surely no *true man’s* voice mingled in the outcry, for pity and respect for all womankind would forbid it.

In this way the guilty women were treated; but what of the men whom their story implicated? Were *they* told to go also? were they hooted and hissed at as something unclean? Did fair women draw their skirts aside as they came near, fearing the leprous touch? *Oh! no, they are men!* They come and go in the business and the social world the same as before and no voice is uplifted against them! O God of love and right! why is it always the woman’s part to bear the shame and ignominy alone? Why does every one cry “Unclean! unclean!” as she comes near, but have no word of condemnation for the other? Where is the justice of it all? There were these women, low and vile without doubt, but were they lower or viler than those who aided in their guilt?—more to be condemned, less to be pitied, than they? A

"social ulcer" they were called, but let no one forget an ulcer lives only by what it feeds upon. Some little spark of womanhood must still be alive in their sad hearts—the little bit of Divine life which, thank God! is never wholly quenched however darkly the waves of sin may break over it. Why did no one go, and, in the name of the pitying Christ, try to rekindle the sacred flame and rouse them to something nobler and better? Who knows what love and kindly sympathy may not have done for them even then? Once they were pure and good, innocent even as our baby is to-day, and a mother loved them and prayed over them, as mothers ever must over their babies; once they were girls, sweet and happy, no doubt, as girlhood should be. God alone knows what brought them where they are now. Though we may not condone their sin or try to make it appear less terrible than it is, is it right that we should have only words of condemnation for them? Is it Christlike to cast them utterly outside the pale of human sympathy and leave them to sink hopelessly down? Is it for us to judge always of their weakness or their crime? Hark! the word of Jesus: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," the while His eyes were "cast-down" that He might not look upon the shame of fallen womanhood and so make her sorrow greater. We are zealous in sending missionaries and money to convert the heathen in foreign lands, and this is well, but need we forget "there are heathen nearer

home" for whom our pity may as justly be awakened and our hands as willingly outstretched in helpfulness? I know that in our large cities there are "homes," and systematic work for reclaiming fallen women—why not do such work in our villages also? Though the number be less, is not the need just as great? Every soul is precious, and no amount of work or effort seems too great to give to the salvation of even one. Surely there is a better way than to drive the poor outcast out with hooting and hissing. This is the dark side of the village life, but be sure there is light on the hill-tops there also. Earnest men and women are banded together in working for the good and the true, and the seed they scatter is taking root in the hearts and lives of the people.

"Are you willing that the life-lines of your human endeavor shall always be drawn in accordance with the highest truth in every department of your lives?" I glanced for one moment at a paper on the table by which I sit, and this was the question that greeted me. It is like a lightning flash over heart and conscience. How pure and beautiful our lives would become if this could be the accepted standard for each of us! How the dark shadows would be brightened, struck through and through with Heaven's own light and truth. God hasten the day when this shall be—the glad day when every heart shall know only love and goodwill each to each, and men and women everywhere shall unite in living upward.

EARNEST.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

JACK'S ARK,

AND THE WONDERFUL VOYAGE IT MADE.

CHAPTER I.

IT is years and years ago that the events upon which I have founded my story occurred, and Jack Collins, the architect, owner, and sailing master of the ark, if he be still alive, must be an old, old man. But old as he is, I warrant you he has never forgotten the strange craft, and the still stranger events that happened in con-

nection with it. At that time Jack, a boy of about twelve years, was living in Northern New Hampshire, on the banks of beautiful Connecticut River, whose silvery waters he could see the first thing in the morning and the last at dusk. He had a good house to live in, plenty to eat and to wear; but, like many other boys I have known, he had a mania for building camps and cabins in the woods, and going there to stay, under the impression that he was enjoying himself, when really he

would have been much more comfortable at home. But that don't matter. If a fellow really believes he is having a good time, why then he is, no matter how uncomfortable he may be. Any of my boy readers can vouch for the truth of this.

His grandfather, who was one of the first settlers in the town, and who had been an old hunter and trapper, had often told him of his wild life, and these exciting narratives probably fired the young fellow's imagination. At any rate, he and his chum, Tim Clark, who lived not more than a quarter of a mile away, had constructed all kinds of queer shelters—brush camps, birch-bark camps, lean-tos, and once they even undertook a log cabin, but this last didn't amount to much, except as an architectural curiosity.

So far one thing had always troubled them, and that was the wet. When the weather was pleasant they were obliged to help on the farm, and consequently only nights and rainy weather remained for them to enjoy their fancy for wild life.

Now their roofs always leaked and the water occasionally came in around the bottom, wetting their floor and their hemlock bed, and making it so decidedly uncomfortable that if the storm happened to be a violent one they were glad enough to abandon their wigwam and return home.

But at this particular time Jack had found a real bonanza. Down by the river bank, in a pretty little cove, formed by a bend in the river, shaded by tall elms, over which clambered a profusion of wild grape vines, Jack, one morning after a heavy rain, discovered a huge, ungainly old scow lodged against the shore. It was built of thick pine planks, was about fourteen feet long and six or seven wide, the sides also of planks, being about a foot high. It was not of any great value in a country where timber was so plenty, and as its owner would probably never take the trouble to come for it, Jack coaxed his grandfather to help him secure it to the bank, and looked upon it as his lawful prize. He did not have much of an idea at first what he was going to do with it; but as the summer came on and he and his friend Tim grew more and more weary of the restraints of civilized life, and began to long for a

lodge in the wilderness, a bright idea occurred to Jack, who suddenly burst out about as follows:

"Tim, I've got it!"

This did not excite Tim greatly, for his friend was a very impulsive sort of a boy, and very often had "it," so he turned around leisurely and said:

"Wall, ye say ye have. What is it?"

"Why, about our camp, our cabin, our—"

"Wall," answered Tim, with exasperating coolness, "go ahead."

"Why, it'll be jest the slickest campin' place we ever had," continued Jack, slinging his old straw hat into the air, by way of emphasis.

"Great snakes! what'll be the slickest place?" shouted Tim, getting excited in his turn.

"Why, the old scow, down thar by the river. It's jest the prettiest, coolest spot in the hull county. Father'll let me take the oxen ter draw it clean out of the water, and there are old boards 'nuff lyin' about to build a meetin' house. We can jest nail our boards all round the sides of the scow, put on a board roof, batten all the cracks 'th birch bark, and thar ye are—a reg'lar pallis."

"That's the most gorgeoust idea I ever heard of," responded Tim, heartily; "when shall we begin ter put her up?"

"Oh! right off, now; we can work on it at odd jobs, and almost afore ye know, it'll be done."

The preliminaries being settled, the scow was hauled out, high and dry, and whenever the boys could get spare hours, they worked like beavers, until at last their house was completed. It certainly was not an ornamental affair. It was long, narrow, and low—just high enough for them to stand up in. There was a door at one end, hung on leather hinges. There were three windows, one on each side and one in the end opposite the door—merely square holes cut through the walls and closed with sliding board shutters.

In the way of furniture Tim brought two moose-skins for a bed, to which Jack added a couple of blankets for covering. Some rough boards, laid on cleats across the end, served as a table. Then they had a couple of old rush-bottom chairs, a little brass kettle, a frying-pan, a tin lan-

tern with tallow candles, two or three plates and knives and forks. For provisions they had salt-pork, potatoes, eggs, etc. They did their cooking outside, except when it rained hard, and then they depended on rations from home. They caught fish in the river, which they fried, and they did very well with potatoes and green corn and eggs. They also snared partridges in the woods near by. The first one caught they tried to cook, but it was a flat failure. They made a stew of it, and tried to make believe that they liked it. But there was a limit to even their enthusiasm and after sipping it rather gingerly, declaring all the while that it was splendid, Tim finally broke down with the remark:

"Tain't no use, Jack, we don't know how ter cook partridge; let's give this stuff ter Carlo and Tom;" and the dog and the cat, who were honored guests at these feasts, enjoyed a game dinner that day.

Here the two friends passed many happy days and more nights, for, as it did not rain half often enough to suit them, they would sleep here frequently, routing out early so as to be home in season for breakfast and work.

The other boys in the sparsely settled farming town used to come to visit "Jack Collins' Ark," as they called it, and, in fact, the ungainly affair was the envy of all boydom in that vicinity.

If they overslept, grandfather, who took about as much interest in the scheme as did the boys themselves, would generally volunteer to go down and call them.

One night there was a thunderstorm, and the next day, although it did not rain, was dull, cloudy and misty and the fog hung over the river, as it often does now, like a thick, impenetrable veil. Along about the middle of the forenoon, Jack's father wanted him to go to the post-office and asked grandfather to go down and call him.

The old gentleman took his cane and, following the path through the field, was lost to sight as he hobbled down the steep bank of the river. But in a short time he reappeared, gesticulating wildly and shouting loudly. Mrs. Collins, who happened to be standing in the door-way, saw him, but could not understand what he said.

She was aware, however, from his evi-

dent excitement, that something unusual had occurred, and calling to Mr. Collins, who was in the barn near by, she hastened through the field toward the old gentleman.

"What's the matter, grandfather?" she cried, as soon as she came within speaking distance.

"Matter enough," shouted grandfather in reply, "the ark's gone!"

"The ark gone!" repeated the mother, beginning to be alarmed, though she scarcely knew why.

"Yes, come here and see for yourself," and turning around, grandfather led the way to the crest of the bank and pointed with his cane to the little nook under the graceful elms, where Jack's famous structure had stood the day before.

There was no ark to be seen, but in place of the camp-boat and the carpet of green grass in front of it, there was a wide stretch of water on either side of what was the ordinary bed of the river, while the stream itself, generally flowing so smoothly and placidly past this point, was now a rushing torrent, bearing on its turbulent bosom logs and timbers, stumps and trees, and a miscellaneous mass of wreckage, the result of some sudden outburst above.

Mr. Collins, who arrived on the scene just at this time, understood the matter at once. The storm of the night before, while only an ordinary shower here, must have been a terrible tempest somewhere above. Perhaps a waterspout had burst in the mountains, fifteen or twenty miles up, and poured a sudden deluge into the river. At any rate, something unusual had happened to cause such a tremendous freshet.

But the ark, where was that? And, worse still, where were the boys?

That was a question they could not answer, and each was overwhelmed with apprehension. One thing was evident. The waters had risen suddenly in the night, floated the scow, and then the current had taken it away. But where? Perhaps it had sunk at once with the boys asleep in their little house. Perhaps it might still be floating not far off. But the fog that hung over the river was so dense that no object could be seen more than half a dozen rods away.

"Jack! Jack!" shouted Mr. Collins in

his loudest tones; but there came back no answering shout. The three united their voices in a prolonged cry. The only reply was the sullen roar of the angry waves—those cruel waves which perchance had swallowed up Jack and his companion.

But Mr. Collins was not the man to lose time in useless repining and fruitless speculation. Turning to his wife, who, fearing the worst, was weeping bitterly, he said:

"Betsy, don't take on so; it may be all right yet. That big pile of dry lumber couldn't sink, and I calc'late them boys are safe; what d'ye think, father?"

"Yer right thar, John Collins. That consarn couldn't sink and it couldn't tip over. It jest floated off down stream, takin' the boys and the dog and the cat 'long 'th it."

"Wall, then," continued Mr. Collins, "all we've got ter do is ter take my batteau and foller 'em up. Betsy, you go and tell Tim's father what's happened and ask 'm ter come down and go out 'th me on the search. Mebbe we'll have a long journey, but we're bound ter find 'em."

"Yes," chimed in the old man, "I conceit ye'll have a powerful long pull. Jest see that ar current. Why them logs an' things go kitin' along about ez fast ez yer old hoss 'd git over the ground. If they were started off at midnight an kep' in the current 'thout bein' stopped by anythin' they're twenty-five miles down the river by this time; and," continued the old man, glancing in the direction of Mrs. Collins, who had started on her errand, and speaking low so that she would not hear, "*Fifteen-mile Falls aint mor'n thirty miles away!*"

"Fifteen-mile Falls!" repeated Mr. Collins in tones so filled with alarm that the mother heard and turned around; "why, if they git inter that piece uv bilin' water, nothin' can't save 'em!"

"I dunno 'bout that," replied the old man. "I've been through them rapids many a time when I was young, in nothin' but a birch canoe, an' I aint dead yet."

"But only see how high the river is, and how it roars and ramps like a wild creeter here. What'll it be down thar?"

"What'll it be? Why, the more water thar is in the river, the better it'll be for the boys if they strike the falls. Coz

why—the rocks and ledges 'll be kivered up. And ez for speed; why I don't see ez it makes much difference whether they go two miles an hour or a mile a minnit, pervidin' they don't strike anythin'. The faster they go, the quicker they'll git through. And now let's go down and look at yer boat, for I'm goin', too."

"Why, father!" began Mr. Collins, in an expostulatory tone.

"Don't why me, John. I aint so old but what I can sit in a boat, an' I haint forgot how ter steer, an' what's more, I aint so old but what I can give ye pints if we git ter the falls. Why, I b'leeve if my old arms warn't so stiff, I c'd take ye through 'em in a dark night ez slick ez geese grease. But we sha'n't git ter no falls ter day if this fog holds. The hull interval 's one pond uv water an' we've got ter kiver all on't ez we go 'long, fur the boys' caboose is jest ez likely ter git out uv the current an' drift off ter one side ez any other way."

Mr. Collins saw at once that the older man's experience would be invaluable in the search, even if his waning strength would not permit him to take any active share in the work. So, under his direction, they hastily fitted out the boat as though for a long journey. Blankets, provisions, cooking utensils, and a conch shell, which was ordinarily used for a dinner-horn to call the men from the distant fields, were put aboard. Then Mr. Collins and Mr. Clark, who, with his wife, had arrived in time to help get the boat in readiness, each took an oar, the old gentleman in the stern acting as steersman, and away they went down the river, soon disappearing in the fog, leaving the two mothers standing on the bank with streaming eyes and sorrowful hearts.

Alas! The fathers were going to rescue their loved ones. They would be the first to know their fate. All the mothers could do was to wait and hope—hope and wait.

CHAPTER II.

ADRIFT IN THE FOG.

BUT now that the men have started out on the search, let us anticipate a little by following the fortunes of the boys. They had gone to sleep as usual the night before, with the dog and cat at the foot of

the bed. The sudden rise in the river, which occurred about midnight, did not awaken them. The water gathered stealthily under the old scow, deeper and deeper, until at last it floated softly away without disturbing them. Gradually, however, it swung into the current and began to increase its speed. Then a drifting log struck against it with a tremendous thump, waking every one up at the same moment.

It was, of course, pitch dark inside, and, as they lay on their bed they could hear the tumult of the rushing waters outside; but even then they did not comprehend the fact that they were moving, so smoothly did their floating camp glide along.

"What's up, Jack?" inquired Tim, raising his head and straining his eyes in a vain attempt to see something in the inky darkness.

"Dunno; but I calc'late by the roarin' outside that the river's riz all off a suddin; why, it's clear up ter whar the camp sets; can't ye hear it slop agin the sides?"

"Yes; thar it goes, slosh, slosh—and now what in time's that?" he continued, as another log or stump hit the ark with a crash that made it tremble. "Tell ye what 'tis, Jack, we'd better be gittin' outer this, or mebbe we won't have a chance if the water gits much higher. S'posin' we strike a light, so we c'n see sunthin'."

Now striking a light in those times was not the quick and easy process it is in these days of friction matches. Then the flint, steel, tinder-box, and brimstone matches formed the combination necessary. But the boys had all of these, and knew how to use them. So Jack sat up in bed and reached for the tinder-box, which had been carefully placed in the chair beside them. It was a difficult task in the darkness; but at last he struck a spark into the tinder; from this he lighted the long brimstone match, and from that the tallow candle. Then they looked about them.

"Wall, I snum!" ejaculated Tim; "here's a pretty mess! Our old ark leaks like a sieve. Floor all wet; bed wet an' our jackets, that we threw down when we went ter bed, jest soakin'. Hullo! Thar's 'nuther thump," he exclaimed, in alarm, as something again

struck the side of the scow with a crash that made it rock and tip; "blamed if our camp aint goin' ter float off; open the door an' less git out uv this quick."

Jack hastened to the door, opened it, and glanced out. The tallow dip gave but a feeble light, but it enabled him to see the rushing water, where, according to his belief, all was dry land when they went to bed. Then after peering for a moment into the little circle of light, the true situation of affairs flashed upon him. He saw that they were moving along with the current, and, pale with fear, he turned to his companion.

"Tim, I'm afeard we're in a mighty tight fix."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Tim, who had stood behind and had not yet been able to get a squint out of the narrow doorway.

"Why, nuthin', only the river's riz high 'nuff ter take us off an' we're driftin' down stream, gracious knows whar."

"What d'ye say? Driftin' down stream?"

"That's what I say an' ye c'n see fur yerself if ye'll jest look out; but hold on a minit, till I put the candle inter the lantern. I don't wantar have 'nuther tussle 'th that ole tinder-box."

Jack then went to the other side and took from a nail under the roof a tin lantern, and placing the candle in the socket, held it well out, enabling them to see a short distance. The prospect was not reassuring, and at first their hearts were heavy with fear. Nothing was to be seen on that side but turbulent waters. They opened the window on either side and looked out with the same result.

The dog and the cat had waked up long ago. Somehow they understood that something was wrong. Carlo whined and looked inquiringly into his young master's face, while the cat tip-toed gingerly about on the wet floor, evidently much puzzled and considerably frightened.

"What are we goin' ter do, Jack?" asked Tim, in alarm.

"Goin' ter do? why, we aint goin' ter do nothin'; thar aint nothin' ter be did," replied Jack, who was the pluckiest of the two. "We've just got ter stick by till sunthin' turns up, and that sunthin' may be our old caboose."

"Do you think we're goin' ter sink?"

"Sink?—no; thar aint any water uv any account got in yet, and there don't seem ter be any more comin'. I guess the seams in the bottom is swelled up tight. But what I'd like ter know is whar we are, whar we're goin', and how long it'll be afore we git thar."

But they could not solve these problems. All they could do was to passively await the course of events. So they gave it up, hung their lantern on a nail, sat down on their bed, and waited. Now that they knew their camp was afloat, they could feel the motion. Sometimes they appeared to be gliding swiftly along. Then they seemed to be scarcely moving. Every few minutes there was a collision between their craft and some floating obstacle. At first this alarmed them; but when they came to consider how strongly built was the scow it ceased to trouble them.

Once the craft struck a tree and remained motionless. Jack opened the door and looked out. Yes; it had struck head on against a sturdy willow. He called out for Tim to bring a piece of stout rope they happened to have on board, so that he could make fast and then they could remain until daylight, when perhaps they would find some way out of their dilemma. But before the line was found the other end swung round into the current and they drifted away again.

All the long night they floated on, sometimes rushing along at a pace which alarmed them; then the cumbrous vessel would be caught in an eddy, whirled round and round, perhaps stop for a while and start off again. Several times during the night, when they were thrown out of the current, their craft struck against trees; but although the rope was at hand they never had time to make fast. Jack's conjecture about the seams was correct, for although the floor was wet, no more water came in. They took down their table and with that and two or three loose boards they happened to have, constructed a platform on which they placed their bed. And here they sat all the long night, wide awake and ready to take advantage of any favorable change in the situation. They had little hope, however, of striking the shore. For on each side of the Connecticut River is a broad expanse of flat

land called *intervale*. In case of an overflow this is covered with water and the river is for a time changed into a lake from half a mile to three miles in width, with the strength of the current, of course, in the usual river bed. In some places the river is contracted into a narrow channel between high banks, but through these passes the water rushed with tremendous force. They went through one during the night, and the big scow was whirled about as you may have seen a chip tossed on some brawling brook.

The long, dark night at last passed, and at the first glimmer of dawn they opened the windows and the door to take advantage of the daylight and find out where they were. But, alas! they were little better off than before. To be sure, they needed their lantern no longer; but the fog bank that overhung the valley shut out all view of the shore. Nothing in the limited range of vision but a wild mass of water. Occasionally, as they drifted from one side to the other, they would catch dim glimpses of the shore, only to be whirled out of sight again. But they kept a sharp look-out, Jack at the door and Tim at one of the windows, hoping they might strike at some place where the river made a sharp bend or get a chance to tie up to a tree. No such luck, however.

And then they began to be hungry. There was plenty to eat aboard, but they could think of no way to cook it. They had, in addition to their other stores, bread and butter and about a quart of milk, and on this they began to lunch, wishing all the while that they could contrive some way to fry their pork and eggs. As they sat munching their meagre repast, Tim, whose wits were sharpened by his longing for something a trifle more substantial, remarked:

"Jack, how'd ye like some fried pork an' eggs?"

"What's the use uv talkin' 'bout that? we can't cook 'em 'thout fire, c'n we? an' I don't see no way uv buildin' un here, 'thout we start her on the floor an' burn a hole through the bottom."

"Don't ye? Wall, I c'n build a fire an' cook 'thout burnin' no hole."

"If ye c'n ye're smarter'n I thort ye ware. How'll ye go ter work ter do it?"

"Wall, if ye'll light the candle I'll show ye."

Accordingly, while Jack was coaxing a spark from the flint and steel, Tim took the iron kettle which Jack had brought down from the house the day before, and placing some sticks under it so as to raise it a few inches from the floor, remarked triumphantly:

"Thar now; all we've got ter do is ter build a fire in that an' we c'n cook ez much ez we like."

They took down two or three of the shelves around the room and split them up and soon had a brisk fire going in the kettle. It gave out considerable smoke at first, but the open door and windows afforded sufficient ventilation. Over this they fried some generous slices of pork and some eggs, taking care while they had their fire started to cook up enough for dinner. As the heat began to dry the planks under the kettle, Jack poured water around, and when they were done the floor underneath their improvised range was not even warm.

"Now that's what I call mighty lucky, havin' that big pot here," said Jack, as he finished his breakfast and served out rations to the dog and the cat; "mother didn't want'er let us have it; but if I hadn't coaxed it out uv her we'd had a mighty slim breakfast, wouldn't we?"

"Yes; an' come ter think on't, what d'ye s'pose our folks 'll say an' what 'll they do when they find out that we're gone?"

"Dunno; jest ez likely ez not they wont find it out afore night onless grandsir takes a notion ter call an' pr'aps we'll git ashore an' back home afore that time."

"Dunno 'bout that. We must be a good ways off now. I'd like ter know what o'clock 'tis. It must be long arter sun-up, else 'twouldn't be so light 'th this tarnal thick fog a hangin' over us like a wet blanket."

There was nothing to do now but to wait. They cudgeled their brains to find some means of escape, but all in vain. They had nothing in the shape of an oar, and they could never have managed their unwieldy craft if they had, and as she was merely floating with the current they could not have steered it, even if there had been a rudder.

At one time the idea occurred to Jack to gather together enough of the floating driftwood to construct a rude raft, but

they had to abandon it, as they had no means of securing the stuff as they caught it piece by piece. Time dragged slowly along and still they were floating, on and on, over what seemed to them a shoreless sea. Occasionally they drifted outside the current and at times remained almost motionless for hours. When their appetites told them it was time for dinner they ate the food they had cooked in the earlier part of the day.

Once during the afternoon they touched a little island. It was only a small elevation in the intervale, just high enough to appear above the surface of the water. Jack was in hopes he would be able to tie up here, and, in fact, was about to jump ashore with one end of the rope, when a warning cry from his companion stopped him.

"Look out, Jack! Thar's a looservee!" and gazing in the direction pointed out, Jack beheld an ungainly brute crouching on a fallen tree-trunk, which by its dirty gray color and tasseled ears he at once recognized as the creature now known as the Canadian lynx.

WM. A. FORD.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

PANSY JOE.

"O MOTHER! see here. Judge Lawrence has given me a silver dollar, all for myself. He said that it was my 'stock in trade,' or something like that, and that I might plant it, and that he would double the profit this fall."

"Why, Joe Barrows! What are you talking about? Why did he give you the money, and what did he intend that you should do with it? Sit down here, and tell me all about it."

"Well, you see, mother, I was up past there this morning, and saw the gardener raking off the lawn, and thought I would stop and have a little talk with him. David is real nice, and I like to listen to his odd way of talking—old country English, you know, mother. We were talking about flowers, and I was telling David about our little garden, and how much I would like to raise flowers as well as vegetables, when out comes Judge Lawrence, and I was talking so fast that I didn't hear him, and he stood right behind me and heard every word I said. Then he

laughed, and said that I was just the man for him. 'Try and see if you can't beat David this year,' he said, 'and here is money to buy seeds with, and all that you make I will double, and David shall give you lessons in gardening free.'"

Now dollars were never very plenty in the little house where Joe Barrows and his widowed mother lived. They owned the little house with its garden, and the little hill pasture back of it, which afforded pasture for Beck, the cow, and with sewing, knitting, and mending, Mrs. Barrows made wants and means balance, which is more than some of her wealthier neighbors did.

Sometimes Joe's clothes were well covered with patches, but they were neatly put on, and when his schoolmates laughed at him, and asked him "why he put his arms so far through his jacket sleeves," he would laugh and reply:

"Because boys grow, and jackets don't."

Now he was a person of considerable importance in his own eyes. He was a business man, with one big silver dollar for capital.

What planning there was and how many times he went over to consult David before the list was made out to suit him.

Then the seeds were bought and sown in boxes, and set in the sunny south window.

Then the ground was carefully prepared, and when the tiny plants were ready to put out the yard was all ready for them.

Carefully following David's directions, they promised fair for the young gardener.

June came, and with it the usual crowd of city boarders, until the big new hotel, and every house in town where they could find room, was filled to overflowing.

Then it was that Joe began to get returns for his weeks of patient work. I do wish that I had room to tell you all about his work, but I haven't, so if you want to know try a corner of the garden this year and learn by experience.

Early vegetables found ready market, and one morning as Joe was working in his garden a lady from the hotel stopped and asked for some flowers. As Joe was cutting them, he told her how he was making his first venture as a florist, and how much he wished that he might sell flowers as well as vegetables.

The lady promised to use her influence in his favor, and advised him to make up a basketful of small bouquets, and come up to the hotel the next morning.

"Stand on the north veranda," she said; "there is where we go directly after breakfast, and if I am not mistaken you will find sale for all you have."

Joe thanked her for her kind encouragement, and bright and early the next morning he was busy in his little garden. Here it was that his mother's help was needed, but soon he learned how to combine colors, and shape the dainty little bouquets in the most attractive manner.

Such phlox and verbenas, mignonettes and sweet peas, long drooping sprays of fuchsias grown from plants which David had given him. But the best of all were the pansies grown in a shady corner of his little garden.

The next morning he was at the appointed place, and as the crowd came from the dining-room Miss Carlton said:

"Here is something new. I made a discovery yesterday, and now I will give you all the benefit. Here is a little gardener who grows the most beautiful flowers. I asked him to come here this morning, and I trust that you will all patronize him. I will lead by choosing the loveliest bouquet for my invalid mother."

So saying, she went over to the basket and chose a bunch of great velvety pansies and left in their place a silver quarter.

"Here's to the luck of 'Pansy Joe,'" said Miss Carlton, as she vanished up the stairway in the direction of her mother's room.

Now Miss Carlton was a beauty and an heiress, and her kind heart and cheery ways had made her a favorite with all in the house. All that she said or did was followed by the rest. So Joe's customers were plenty and his basket was emptied all too soon.

His first venture had succeeded far beyond his wildest expectations. Not that all paid so generously as Miss Carlton, but even dimes count. Every pleasant morning found him at his place, and "Pansy Joe" came to be one of the features of the place. His flowers were always fresh and no faded or imperfect flowers found a place in his basket. That would be almost impossible, for they were in such demand that he picked almost

every flower in his little garden for his daily trade. Now nature is very generous, and if plants are well cared for the more you pick the more you will have. So all summer long and until autumn frosts the garden continued to flourish.

Then came a time when the great hotel was deserted and the little village was as quiet as though the inhabitants had followed nature's teachings and prepared themselves to sleep until the frosts had gone and spring winds had awakened them to another season of work and hurry.

In the little brown house Joe was looking up the amount of his summer's profit.

I cannot tell you just how much it amounted to in dollars and cents, but I can tell you something of what he gained. He learned that even a boy can do something if he tries. That by following David's teaching and by working early and late he had learned many a useful lesson in gardening and helped his mother besides.

Then one day Judge Lawrence called at the little house:

"I've had my eye on you all summer, my boy, and I must say that that dollar has brought the best returns of any I ever invested. I haven't forgotten what I told you, and I am going to double what you have earned, every cent. I haven't any boy of my own"—here the Judge's voice trembled—"but if I had such a one as 'Pansy Joe' I should be proud of him. Keep right on, my boy! and when you want a 'lift' call on Judge Lawrence."

There is a nice new sewing-machine which helps the mother's busy fingers, and Joe has a new suit for school, and I think that the boy who has lived in the garden all summer and done his best every day, will go into school with a clear head and make a success there, don't you?

ALLIE WOODRUFF.

COMFORTED.

"WHAT affectionate children they are!" said the neighbors, when speaking of Mrs. Perry's twins.

Their names were John and Jean. He was strong and sturdy, and she was as fragile as a wind-flower; but she took on such pretty assumption of authority, and

he obeyed the tiny sovereign's behests so meekly, that it was very amusing to see them.

They were almost constantly together, and always talking when not overcome by sleep, which was resisted as long as possible.

They never called each other by their names, but it was always "little brover" and "little sissy." They were very imaginative children, constantly speculating on the mysteries around them, and usually reaching a solution—satisfactory at least to themselves.

Their little world teemed with fairies and beautiful wonders. The snow-flakes were real feathers from Mother Carey's chickens; the Sand-man was a nightly visitor, and Jack Frost was a wonderful painter, who did his work on such bitter winter nights that it was a wonder he did not freeze to death; while Santa Claus—ah! what a darling of darlings was he.

They called the stars the angels' lamps, and the rainbow the sky's sash-ribbon; and it would need a book to tell of all the quaint and pretty fancies that ran riot in their small heads.

The children were blessed with an ideal grandmother. She had got past the hurry and fret and passions of life, and was fast attaining the standard of fitness for the kingdom which was set by the Master: "Except ye become like the little children." Blessed second childhood! She was always patient and gentle with the twins; never too weary to share in their delights and comfort away their little worries, or to tell a story; never too busy to answer their questions; but, alas for the poor old lady! many of their questions were unanswerable; and then the children would say to each other: "How funny Gwan'ma don't know nossing 'bout it!"

They were never tired of hearing her read Bible stories, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*—especially the latter, for she explained it as the story proceeded until Christian's journey seemed a vivid reality.

"An so he dot all safe to the pretty, pretty city, didn't he?" they always said when the wonderful last chapter was finished.

The blue hills, which they could see in the distance, were to the children "the

'lectable mountains," and they would often beg to be taken to their summits that they might see the "boo'ful cloud city," and talked hopefully and gleefully of the time when they should have wings and fly about like the pretty white pigeons they loved so much.

One of their favorite make-believes was being cast away on a desert island like dear old Crusoe, and the finding of food (previously hidden) and fruit under the trees, and especially seeing a mysterious foot-print in the soft mold of the garden filled their hearts with ecstasies of surprise and delight.

Is there anything in the world so really enjoyable, after all, as the make-believes of the little children in the fairy land of childhood? Would that we might keep a little of the glamour through later years!

John and Jean were sometimes taken to the city near their home, and every trip furnished them with material for conversation for weeks afterward, and they always agreed that the city was nice, but not so *real* nice as grandma's city, of which she often told them, where the gold, instead of being displayed in scanty measure behind jewelers' windows, was spread along the trodden streets.

And so one day Jean said, pleadingly:

"Mamma, tan't me an' little brover do to de pretty, pretty city?—tause we want to so drefful!"

"Some time, my dears, but not now; not now!" replied the mother, who knew what such going meant.

But one summer day, suddenly and unaware, the little boy did go away to the pretty city, although he lay white and still and passionless on the table in the darkened parlor, strewn round about with the fairest flowers that grow, and he the fairest of them all.

Poor, puzzled little Jean! It was past all understanding how the precious brother could go *anywhere* without her; and still more strange how he could be gone to Heaven and yet lie there in the parlor, deaf to all her pleadings.

Innocent child, trying to comprehend the mystery that the wisest ones of earth have never solved—the mystery of death.

When allowed to enter the room, she would pat with tender, furtive touches his face and hands, and say: "Little brover, dit up an' tum wiv sissy out in de

suns'ine an' dit all nice an' warm; tum, de-ar!"

Vain plea! and then she would fly away to that haven of refuge, grandmother's room, and, nestled within the loving old arms, sob out her grieved surprise.

Poor old grandmother! She had lived to see so many of her dear ones go away. She had planted myrtle and forget-me-not above their white, unheeding faces; had seen the snows of many winters drift over them; and yet she did not often think of them as lying there, but as living happy and safe somewhere beyond the stars. And yet she could not explain it.

They did not dare to let the sensitive child see her brother buried, and, so when he was finally gone, she said: "De angels tum an' dot little brover at last!" and was comforted.

LILLIAN GREY.

JOINING THE DIGITS.

THIS puzzle is very antiquated. It is a favorite with schoolboys. We do not remember to have seen it in print.

Write the digits (1 to 9) in the middle of a slate, so that the figures 1, 3, 7, 9 come at the corners of a square, the other figures being intermediate. The sides of the square should be about three inches. Ask some one (called "the player") to draw a line joining any two named figures, say 1 and 9. Then tell the player to draw a line, say from 7 to 3, and then, say, from 9 to 4, and so on.

Each digit is to be used twice only. When it has been used twice, it is to be scratched out. In the above example "9" has to be scratched out.

The player must not cross a line, nor allow the line he is drawing to touch any other figures than the ones named, nor any line previously drawn, and he must not rub out any line. If he succeeds in drawing lines from each figure twice, without violating the above conditions, he wins; otherwise he loses.

The above may appear a very childish recreation to those who have not tried it. If they despise it, let them add a nought about an inch and a half below the 8 (which is intermediate between 7 and 9), and use that in addition. With a clever director, they will not find the task so easy as they anticipate.

DUMB CRAMBO.

AN amusement so well known as "Dumb Crambo," and as played by children, may appear almost too simple to dilate on. We have, however, seen it so well acted, by previous arrangement, that we think a few lines may with profit be given to it.

Some of the party leave the room, and a word of one syllable, not a proper name, is thought of, which rhymes with, say, "cart." Those outside come in and by their actions indicate art, chart, dart, hart, heart, mart, part, start, and so on, being hissed out if the word is wrong, and being applauded if right. When right, the performers change places, the inside becoming the out, and so on.

Of course, the impromptu actions of the young people are very crude, and fail to interest any but the juveniles.

But if a party is privately organized beforehand, with an acting manager, the

performance may be made very attractive. Some simple word, with plenty of rhymes, such as "bee" is fixed on, and it is understood that the lady of the house shall suggest "bee," as the word to be rhymed by action. Of course, her proposal is agreed to. The performers, apprised some days before, will have got up a lot of wrong words, such as fee, gee, glee, key, plea, knee, sea, tea, tree, and will be ready with their properties and with appropriate action—the more farcical the better. Then they enter, and are hissed out accordingly, and come in again, until at last they perform "bee."

At an exhibition we witnessed, one of the wrong words was so cleverly managed, that the audience applauded in spite of themselves. The performers, knowing the word was wrong, retired as usual. On this, the lady of the house, fearing a misunderstanding, said to her niece, "Mary, go out, and tell them that the applause was meant for hissing!"

HOME CIRCLE.

SIMEON'S WIVES.

IT was only a whisper, a soft, low whisper, to which was added a significant sidewise jerk of the head, that meant, in the words of the old, old child story, "long-tailed tit-mouse," "Oh! if you only knewed what I know!"

When the women of Holly village met the country women from the Cove on Sundays at church, they had quite a season of spiritual visiting during the twenty minutes' intermission that came between forenoon and afternoon sermons. They would open their double-lidded baskets, and take the unseemly bulges out of their bombazine reticules, and unload coat-tail pockets of cookies, with dill and caraway in them, and saucer pies, and sweet cake with brown blotches of home-made sugar melted on top, and apples, sweet smelling and saved for "the Saber-day lunch." And as they filed off to the spring, followed by dazed, stumbling lads in home-made cloth shoes, and little girls with gay silk handkerchiefs tied over their smooth

braids, they always—the poor, home-bred mothers—talked with a looseness and a freedom that was like machinery running away with itself. They told the latest bit of news, a birth, a marriage, an accident, gossip, true or not true, and they endeavored to put over all a sort of a pious glamour, so that the talk was not of week-a-day character.

And the ominous whisper to which we allude referred to a man, an officer in the church, a "smart man," the one always chosen to fill the moderator's chair at meetings.

And the woman addressed, partly by signs, winks, and nods, drew down her long upper lip, which pulled her eyes wider open, and with a clutch at the informer's arm, ejaculated, "The law suz!"

She had been informed that the man in their church of whom they were speaking, Simeon Lyon, the man who could make "such a powerful prayer, was not kind in his family—was very harsh with his wife," and that he always took the Scriptures to prove that in all things he had divine

backing; that he was superior to any woman; that he was the ruler in the household, and in every case his word was law. His wife and children were afraid of him. His scowl—favored by beetling black eyebrows, and set-out lower jaw, and prominent upper teeth, and ears that manifested themselves—combined to make his face like a physiognomy hewn out of a mountain boulder.

We women used to wonder how in the world Simeon Lyon ever found two women who were willing to marry him. When a neighbor one day at a raising ventured to say in a jocular manner that he wondered how he ever found two such women, and other neighbors looked up at Simeon askance, they saw his lower jaw set itself as though it were a vise, while he growled through his teeth: "I have heard of some men who could mind their own business."

Old Tip Van Horn knew how he got his first wife; all the elders and the minister of thirty years before could have told that, only that church matters were not made common talk like other matters; they were discreet men and kept the affair quiet.

But one night when one of the elders was sitting up at old Squire Power's wake, somehow after all the watchers but he and Timothy Parker had fallen asleep, he happened to let the story out in this wise:

"Yes, folks often do things that their better natur' condemns 'em for. It is a good plan to think twict before you go into matters much that may have a ser'us ending."

And here he shoved back his cup and saucer, and the plate of doughnuts and the piece of custard pie that was left of their midnight lunch, and laid his elbows on his knees and one forefinger across his palm and said:

"I do feel a leetle streaked by times for one thing I did thirty year ago. You see, Sim Lyon took a notion to Mary Ann McDonald, both likely young folks in our church, and he wanted her powerful. She was left an orphan, with her two little sisters to keer for and raise, and she was fixed well enough, and had no idear o' marryin' anybuddy, let alone Sim Lyon. But Sim is as stanch as old Bonyparte was when he clim the Alps, and tuk all

his men after him, hippity-click. Now what did that fellow do but git on the right side o' parson Hefflefinger, a goodish, tender-hearted man he was, and get him to interest himself and call a meetin' o' the church officers, and I du say for it, if we didn't go in a gang long with Sim to the home of poor Mary Ann, to see if she wouldn't consider an' marry Sim. And we hel' a prayer-meetin' and sang hymns and prayed turn about, an' Sim shed a few crocodile tears, and finally the gurrel give in and said she'd marry. She was as white as a sheet, an' the little uns clustered about her and when she wep' a little they cried too. The gurrel didn't take to Sim. She didn't want him, but he wanted her, an' he got her. We told her 'twan't just the thing for a young woman sitiuated lonely like to live that way with no protector, and that he would be a help to bring up the little uns left to her care. They was married that very night as soon as he could get the papers, and the next Sunday they made their appearance at church as man and wife, but by her sorrowful white face, with nary a smile on it, she looked more like one got up from a spell o' fever. Well, they prospered. The children came fast, and were feeble, whinin' little things that tuk a power o' care. When there was nine o' them—getting whiter and sadder and thinner all the time—her very clothes hangin' limp, and throwed on her, it seemed, poor Mary Ann died. She was like a flower that got no life out o' the stalk, and just nat'rally faded away and wilted down and toppled over, and was berried in that swampy graveyard long side of his folks. La! when I hear the frogs croon down there in the summer nights, and the loons hoot, and the whipporwill a'mournin' like, I tell you I don't feel very peart! I feel just as if the gal was an offered-up sacrifice, like the lam's was in the days of Moses and Joshua. We stony old church members had no business to enter into any secret compack, sort o' betrayin', we was, that poor, tender-hearted, lonesome, white-faced orphan gurrel. I s'pose we'll hav' that to answer for at the bar o' God. Well, I can't help it now. I wouldn't do it again for the best creetur in my stable. I do suppose, though, that most every individual of my age looks back on doin's of his life that

he is sorry for. And that is one o' my thorns."

This was Tip Van Horn's story, and happened years before the time the newswomen visited together during the interval, or the "intermission," they called it, between the forenoon and afternoon sermons.

We know the rest. We wish we could forget it, although ours is not embittered by remorse, as was poor Tip's.

In less than two years a fine appearing woman of perhaps thirty-five years of age was visiting in the Lyon neighborhood. Her home was in Maryland. At the solicitation of her friends, she, Esther Hadly, tarried longer than she had intended. Poor Esther! the keen eyes of the pious widower were fixed upon her. He had set his heart on that woman to be his second wife. When her relations hinted that she had better remain and mother over the "little Lyons," and have some one to take care of her in her declining years—a good man, an elder in the church, the smartest man in the neighborhood, a wealthy man whose name was above all reproach—she laughed in scorn.

Then came the argument that has beguiled many a good girl, that the woman who rears to manhood and womanhood the poor, bereft, motherless little ones crowns herself with honor above all worldly praise and fame, and is only second to the angels.

How it ever came about that Esther Hadly, maiden, the tall, beautiful, lady-like, queenly woman, who had been a successful teacher for years and years in the city of Baltimore, could marry homely, ugly Simeon Lyon, no one ever knew to a certainty. Old Ruth Cross, a queer, superstitious creature living in a low, moss-grown hovel, with her "old man," in the edge of the bottom lands, stoutly asserted that Simeon had managed, by hook or by crook, to give Miss Esther a love-powder. She had known of such necromancy—she knew that love-powders could be compounded that would make a girl almost love the old Scratch.

They were married at the home of the circuit preacher four or five miles back of the chestnut lands. They had ridden out a few times together, Simeon and Esther, in his beautiful, tossy, springy, glittering

carriage, the like of which was not in all the country round, no nearer than Judge Sherwood's, in the suburbs of the city.

The Thomas boys coming home from a spelling school the evening of the wedding saw a carriage standing at the roadside, half a mile from the preacher's, and the voices in it were like Simeon's, hard and stern and positive, and Esther's, soft and sweet, and cultivated. And his was earnest, demanding, commanding, almost defiant—not at all pleasant; hers was sorrowful, tearful, anxious, pleading. The boys stood awhile and listened, but could not understand the topic of the irregular conversation.

They were married that night. The minister and his wife had retired, but rose, and the ceremony was hurried and brief. The pale face and glittering eyes of the dazed bride shone out plainly in the flickering light of the tallow candle, so clear-cut the features, and so bright the usually large, luminous brown eyes, that the woman, the witness, left the room and went out into the night under the stars. She said she felt as though she were privy to some scheme that was based on a wicked plot, and that the beautiful victim might gasp and die before the ceremony was over.

Well, she went to his home. She settled down into a domestic drudge. She was good to the children and they loved and revered her. She had three babies of her own, and her health failed gradually, but she kept on about the duties that must be done. Her husband was stern; he always called her "mother;" he quoted St. Paul and read in a nosey tone of the duties of women and their subserviency to their husbands.

And the woman went on, year after year, busy with the monotonous cares of a lonely farm-house, five miles from church, post-office, and railroad station. Her neighbors all liked her, and yet they said, "Her bringin' up has been among the quality, and her ways are not our ways." The one weekly newspaper was a dry, dull, statistical, bigoted religious paper that Simeon's father and grandfather had read through their spectacles half a hundred years before.

The loneliness and the constant friction, like dropping water wearing away a stone year after year, began to show effects at

last. The wife grew moody, despondent, quiet, and finally her mind failed, and the neighbors began to say: "How queer Mrs. Lyon is! She acts like one demented. How bright her eyes are!"

Poor woman! she wearied of the household toils—the "week in and week out," the lack of social companionship and the scant row of dry old books on the atonement and the elect, and the creeds and the lives of the Apostles. From the windows came no beautiful bit of landscape to greet the eye, only "Bald Knob," with its grasses scrubby and burned dry as stubble in the unbroken and pitiless sunshine, and the dead oak trees girdled and reaching out thin, bare branches that looked like bones bleached in storm and sun.

O woman! weary of your load, was it any wonder that the starving soul could stand no more, and that one lovely Sabbath day after the long drive while sitting in church apparently listening to the droning "ninthly and lastly," this laden-down creature threw her hands above her head and screamed out piteously that Satan was near, she saw him coming up the brambly lane, his eyes flashing horrible and red.

And the husband and neighbors came to her and said she was sick, and the women untied and took off the flat, low, old shirred silk bonnet with a scraggy ruching inside, and they took her out under the hawthorn tree and bathed her head and told her it was the Sabbath day and she must keep quiet and not create a disturbance in the Lord's house and among His disciples. Her tearless eyes only stared from one poor pitying face to another as she clutched tightly the little old hands of the minister's weeping wife and begged to be taken home out of danger.

The strain had been too great. The peril had reached a crisis. She raved and called aloud the names of those that had never been heard in her household.

A few weeks later and a bed was put into a carriage, and the woman, bound hand and foot, with a handkerchief over her screaming mouth, was lifted therein and taken away to a lunatic asylum. She remained there nearly two years, slowly improving, quiet, walking about with busy hands, sometimes only twirling a feather, or making a knotted string into loops, or folding a handkerchief with a precision

that was painful to look upon. Those busy, busy hands, beautiful and shapely as when she became an unwilling bride, were never still; they waved and linked and unlinked and fluttered uneasily as birds newly caged. Twice Simeon Lyon went to the city to see "Easter," as he called her, and each time she was thrown into paroxysms of the wildest delirium, and with frantic appeals she begged the attendants to be her friends and to protect her. He was requested not to come again unless he was sent for. She was always hiding behind curtains and rocking-chairs, and behind the physician in charge when she fancied the eyes of the evil one were searching for her.

After a while Simeon died and was buried in the swampy grounds among his kindred, and then the property was divided and one of the elder sons was the owner of the Bald Knob farm.

A good woman who often visited the asylum won the favor of poor Esther Lyon, and she used to read stories and poems to her, and soothe her and make her so far forget her thralldom as to indulge in laughter over little pleasantries that were amusing and innocent.

In the years that followed one of the married daughters living in a beautiful country home, while arranging some old packages and bundles of patchwork and keepsakes that had been stored away in a box, came upon a sealed wrapper addressed: "To be buried with me, Esther H. Lyon."

She opened it without giving her conscience an opportunity to object, and in it she found a package of letters of long, long, ago, addressed to her mother by a lover, with the picture of a fine-looking man, old-fashioned, smooth shaven, wearing a cravat and high collar, his hands crossed in his lap and his hat standing beside him—one of the precise ambrotypes of the early time in which they were first taken.

This was a revelation. What had that queenly woman not sacrificed when she became the mother of Simeon Lyon's little children! Did she do it in a fit of pique, as many another woman has done and will do so long as the world stands? Was she over-persuaded by the wily widower? Had she given up position, health, strength, labor that she loved and was so

well fitted for, to settle down in this lonely back-country neighborhood—for what? and why?

The daughter was a good woman, intelligent, philosophical, honorable, and worthy the training of such a mother as she who was giving her years away idly, brokenly, aimlessly, merely an object, vegetating, as it were.

Her heart was stirred within her for the martyr within the four walls of a desolate asylum, whose monotony was broken only by the three meals a day, the sleeping and the waking, the angry cries and piteous wails of the unfortunate inmates cut off from friendship and friends.

And the result was that she made the acquaintance of the kind visitor who read to her mother, and the two made plans tenderly and hopefully for the good of the blighted "one with broken wing and wounded side."

The daughter, Celia, in company with her new-found co-worker and friend, visited the asylum, and then the mother, by special permission, visited them in their beautiful homes. And slowly, with returning health and renewed vitality, the white-faced, sad-souled woman, Esther, came back to a better and happier phase of life than any she had known since her marriage.

The past was like a dream, and the dream was shorn of its sorrow, only for a memory of many years spent in warfare with the enemy of souls, the devil. That remained very real to her.

She laid her hand on our forehead once and, looking sternly into our eyes, assured us, with an assurance whose reality we could not for a moment doubt, that for eight miserable years she struggled to hold the mastery, lest he overpower her and her soul be lost forever.

Esther is a happy grandmother now after all the sorrow and bitterness through which she waded in all those slow-going, tedious years. Her home is with Celia, the baby girl that crept into her arms to be cuddled and sung asleep in the early years of her mysterious married life. And she is very happy sitting on the veranda in the summer months, rocking to and fro, busy with knitting or fancy work, humming some of the old airs of her childhood, and telling Celia's children pleasant stories with morals that are to the

stories what tails are to kites. Always about minding mother or keeping their aprons clean, or telling the truth, or loving God and His word, or showing respect to the poor or infirm or aged. No danger of grandma telling them anything that is not for their own and others' good.

The laden stage-coach passes the door daily and the burly driver halts his team to give them a good drink from the wide stone trough that is fed by a gushing fountain from the green rocks in the piny hillside.

And the passengers look out and admire the fine, wide-spreading landscape, with a mill in the distance, and a church spire glittering in the sun, and the meadows billowy, and the hills slanting and peaked and breezy with cedars, while the low thickets are musical with bird songs and the fragrance of fern and flower.

But most do they notice a sweet-faced old lady, rocking softly and humming like a bee out on the vine-latticed porch, while the peace that passeth all understanding shines in her fair white face like the illumination that glorifies the brow of a saint, the peace of God.

ROSELLA RICE.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

"WHERE did you imbibe such views, Ross, as to lead to expressions and actions which make it appear as if you really disliked religion or anything sacred?"

Janet was sitting in the shaded porch, where the twilight shadows were gathering, and her voice, low and sweet, with just a touch of gentle reproach in its questioning, came in to me through the open window, near which I was reading.

A short laugh, half sarcastic, yet a little constrained, was the only answer from her companion.

"Were you not brought up in a Christian family," she continued, "where you were taught to regard such matters very differently from the way in which you treat them now?"

"Oh! yes; my father used to be a deacon in the Church and one of its pillars." The reply came from a boyish voice, almost flippant in its tone.

Ross Hayden was a young man of nine-

teen years, whose mother was a friend of Janet's father in their young days, and he had been taken into the family to board during the winter and spring, while attending the commercial college in our city. Bright and genial in his manner, warm-hearted and generous, every one liked him; but when religious topics came up in his presence, he showed such irreverence that more than once it had pained me to hear him make light of some Scripture text or beautiful hymn that we were singing, or ridicule ministers of the gospel.

I was glad, therefore, when I heard Janet speak to him on the subject, hoping that her sweet, gentle manner about such things might make some impression on him.

"I cannot understand it," she resumed, "unless you have had too much religion at home."

"I think that is exactly it." There was no irreverence in the voice now, which fell to a low, serious key. "But I did not suppose any one who was a church member would acknowledge that such a thing could be, so I would never have ventured to express it in that way to you."

"I am sorry to have to believe it," said Janet, "but I know too well that there are many homes where religion—so called—is made a burden and a bondage to young people, until its duties and observances become actually hateful to them. I do not see how parents and guardians can be so blind as to pursue a course whose strictness often brings as harmful results as the utterly careless one of those who make no profession of being Christians at all. It is a blot on the name for such fanatics to call this Christianity. Christ laid down no hard rules or ascetic discipline for us to be governed by."

"I will tell you, then, just how it was at our home, Miss Janet, and perhaps you will not wonder at my disliking religion and church-going. When my sister and I were children, all the playthings, and even the books, except the Bible and hymn-book, were put away on Sunday, and we were compelled to go to church, whether we were willing or not. Often I have felt too sick or sleepy to sit up straight in my seat during the long service, and if I fell asleep, was nudged awake by my father. In the afternoon

we had to learn catechism and verses in the Bible, and if we did anything that was considered wrong for the Sabbath, were punished by being given a long hymn to learn.

"We were not allowed to go outside of the gate, except to church, or occasionally to the cemetery with father and mother. Once, when I was twelve years old, father whipped me for going into the orchard and pulling some peaches on that day.

"Of course, we soon grew to hating Sunday and church-going, and by the time I was fourteen I began to rebel against such strict rules, and would slip off sometimes with other boys for a walk. Then a severe scolding was ready for me on my return, and I actually used to think seriously, at times, of running away, to escape the irksomeness of such a life. But my parents were good and kind to me in other respects. I had a comfortable home and knew that my mother loved me dearly.

"She would not have been near so strict with us if father had not kept her up to it with his stern old ideas.

"So things went on in this way until I was sixteen, when father tried to make me join the Church. He had a lot of them praying over me, trying to bring me 'under conviction,' as they called it, though for the life of me I could not think of anything very wicked that I had ever done to be convicted of. But they talked of my trying to 'escape God's wrath before it might be too late,' until I finally told father that I didn't want any such God if He got angry with the people He had made, when they had not been doing anything wicked, and visited wrath on them, and that I was not going to church any more.

"He was terribly shocked and angry at that. We had a stormy scene, and he hardly spoke to me for days afterward. Just then I fell in with some friends who were going out to Colorado and wanted me to go along, and feeling rather uncomfortable at home, I concluded to try my fortune on my own hook awhile. I enjoyed the new freedom and led a rather wild life, I'm afraid, for two years, out there among so many reckless people. Then I had a severe spell of illness, through which a kind old lady who lived at my boarding-house nursed me, or I do not believe I would have been here now.

I believe she was a real, true Christian, and she used to talk to me so gently about home and mother, that I made up my mind to come back and to lead a very different life after I got well. So I came home last summer and they all seemed rejoiced to see me, and father treated me so kindly again that I was contented to stay. He has never said a word to me about religion again, and I think he has softened down a good deal in his ways. I suppose he knows what it was that sent me away from home. I have attended church three or four times with the home folks, and could see it pleased father greatly, but I cannot get over my early prejudice enough to like to go."

"I do not wonder, indeed, at your feeling as you do, after such training as that," said Janet, after listening to his recital. "But it is pitiable to think of any one being deprived of the enjoyment and the rich blessing they might and ought to have through such mistaken zeal. I have no doubt your father thought he was doing right, but he really did you incalculable harm in making odious what *should* have been a precious possession. True religion is not a thing to make one gloomy or sober-faced, or to deprive them of the harmless enjoyments of life. Do I seem to suffer any deprivation or lack of cheerfulness on account of mine?"

"No, indeed!" replied Ross; "I have often wondered at your being so light-hearted and merry, and supposed at first that you were only a church member in name, and did not really care anything about it. But more lately I have found that you cared a great deal, and were always interested in church work, as well as being so punctual in attendance. I don't quite understand it, for you seem just as fond of fun and amusements generally as any one."

"I can explain it very readily, by saying that I think those who have given themselves into the care of the loving Father of all have greater reason and right than any others to be light-hearted, happy, and even gay, when their surroundings prompt it. For they have placed themselves in safe keeping, and have nothing to fear. True, there are a great many true Christians who are sad a part of the time, because earthly sorrows

and troubles make it unavoidable; but their religion does not cause any of it, and only helps them to bear with patience or fortitude. I cannot see what possible reason there can be for thinking that the dear Lord would dislike to have us laugh, sing, dance, and be merry in any way that does not combine sin with it, or harm ourselves or others by carrying it to an excess. There is nothing said against any of these things in the Bible, and I believe the rules and prejudices against harmless amusements have only grown out of the stern, hard ideas of our Puritan forefathers. All of us who have read much of the Scriptures know just what laws are given, both moral and religious, and our reason and conscience can tell us whether or not we break them in the ordinary social amusements which are naturally desired and enjoyed by nearly all young people. There is one restriction and rule, however, which is laid down most positively regarding such things: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' We should consider this as applying to amusements as well as work. So, although many of them may be perfectly right to participate in at a fitting time, we certainly should make a great difference in our Sunday and week-day recreations. And while there is no occasion for our carrying long faces or depriving ourselves of social companionship, a good book, or out-door exercise, yet we should lay aside our cards, croquet, and gay secular music for that one day, and spend a part of our time at least in employments tending to make the day sacred to Him who calls it His, and to raise our thoughts toward higher things. If you will attend church with me sometime, I think you will hear what will make religion and church-going seem much pleasanter things than you have heretofore considered them."

"I believe I would like to do so," said the young man, as he bid her good-night, "if you will take such a reprobate with you."

"I do not consider you a reprobate at all," replied Janet, "but only sadly mistaken, and blindly going without what *should* be a source of great happiness. You are old enough now, however, to rectify the mistake and its consequences for yourself, and try to learn what is the true way, and follow it."

I sat for some time alone in the twilight, musing over this I had heard, and over other cases which I had known, wherein lives of much mental worth and great promise had been spoiled and defrauded, perhaps forever, of their heavenly inheritance by just such unfortunate and mistaken teaching and controlling in their early years. I pitied more than blamed them, although agreeing with many others, that when they grew to mature years they should have sought and found a better understanding of the truths of the Bible and the character and love of God.

It is very easy, however, for those of us who have been more blessed in our different bringing up to *say* this, while we know not what we might have done if taught in the same manner.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The next Sunday evening Ross accompanied Janet to church, and was an interested listener to our minister's beautiful discourse on the subject of Christ as the Vine and His people the branches. When they returned home I overheard him say to her:

"I thank you very much for taking me, Miss Janet. I never thought I could like a sermon or church service as well as I did that one."

This conversation occurred about six weeks ago, and since then Ross Hayden has attended church nearly every Sunday evening, and once or twice in the morning.

Dr. Osgood's sermons always attract and interest from their beauty of language and the thoughts they give, beside the sacred lessons which they teach, and I believe this new listener is really trying to learn the true meaning and beauty of the Bible and the religion it teaches, which he has never discerned before.

Janet says very little to him about it, except a few encouraging words occasionally, for she wisely understands that under *such* circumstances saying much upon the subject in the way of urging or argument would probably only drive him away from it.

As it is, I look hopefully, and almost confidently, for some great good to come from her "fitly spoken word."

EDNA.

"BORN TO THE PURPLE."

"**B**ORN to the purple" means that one is the descendant of a long line of wealthy and cultured ancestors, and therefore it is no meaningless phrase.

Ignorant, narrow-minded people, biased by the prejudices that are dear to the souls of those of small experience, deride this marked line God and man has placed between classes. But it is useless to underestimate this distinction; it is real, not "visionary," as coarse-grained persons insist.

Men not to "the purple born" are usually the money-makers, but the very scramble for money, the rough and tumble contact with the coarsest of humanity in this grand wrestle for the world's gold on the "catch as catch can" policy, hardens instead of refining, and the "successful, self-made man" is not usually a man of culture, nor of wide general knowledge, nor of much account except as an authority upon the particular road up which he has gleaned his gold.

There will be seen a difference between the elder children who endured hardships with him, and the younger that have known nothing but wealth. The last six words express such deep truth. The parents and older children have kept such a single eye upon money alone that it is literally true that the younger children "know nothing but wealth." So dazzled are they by wealth that they think it illimitable and its power irresistible, therefore they have no incentive to exert themselves. Having nothing to acquire (from their mercenary standpoint), ambition, if it forms any portion of their make up, is strangled before birth for lack of proper impulse.

The scions from the self-made are rarely more than polished highly; if the money endures, their children will be improvements upon them in refinement. It has been truly said that it takes three generations of culture to present to the world a perfect specimen of high-bred humanity, a fine type of gentleman and lady. Previous generations may have been equally "good-hearted," but the delf differs from Sevres!

Generations of study, of refined surroundings and freedom from the materialism of menial labor and thought, generations of virtuous living and high thinking,

does give one something of far greater value than money; something mere money cannot buy in one generation, however wisely it may be used. For instance, it is the great-grandson or great-grandaughter of our "silver kings" that may pose as "blue-blooded aristocracy," provided each previous generation keeps itself up to the highest point of refinement and education possible to them. The great height is not attained without a struggle, merely through possession of gold.

But if each generation tries its best, the great-grandson will be very unlike the uneducated man that by superhuman (almost) efforts directed to one point, at last amassed the handsome nucleus around which succeeding generations have entwined so much that is desirable.

The daughter of the village shoemaker, the girl at her loom, may be pure and well-intentioned—in fact, fine, noble girls, and if given wealth may use it wisely, in judicious cultivation of the best gifts with which God has endowed them, but there must ever be a keenly perceptible difference between them and one to "the manner born"—a difference as marked as between plain stone-china and the rare porcelain from Dresden.

As poverty would not conceal the "born lady," though it might wrap her in beggarly rags, so diamonds and silks will not give one the air of the "true blue."

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

This is not to say that "in the world to come" the coarse-handed laborers' robes may not be as purely white and ethereal as those worn by the select few "born to the purple;" but on this earth there will ever be a difference perceptible to all, except such as see no difference in style between two persons whose wardrobes are equally fine! Such shallow on-lookers do not mold the world's thoughts nor influence its action!

It is not always the "scent of the roses" that betrays one's origin, but often a coarser intimation is given. Neither fine houses, fine furniture, fine clothing nor fine equipages are essentials to a high-bred importance.

The cultured great-grandson of the

money-maker will never be mistaken for one of his great-grandfather's caste, though he be clad by fate in homely homespun. Yet occasionally one is born in a low circle with the instincts of the upper classes, and is as much out of place "in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him" as a velvet pansy would be in a bed of Canada thistles. God ever watches His own and works with a purpose. His pansy will find its proper sphere. With His aid no birth can keep it amidst the thistles! God recognizes gold, and the pansy's hour will come!

KESIAH SHELTON.

THE STEPMOTHER.

"GOOD mornin', Mis' Pendle! I don't s'pose that you've heard the news, bein' it's all so sudden."

"Good gracious, no! What is it? But do come in an' sit down; you're all out o' breath. No, I aint had a speck of news in a week; it's been a dreadful dull time. Now do tell it!"

"Well, Mr. Smith's gone off to git married—Joe Smith! Now what do you think of that?"

"Joe Smith married! 'Taint no sech thing!"

"Well! I might have saved my breath if you're a-goin' to accuse me of fibbin' right to my face!" said the visitor, beginning to pin her shawl.

"Now don't fly up, Mis' Wade! I aint a doubtin' your word, but thein that got up sech a story."

"Well, it's so! Her name's Mary Wilkins, an' they're comin' home Saturday, an' the hired girl an' Alice is jest turnin' things upside down to clean an' fix up for 'em. They're makin' great reckonin'."

"Dear land! I don't know what'll happen next. To think of him that's been so steady since his poor wife died, a-actin' like this. I'm beat! Why, it's as bad as an elopement, every bit!"

"Oh! no, Mis' Pendle! they're goin' to be married at her brother's, in a very quiet way, I heard."

"Well, what has he been so sly about it for, then?"

"He aint never any hand to talk about his affairs, ye know; dreadful still man he is."

"He's sly as a cat—pretendin' to go off so much to see about that patent he's figgerin' over, an' there he's been a-courtin' all the time, hey?"

"Kinder combined business and pleasure, Mis' Pendle."

"Yes, so it seems; an' them poor children is to have a stepmother; they're to be pitied, poor things! Is she a widder, Mis' Wade?"

"No, she's an old maid school-teacher; an' they're always dreadful overbearin' when they git into a family, an' hard on the children; I've noticed that."

"Dear, dear! an' there's my own sister Jane, a widder these three years, an' children of her own, an' a dreadful kind, motherly heart she's got; an' there that blind bat of a man's gone right apast her an' took up with a sour old maid. Well, he'll see the day he'll rue it—that's some comfort!"

"It's his own affair, after all, I s'pose, Mis' Pendle."

"If them motherless children goes to gittin' abused, he'll find some of the neighbors 'll make it *their* affair. Strange a man aint got no judgment!"

"Oh! well, we don't re'ly know nothin' about her, an' mebbe she'll be real nice—at first, anyhow; but I had no idea you had him picked out for Jane, an' 'taint likely he ever thought of it himself."

"Well, he couldn't a done better; she's such a tidy, thrifty body, an' she's got some property, too."

"Yes, but then she aint exactly his style."

"*His style!* I want to know! Mebbe you mean she aint good enough for him, Mis' Wade!"

"Law! she's good enough for anybody for that matter; but I must go home. Will you call to Smith's?"

"I sha'n't hurry myself. I'll take an observation first an' see how matters shape. What you goin' to do?"

"I guess I'll drop in soon as it'll anyways do. Ye see she'll be kindly lonely first off in sech a back-country place, an' be glad to see folks. You'd better go too, an' not act offish. Good-bye!"

That afternoon Mrs. Pendle spied the two youngest Smith children running along the street and called them into the house, where she patted, and kissed, and

"poor-deared" them, to their utter astonishment, and finally filled their hands with fresh gingerbread.

"There, eat that, poor dears! no knowin' when you'll git any more cake to eat between meals, unless the neighbors take pity on you. Did you know you're a goin' to have a new ma?"

"Yes'm. Pa, he's gone after her now."

"Aint you sorry? It's a terrible misfortune if you did but know it; but you're too little to think about that, poor little creeturs!"

"Pa says she's nice as anything, an' we're goin' to have orful nice times to our house, we be!"

"Well, you'll see what nice times you'll have, when she scolds you an' shuts you up in dark closets, an' makes you go to bed at sundown, an' all that!"

"She won't! Pa won't let her, nor Alice neither!"

"She'll wind your pa 'round her finger; second wives always do. What's Alice an' the girl doin'?"

"Cleanin' house; an' there's new things a-comin' bime by, an' we're goin' to have chicken-pie an' weddin'-cake to *our* house, we be; so there now!"

"Well, I only hope you'll be as happy as you think you're goin' to be; but if your new ma don't use you well, you jist tell me. *I'll* stand up for you!"

The children crept away, their pleasant anticipations sadly dampened; but after a recital of their encounter to their sister Alice and Irish Katie, their faith in the coming stranger was quickly restored.

"Shure, an' she bether be after moindin' her own affairs," said Katie, "an' not be a pisonin' yer little harruts fornist yer ma cooms at all, at all, thin!"

"Have you seen the bride to speak to yet, Mis' Wade?" asked Mrs. Pendle a few days later.

"Yes, I called yesterday, an' I tell you she's a perfect lady. She's the sweetest woman I've seen in many a day. I tell you, Smith's done well!"

"I declare if *you* aint all took up with her, too!"

"Well, I shall re'ly enjoy havin' her for a neighbor—that is, if she'll be neighborly, an' I guess she will!"

"She won't! she'll feel herself above

us, you'll see! She's terrible haughty. Tall persons always is."

"Well, the children take to her wonderful, an' she to them. I'm sure *that's* a good thing, an' she's so kind."

"Yes, if it only lasts. I see they hang about her constant, an' praise her up to the skies to school, so my children says. I hope an' pray I'll live to bring *mine* up, an' not have 'em domineered over by a stepmother, poor things!"

LILLIAN GREY.

"INASMUCH."

I ASKED the dear Lord in the morning
For some work I might do for Him;
The years of the past seemed so fruitless,
And the future so distant and dim.
And my heart grew so light I went singing,
As I trod my accustomed way,
Feeling sure He had lovingly hearkened,
Feeling glad He had heard me pray.
I thought He would set me some great
work where
I could labor for Him—as an answer to
prayer.

When the morn wore on toward midday
And my feet went heavy and slow,
And the music within my bosom
Had lost its rhythmical flow,
There came and shadowed my threshold
The form of a little child;

She was timid and wretched and ragged,

But she pleaded in tones so mild:

"Please, lady dear, buy my daisies—

Just one little bunch to-day."

But I answered her roughly and rudely,

And sent her in haste away.

Oh! was it the voice of an angel

Hushed my heart's discordant tune?

"You prayed for some work for the
Master—

Have you forgotten *so soon*?"

Forgotten?—In shame I remembered
there,

This might be the way He answered my
prayer.

I asked for work for the Master,

And I would have worked with my
might,

In any or all of the places

That I, with my feeble sight,

Had thought He would kindly give me—

But I never once dreamed before

Of His work in a basket of daisies

Brought 'round to my kitchen door.

But my heart has asked, with a longing

To recall my words and tone,

And accept the errand then sent me

At the hands of the dear Lord's own;

Now I ask: "Give me work, anything,
anywhere!

I'll take the first duty as answer to prayer."

HATTIE F. BELL.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

POULTRY.

POULTRY forms such an important province in country housekeeping, and adds so much to the comfort of the family, that a housekeeper cannot well bestow too much pains on it.

It is very desirable to have a separate lot for chickens, as they are so destructive to flowers and vegetables that it is well to keep them as far apart from these as you can. Have your chicken-yard well inclosed with a tall paling fence, and see that the gate has strong hinges and a good latch. Make sure that no hogs can get into it, as these animals are very apt to eat young chickens. A southeastern exposure is a good one for a chicken-yard,

and if you can have one with a creek or branch running through it this will be a great advantage. Have a substantial hen-house, well roofed, and opening toward the east. Throw open the door in the daytime and let it sun and air in bright weather. Cleanliness is of paramount importance in the charge of a hen-house. Have it thoroughly swept and cleansed at least once a week, and at the same time renew the nests, except when hens are setting, and then, of course, they should not be disturbed, but be careful to make them good, fresh nests just before they begin setting. Sprinkle a teaspoonful of sulphur in the nest to keep off vermin. Sprinkle the hen-house also with sulphur and lime, after sweeping it. Small lumps

of lime should always be scattered about in easy access of hens, as it forms an important element in the formation of the egg shell, and a deficiency in it will make the shell soft and thin. It is a good plan to occasionally make up a smoldering fire of tobacco stalks in the hen-house, as this will drive away vermin. Keep the sweepings of your hen-house in a pile or in barrels. They make valuable manure for melons, tomatoes, and various other things.

It is important that hens should be quiet and undisturbed while they are setting. Sometimes several of them will take a notion to set on the same nest, and they will scuffle and struggle till they break up the eggs. I have sometimes had to tack a piece of thin old material (say musquito net, for instance) over a row of setting hens' nests to keep them from molesting each other, and to keep other hens from laying in their nests. I tack the net firmly at the top, but very lightly at the bottom, so I may readily loosen it once in twenty-four hours, and let the hens eat and drink, and go out a little while for a dust bath if they choose. Once in twenty-four hours is often enough to give food and drink to setting fowls. If you do it more frequently it gets them into restless habits. Old tin basins or baking pans are very useful to give hens water in. Wash out the vessel daily before putting fresh water in it.

When you set hens, mark the eggs with pen and ink, and write the date on them at the same time. You will find this way of marking more lasting than what is done with pencil or charcoal. It is a good plan to keep a sort of "log book" for your poultry, writing down when you set the different hens and the results therefrom, as well as any other facts that may be useful and serve as a guide or precedent in your future experience with poultry. (I may here observe in parenthesis that it is well to keep a gardening book of this sort; indeed, a little record of any sort of industry may prove serviceable.) If you observe that any of your hens are bad setters, fickle, and disposed to leave the nest before their term is out, or that they are indifferent mothers, make a note of that fact and send out a death-warrant against the offenders before the next season comes around.

VOL. LVI.—16

The great art in raising little chickens is to protect them from the morning dew and to feed them plentifully. Get the hen and chickens into the habit of going into their coops every evening at sundown, and keep them penned up till the dew is thoroughly dried up the next morning. While they are ranging about in the day, move all the boards off the top of their coop, so it may air and sun. It is bad for little chickens to sleep on damp ground, so if this is not obviated by sunning their coops in the day, lay some boards at the bottom of them before night. Hovers are a more complete protection than coops, and hence more desirable in rainy spells, though rather close for bright, mild weather. If you use them, turn them upside down in the daytime when they are unoccupied, so they may get a good airing and sunning. Do not keep your coops and hovers always in the same place, as the chickens drop considerable manure in them. Change them from spot to spot. Feed your young chickens frequently, four or five times a day, and be careful to supply them amply with fresh water. Tin pie-plates (which you can get at the rate of two for five cents) are excellent things to water young chickens in.

In addition to the general large inclosure around your poultry yard, it is desirable to have a little inclosure made of laths, for the express purpose of feeding your young fowls, as the older fowls crowd upon these, trample them, and snatch their food from them, unless you can make some arrangement to bar them out. Five or six feet square is large enough for this inclosure. It is not necessary to have a gate. Saw or break off a half dozen of the laths, in different places, about three inches from the ground, and this will make opening sufficiently large for the little chickens to run in and out, while the older fowls stand looking on, baffled and indignant. Leave the space of a lath between the laths nailed on.

If you want to keep vermin off the young chickens, grease the mother hen under her wings with a little kerosene oil or a mixture of lard and sulphur. Enough of it will be communicated to the chickens when they hover under her wings to protect them from vermin, and

it is not safe to let them come in closer contact with the grease, unless you just lightly touch their heads with it.

There seems to be quite a craze now for new and improved breeds of poultry, but it does not seem to me advisable for any but professed poulterers to go largely into the cultivation of fancy foreign breeds. Our native kinds are more hardy, and when we lose them we are not so much damaged as when we lose fancy foreign fowls for which we paid a high price. Any breed, however old-fashioned, will answer a good purpose if it is properly attended too. I would recommend, however, that Plymouth Rock chickens be largely raised. They are a hardy breed, and much larger than our old-fashioned varieties. A Plymouth Rock chicken of three months old will be amply large enough for table use if it has been well fed.

If you want your hens to be good layers, you cannot secure this end without feeding them plentifully. Warm food in winter conduces to their laying—parched corn, bread with a little red pepper baked in it, etc. Animal food also stimulates them to lay. I have known city ladies who raised chickens in a back lot to get a regular supply of inferior meat from a butcher to feed their hens on, and these hens did wonders in the way of laying. Bonedust mixed with their food has a fine effect in strengthening them and making them lay more freely. If, however, hens are fed with over profusion, this will check up their laying equally as much as underfeeding; thus do extremes meet. Neither the fattest cows nor the fattest hens are the best producers. Several housekeepers of my acquaintance tell me that they can keep eggs for several months by packing them in salt with the small ends downward and putting them in a cool place. They begin saving eggs in this way for Christmas about the last of September. When you begin to lay aside eggs for setting, don't let them be brought in from the hen-house by a child or careless person, as they will not hatch out if shaken or touched with greasy hands.

Turkeys have the traditional reputation of being extremely difficult to raise, but if you can protect them from dew and rain for six weeks or two months, and especially if you can bring them safely through the long rainy spell in May, I

don't see that they are more difficult to raise than other fowls. Black pepper is very wholesome for young turkeys, baked in their bread. Buttermilk is excellent to raise them on. Set tin basins and pans of it in easy access of the turkeys, and occasionally cut up a few onion tops in it. Chickens also love buttermilk and drink it greedily, so it is well to use it freely in your poultry yard. Physicians tell us that buttermilk has a fine effect on the liver of human beings, and I suppose this must also hold good in regard to fowls and animals. At any rate, they thrive on buttermilk. One year I raised a fine flock of turkeys on no other food than buttermilk and what they could pick up. Turkeys are a much more excursive fowl than chickens, taking a much wider range, hence we have to exercise a stricter watch over them to keep them within limits and to make them return to their shelters at sundown. If you are raising them on a large scale, it will pay you to have a half-grown boy or girl to watch them, going with them where they range and driving them home at the first appearance of a cloud for at least the first two months of their lives.

I would not attempt to raise geese or ducks unless I had a stream of water flowing through my poultry yard, as water is absolutely essential to the comfort and health of these semi-aquatic fowls. Geese are such close grazers that they do great harm, kept near a young field of wheat or oats.

Even if a housekeeper does not achieve any great results from her care of poultry, it will be of great benefit to her health to have some outdoor industry, calling her forth into the fresh air and sunshine, and preventing her from sitting too closely over her sewing and other sedentary pursuits. The outdoor exercise that poultry raising renders incumbent on women is not one the least of its benefits.

MARY W. EARLY.

—

WHEN cleaning paint or varnished woodwork use a painter's soft and rather large brush, instead of a flannel, with the soap and water. Do only a small piece at a time, and wipe it dry with a chamois leather. Varnished wallpaper should be cleaned in the same way, and if it is after-

ward rubbed lightly with a soft duster it will look all the brighter.

The laths of Venetian blinds are best cleaned with a little powdered pumice

stone and water, and then dried with a chamois leather. The pumice stone should be passed lightly over the laths, so that it may not rub off any of the paint.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

TRIED RECIPES.

"RULE OF TWO" DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, thoroughly beaten, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of sour milk, two scant teaspoonfuls of soda, the same of grated nutmeg or cinnamon (or one of each, if preferred), salt, two tablespoonfuls of hot lard, dipped from your frying kettle if you wish, flour to roll. If you have not the sour milk use the same quantity of sweet milk, with two teaspoonfuls, slightly heaped, of cream of tartar for the acid. Many people prefer to leave out the shortening. I have never seen this rule in print, but it is the best one for common doughnuts that I know of; it was given me by a great-aunt, and in the twenty odd years I have used it I have never had poor success with it.

SUGAR COOKIES.—What I said about the doughnuts applies also to this recipe and the one which follows it, *i. e.*, I have never known of their being printed. These cookies are nice, however, and inexpensive. One egg, or two, if eggs are plenty, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk, a good, strong half cupful of shortening, one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and soda, pinch of salt; flavor to taste with vanilla, nutmeg or lemon; flour to roll. Sift the cream of tartar in a cupful of the flour, and dissolve the soda in a little of the milk, adding it the last thing before putting in the whole quantity of flour. I often, for a change, add to these cookies a cupful of chopped and seeded raisins. Sprinkle sugar over the tops, and bake in as hot an oven as possible without burning.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One and one-half cupfuls of molasses, two-thirds of a cupful of shortening (I always use lard or nice "drippings" in preference to butter for molasses cookies or snaps), tea-

spoonful of salt, heaping teaspoonful of ginger, same of soda, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one-half cupful of boiling water, in which dissolve a bit of alum as big as a large pea, flour to roll. After mixing all the other ingredients except the flour, dissolve the soda in the vinegar, stir in, and add the flour as quickly as possible. Mark the cards with your creased roller, and bake in a hot oven, taking care, however, not to scorch them. In having any kind of cookies nice a great deal depends on the baking.

I hope all the HOME housekeepers will try these recipes and report how they succeed with them. If these are liked upon trial, I have many others equally as good which I will send. I expect to enjoy the HOME housekeeping notes very much indeed; it is something I have been hoping to see for some time.

ILION, N. Y.

MRS. JENNIE A.

[Thank you; no less for your words of commendation than for the recipes, which we feel sure are very nice. We shall be glad to receive the others you mention. Tested recipes will be welcome from all our housekeepers at all times.—ED.]

FOR THE "BLUES."

DEAR HOME:—I read "Sister Mary's" communication in the June number of the Magazine with a great deal of sympathetic interest. You know it is often said that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and I think it is true. I have been and still am, though in a less degree than when I was younger, troubled with those "fits of depression" of which "Sister Mary" complains, and which she so well describes. Our old physician declared them to be a species of hysteria, and recommended the use of reason and "will-power" in keeping them down; but though I tried as hard as mortal woman

might try to conquer them, they always got the upper hand of me, for a time, at least, and I had about made up my mind that I must endure what could not be cured, when a friend—an old schoolmate—came on a visit to me from her city home. On the second day after her arrival our conversation happened to turn upon the subject of blues.

"Why, do you have them, too?" asked my friend, laughingly. "One might almost think them a purely feminine malady. I used to be dreadfully troubled that way, until an old gentleman—a college professor, by the way—who is a neighbor of ours, gave me his remedy."

"What is it?" asked I, eagerly. "If there is anything that will cure—"

"Oh!" my friend interrupted, merrily, "I don't mean to say this remedy will cure them—that is, that you will have no further attacks; but if faithfully followed it will nip them in the bud. I know you will laugh at it—it is so funny; but whenever I feel a fit of the sort is coming on I go to cleaning."

"Cleaning?" echoed I.

"Cleaning," repeated she; "though not ordinary 'wiping up' by any means. My principal stand-by is a big closet in my store-room, where odds and ends of all kinds are prone to accumulate. This I sort over and arrange in 'ship-shape' order, and, nowadays, long before the work is done, the 'blues' will have taken their departure. At first it was harder—I had to drive myself to it. The Professor told me that he always dusts and arranges his books for his 'brightening up' work—anything that one can interest one's self in."

"I have it!" cried I; "why wouldn't a big chest of old magazines and papers, to sort over and arrange by dates, etc., be just the thing? And that's just what I've got—and it often needs arranging, too; because the children delight to pull them out every rainy day. Now, why wouldn't it?"

"It would," said my friend.

"Well, I'm going to try it," said I.

And so I did. The very next time I began to feel "bluely" inclined, I started for that chest of papers up in the shed-chamber. There were *Home Magazines*, and *American Unions*, and *Ledgers*, and *Godeys*, and I don't know how many be-

sides. I sorted them all out in piles "of a kind," arranging the dates properly, and, of course, looking them over a little as I did so; and, before long, as true as you and I and "Sister Mary" live, I had forgotten that I had thought of having the "blues."

Seriously, though it may sound nonsensical, I have followed this remedy ever since. I do not confine myself to the chest of old papers—there are in almost any household always bureau drawers, closets, etc., to be tidied up, and I have my share, of them with two little girls to "clutter" things. I know that it is said "what is one's meat is another's poison," and my remedy may not work well in every case. I know so many cases where it has done good, however, that I do not hesitate to recommend that "Sister Mary" try it.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MARILLA.

THANKS AND RECIPE.

DEAR EDITOR.—I would like to thank "A Friend," of San Diego, California, for her recipe for hot cross buns. They are very nice, indeed. Also I would like to express my appreciation of the "nice and economical breakfast dish" furnished by Mrs. G. A. Dixon. I always like to get recipes for such dishes, because they serve to use up the bits which might otherwise be wasted. Almost any one can cook who has everything she wants to cook with, but it takes a real "mistress of the culinary art" to prepare palatable and at the same time economical dishes.

Now, I want to return my thanks in a substantial way; so I will give Mrs. Dixon my rule for making ice-cream, which is good, rich enough for any palate not too fastidious, and inexpensive. Take scant three quarts of good, rich milk (not skimmed, that is), put in a pail, and place in a kettle of water over the fire. Put eight teaspoonfuls of cornstarch in three cupfuls of sugar, wet it with a very little cold milk, and when the milk in the pail gets boiling hot, stir in the mixture. Have eight eggs thoroughly beaten (I always beat whites and yolks separately, as I do for nearly everything of the sort, though it is not necessary) and when the starch thickens in the boiling milk stir them in also. Take from the fire almost immediately, add a little salt, let cool, and when

cold flavor to taste with extract of lemon, vanilla, or what you please. Pineapple flavoring is a favorite with our folks. This rule makes a gallon of the cream. Do not fill your freezer too full, as it swells in freezing. This is one of the very best recipes for making cream for church festivals, fairs, etc., as it never fails to give good satisfaction, and the cost does not, I am sure, exceed fifty cents per gallon. We like it, too, much better than the "genuine article," even—real cream, sweetened and flavored and frozen. I hope you will try the rule, Mrs. Dixon, and let us know how you like it.

Another month, if it is not sent in before, I will give Mrs. A. M. G., of Portland, Me., my rule for making angel cake, and also a ribbon cake recipe. I do not want to wear my welcome out the first time, because I want to come again. Then, too, I am afraid of that dreadful waste-basket!

Mrs. L. R. S.

BALTIMORE, MD.

[Don't be a bit concerned about wearing out your welcome, please. We want to hear from our housekeepers, one and all. As for the waste-basket—why, we haven't got any!—Ed.]

"A STITCH IN TIME."

I think I cannot better employ a few moments than in telling the "HOME" housekeepers of a certain little convenience of mine which has become almost a necessity, as a reminder and aid to taking the proverbial "stitch in time," which, we are told, "saves nine." I took two pieces of dark-blue cashmere, about ten inches square, embroidered on one piece in colored floss the words "A stitch in Time Saves Nine," then put the two together as I would have done a common holder, padding it perhaps half an inch thick with perfumed cotton, binding the edges with narrow ribbon, and making a loop of the same ribbon at the upper corner to hang it by. Then I tacked it in places, as one would a comfortable, to hold the cotton in place, using bits of silk the shade of the ribbon, and hung it in my sitting-room. After a time I found it so handy that I made another, of flannel, for the kitchen. In these I keep, all the time, needles ready threaded with black, white, and various colored threads; and if I, for

instance, catch my dress or apron on a nail and tear it the least bit, I mend it that minute before the hole has a chance to get bigger, as it surely would if left to grow. All other members of our family do the same, and the children take pride in bringing the tiniest holes to be mended as soon as discovered. The one who uses the last bit of thread from a needle replaces it before putting the needle back in the holder. I forgot to say that a "special" thimble hangs on the brass tack from which the holder is suspended. Often enough we have the impulse to mend or darn a hole or tear the moment it is noticed; but if we have to stop other work to hunt up a thimble, thread, and needle, it seems such a task that we are apt to let it wait until by-and-by. If clothes are kept mended they last much longer, and the weekly mending is not so much to be dreaded.

Will some one kindly tell me how to make "liver cheese," or potted liver, to be sliced for cold meat? I live in a place where good beef livers can be obtained for almost nothing, and would like to learn of some good ways to cook them. I enjoy the department of "Notes from 'HOME' Housekeepers" very much. Is it to be a feature of the MAGAZINE right along?

CANTON, ILL. MRS. MARGARET S. R.

[Yes, if sufficient interest is shown in it by lady readers, of which we think there is no doubt. We are obliged to you for your description of the "necessity." Come again.—Ed.]

QUESTIONS.

I am very much afraid of the carpet beetle or "buffalo bug," as it is sometimes called, but I have never seen one, to my knowledge, and do not know how to recognize them should I be so unfortunate as to have them get into my house. Will not some contributor to "Notes" give a description of these insects, and also some sure method of exterminating them?—A. M. G.

Will one of the lady readers please tell me how to prepare mustard for the table so that, if any is left over, it will not separate from the liquid with which it is mixed and grow dark-colored. I would also like to have a recipe for spiced pumpkin butter.

BELLE S.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am a young house-keeper, and I often think if I could have recipes to use which have been tested by older sisters and found to be good, how nice it would be! I would like to ask if any one has such a recipe for apple custard, inexpensive lemon pie, made with two crusts, cocoanut pie, mock mince pie, soft and hard frosting, fruit cake, and

different jellies? When these are answered, I have lots of other questions I want to ask! Y. H., DOVER, N. H.

Will not some friend kindly give directions for canning the different small vegetables, corn, beans, peas, etc., in glass cans, and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER?

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NAN.

A GREAT, warm, russety hillside,
Where thick clumps of low brier
twine;
An old broken wall half adown it,
All smothered with tangles of vine;
And valley and river and hamlet
Below, shining out fair and sweet,
For a lithe little gypsy-like maiden,
On the wall, swinging naked brown
feet.

"That Nan," "Poor-house Nan," sent for
berries,
She carelessly laughs and swings on,
Though treacherous stains over bright
lips
Show where her small harvest has gone.
What matter? They all will expect it,
She'll not disappoint them to-day;
And she flings up the old empty basket
In a woful attempt to be gay.

She might not have grown quite so wicked,
At least she was sure she'd have tried,
If some one had loved her a little,
Or mother had only not died;
And she wondered a bit as she noted
The clouds floating on fleecy white,
If she might not still know and be caring
Up there somewhere just out of sight.

A mist seemed to cover the valley,
And darkened it all into shade,
As she hugged close the little red bonnet
The dear mother's fingers had made;
And she dreamily saw the blue hill-tops
Across all the level below,
Till sudden her dark eyes grew brighter,
And cheeks gave an answering glow.

For, far down the line of the railway,
Past the bridge where the banks were
so high,
A tiny white figure seemed floating,
An angel, she thought, from the sky.
She dashed the white mist from her lashes;
Ah! now she can see it quite plain,
'Tis only a wee, laughing baby,
Running on in the track of the train.

Deep down in the glen she can hear it,
Like pulse-beats far under the ground;
And, anon a long wail rings and echoes—
She springs to her feet at the sound.
One last little hug to the bonnet
She gave ere she fastened the strings,
Then down the rough, briery hillside
She flew as though borne upon wings.

At the high bridge she pauses, she wavers,
The dark river runs swift and still,
Behind is the roar of the engine,
Already the rails seem to thrill;
But only a second she falters,
Then swift, steady feet brush the ties,
And her colors go on bravely floating,
As the cape of the bright bonnet flies.

Then, the man with a hand on the lever,
Sees the gay little bonnet of red
A fluttering on all so madly,
Like signal of danger ahead;
So it chanced the great breast of the engine
Touched softly her ragged brown skirt,
As Nan, with the laughing baby,
Stepped down from the track unhurt.

How they cheered all along as they saw
her,
And the engine joined in and cheered
too,

As she held up the baby and whispered,
 "You darling, they're shouting for you."
 So that's how it all came to happen;
 Those train folks they just led the van,
 And then the whole town on a sudden
 Fell to loving "that Poor-house Nan."
 J. L. ENO.

KISS THEM GOOD-NIGHT.

THE tales are told, the songs are sung,
 The evening romp is over,
 And up the nursery stairs they climb,
 With little buzzing tongues that chime
 Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts
 Are full of crowding fancies;
 From song and tale and make-believe

A wondrous web of dreams they weave
 And airy child romances.

The starry night is fair without;
 The new moon rises slowly,
 The nursery lamp is burning faint;
 Each white-robed like a little saint,
 Their prayers they murmur lowly!

Good-night! The tired heads are still
 On pillows soft reposing,
 The dim and dizzy mist of sleep
 About their thoughts began to creep,
 Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good-night! While through the silent air
 The moonbeams pale are streaming,
 They drift from daylight's noisy shore.
 "Blow out the light and shut the door,
 And leave them to their dreaming."

"HOME" PUZZLES.

SOLUTIONS and solvers' names in the October number. All communications relative to this page must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 49.

CHARADE.

In the flush and glow of morning,
 In the twilight calm and still—
 Nature's choir all art is scorning;
Last first's echo o'er the hill!

In the sunshine's glare and glitter,
 And when storm-clouds fill the sky,
 Cheerily *alls* chirp and twitter,
 Recking naught of danger nigh.

Lasts of spring-time! *lasts* of summer!
 Well we love thy notes to hear;
 Glad we greet each bright new-comer;
 Welcome! welcome! *totals*, dear.

TRANZA.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 50.

RHOMBOID.

.

ACROSS.—1. Used by artists. 2. Afraid. 3. Enormous in size or strength. 4. Whirled. 5. One who finishes.

DOWN.—1. A letter from Philadelphia. 2. A preposition. 3. To perch. 4. To send forth. 5. Flexible. 6. To mend. 7. A boy's nickname. 8. A pronoun. 9. A letter from New York.

MAY BLOSSOM.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 51.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Thrown upward. 2. Quickly. 3. The middle. 4. A variety of flowers found in many gardens. 5. A certain Archbishop, born in 1596. 6. Anything in a twisted form. 7. ETHEL.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 52.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Cut off one letter of a fruit, and leave a part of the body.
 2. One letter from a color, and leave a useful fluid.

3. Two letters from a bird, and leave a weapon.

4. Three letters from a precious gem, and leave something used by fishermen.

5. Five letters from a very large animal, and leave a very small insect.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 53.

CONNECTED TRIANGLES.

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    . 0 .
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. . . 0 . . .
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    . 0 .
  . . 0 . .
. . . 0 . . .

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UPPER TRIANGLE, *read across*.—1. In Spain. 2. To capture. 3. A noise giving notice of danger. 4. Burnt sugar.

Read downward.—1. In America. 2. A musical syllable. 3. To exclude by exception. 4. A piece of Turkish money. 5. A vegetable secretion. 6. A personal pronoun. 7. In England.

LOWER TRIANGLE, *read across*.—1. In Persia. 2. A seed of certain fruits. 3. A fluid. 4. Destroyed.

Read downward.—1. In Sweden. 2. A pronoun. 3. An accomplice. 4. Local position. 5. A fit of peevishness. 6. A common prefix. 7. In Holland.

Connected.—A hanger-on.

"LUCY FIER."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 54.

CHARADE.

My *first* is swift; my *second* is noisy;
my *whole* is a flower.

M. DOUGLASS STERLING.

ANSWERS TO JUNE "HOME" PUZZLES.

No. 34.

N E
O p e N
I U
T u f T
A R
U n d O
T P
S n a P
E O

No. 35.

1. Po(lac)ca.
2. L(imp)et.
3. C(rack)er.
4. Li(mat)ure.
5. Sa(lin)e.
6. St(ora)x.
7. S(tiff)ness.

No. 36.

Prince's Feather.

No. 37.

1. Steganopod.
2. Obsolescent.
3. Prospiciance.
4. Monosyllable.
5. Sensational.
6. Obeisance.

No. 38.

I C T I C
C A I R A
T I G E R
I R E N E
C A R E X

No. 39.

1. Car-touch. 2. Pat-tern. 3. Sparrow.
4. Crow-foot. 5. Bug-loss. 6. Cab-urn.

No. 40.

"What is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days!

When heaven tries the earth, if she be in tune,

And over her softly its warm ear lays."

SOLVERS OF MAY AND JUNE PUZZLES.

O. W. L., Peri Winkle, Charley M., Jack Daw, Merry Mack, D. E. B., Little Nell, "Villikins and his Dinah," Mrs. H. S. Davenport, Nelson Forsyth, Marjorie, C. A. S., L. Mo., Lucy J. Chase, "Miss Chevis," F. R. C., Hepsie D. Adams, Katy McF., "Will o' the Wisp," Miss Lou C., Ora S., A. S. Olver, P. H. D., Sara, Lewis H. Johnson, Biddy Ford, and Brownie.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR MAY.

Complete list.—"Biddy Ford," Maine.

Best incomplete list.—Mrs. H. S. Davenport, Williamstown, Vt.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE.

Only complete list.—"Brownie," Portland, Me.

Incomplete lists.—Sara, Hepsie D. Adams, Lucy J. Chase, A. S. Olver, Lewis H. Johnson, "Will o' the Wisp," F. R. C., Katy McF., Peri Winkle, Merry Mack, O. W. L., and C. A. S.

PRIZES FOR ORIGINAL PUZZLES.

The puzzles submitted in competition for the prizes offered in the May number of the "HOME" Magazine were all, or nearly all, so good that it has been difficult to make a choice. After thorough

consideration, however, the cash prize of two dollars for "best assortment of original puzzles" has been awarded to "Lucy Firr," Wilmington, Del., whose budget contained a variety of exceptionally good puzzles. We wish to make "honorable mention" of May Blossom, Ethel, Dot Staples, M. Douglass Sterling, Mrs. C. H. S., Brownie, Eva, "Uncle Ned," Nelson Forsyth, Miss Flyte, and Peter Piper, all of whom have our thanks for their very acceptable contributions. "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" for one year is awarded to "Tranza," Canton, Ill., with honorable mention of Mary L. Hitchcock, May Blossom, M. Douglass Sterling, "Lucy Firr," Eva, Peri Winkle, and Mrs. C. H. S.

TO OUR "HOME" PUZZLERS.

This month we offer prizes for solutions as follows: First complete list, "Camping Out," by C. A. Stephens. Second complete list, "Artistic Embroidery," by Ella Rodman Church. By request, we renew the offer of a book in pamphlet form to every one of our puzzlers sending correct answers to two out of the seven August puzzles.

Solvers' names will hereafter be given in the same number containing solutions, and answers to August puzzles should be received at the "HOME" office by August 15th, in order to be credited in October issue.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

A PRETTY AND CHEAP WAY OF FURNISHING CHAMBERS.

THERE are many, many persons whose means are so limited that they cannot afford to buy even *cheap sets* of furniture for their chambers, but only the absolutely necessary articles, bedstead, washstand, and chairs; and these I would like to tell how I furnished my chamber, which has been much admired for its brightness and tastefulness by those let into the secret of its cheapness.

I had the absolutely necessary pieces, bedstead, washstand, and chairs, but no bureau, wardrobe, or table, so I set my wits to work to see what I could do with the small sum of five dollars. I decided on getting cretonne enough for curtains to my windows and coverings for the needed pieces of furniture. So I got thirty-six yards of cretonne at twelve and a half cents per yard, and this left me fifty cents to purchase some brass-headed tacks, common tacks, and two dozen brass rings for the curtains, and a neighboring merchant gave me some old goods boxes; so with these materials I set to work. For rods for the curtains I took two tobacco sticks and trimmed them off smoothly, mixed some lard and Spanish brown together, and rubbed it in thoroughly, making the rods about the color of the ground color of the cretonne. This was a bright red,

with clusters of cream-colored roses and blue forget-me-nots scattered over it. Fixing up the curtains was a very simple matter, for all I had to do was to hem them top and bottom, fasten on a half dozen rings to each width (there were two widths to each window and two windows to my room), slip them on the rods, and to prevent them from slipping off tack on rosettes of the cretonne on each end of the rods, and the windows were all right.

For my bureau or toilet-table I took a goods box forty inches long, forty inches wide, and eighteen inches deep. I set this on end and tacked two strips on each side, on the inside, on which to rest the shelves, which, with the bottom, made three shelves. I took the pieces that made the top and made two doors to open in the middle of the box, and these I put on with leather hinges, none others being convenient, and these answered every purpose, as the doors were light. I screwed on a little button on the inside of one door to hold it firm when locked and on the other door put a press-lock. The practical part of the toilet-table is done, and now for the beautifying. On the top, which should be perfectly smooth, I tacked a piece of white marbled oil-cloth, and then tore off enough cretonne to make a full petticoat for the three sides (for one side, of course, set against the wall), hemmed it, and then tacked it on the three

sides in box-plaits with a brass-headed tack in each plait. I tacked a piece of the cretonne back of the table against the wall, so as to have nothing but the cretonne show about the table. I had a very pretty mirror, which I hung above the toilet-table so as to slant forward. It rested against the wall at the bottom, and at the top was about ten inches from the wall. Over the top of this I hung a long scarf of the cretonne, catching it up in folds and tacking against the wall, so as to make a kind of canopy, hanging to the floor at each side. I caught it around the frame so as to almost conceal it, except the bottom part of the mirror frame. The toilet-table is completed, but, of course, the beauty of the pin-cushion and other toilet arrangements will add to its appearance. I have a lovely crimson plush pin-cushion with a fat bow at one corner and a fall of lace all around, and it adds much to the appearance of my toilet-table.

A couch or lounge is always a convenience, even if there is a bed in the room, so I took a long goods box the desired height and width, made a door of the top and fastened it on with hinges. The inside of the box I used to lay out my dresses that would be injured by folding. I tacked on all around this a curtain of the cretonne. For the top I made a bed-tick the size of the box, stuffed it with cut straw, tacked it about in many places so as to keep the straw in place, made a cover of the cretonne, slipped it on the tick, and sewed on a narrow ruffle all around the edge as a finish, and the lounge or dress box, whichever you choose to call it, is done. For a pillow crazy silk patch-work makes a very pretty one.

For ottomans I took two boxes, desired size, and fixed them exactly as I did the couch. The inside one I used as a receptacle of soiled clothes, and the other for shoes, blacking, and brush.

For my table I took the headings of a cask, tacked strips across them so as to make them firm, took a rod or pole about four inches in diameter and desired height of table, and screwed or nailed it exactly in the middle of the cask heading, and this made the frame of an hour-glass table. I put braces from the rod to the top and bottom of the table so as to make it steady. I covered the top with white marbled oil-

cloth and tacked all around the table top and bottom a full petticoat of the cretonne and tied it around the middle with red ribbon, and the table is finished.

For my wardrobe or place to hang such things as need to be hung, I took a very large box, covered it on the outside with wall paper harmonizing with the colors of the cretonne, lined it inside with brown paper, fixed up hooks all around the inside, and then made a curtain of the cretonne, instead of having doors.

Several chambers might be furnished in this way, having different colors for each room, and thus giving variety.

One of the sweetest looking summer rooms I ever saw was fixed after this style with white muslin lined with rose color. I can never forget how sweet and cool this room looked coming into it from a long, hot, dusty ride, with its prettily draped toilet-table of pink and white, its muslin curtains lined with pink and looped back from the windows with pink ribbon, and the old-fashioned tierster bedstead with its white muslin curtains caught up with bows of pink ribbons, and in the centre of the room a pretty hour-glass table, pink and white covering, and as a finishing touch to the whole room in the centre of this table a bowl of lovely pink and white roses. It refreshes me now to think of this room in its daintiness.

A room furnished in blue and white would be equally as pretty, I think.

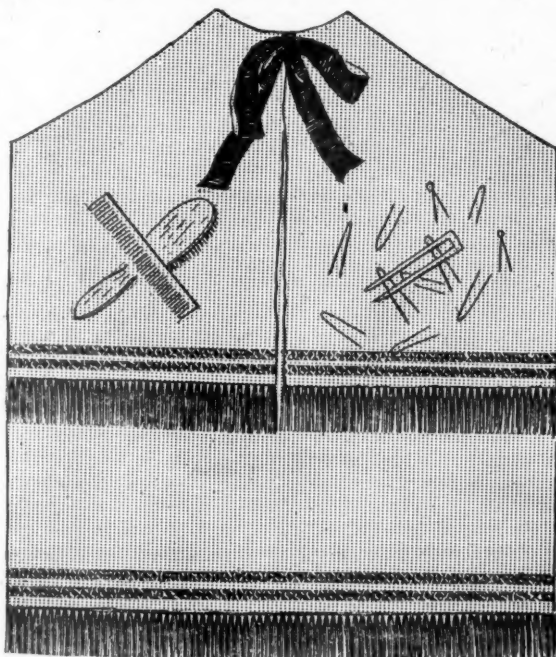
The walls of pink and red room might be colored by using Spanish brown or Venetian red in the whitewash, either a crushed strawberry tint or flesh color. It is much more pleasant to the eye than the glare of the dead white.

For convenience I would suggest, if you cannot get a saucepan, to put a wire handle in a quart tin fruit can, after it has been used for canning, and put one in each chamber for heating water. They are so easily obtained that you do not care if you do put them close enough to the fire to burn them black. I would say here that after they are smoked quite black they heat far more quickly, so do not try to keep them bright. I give my experience to those who, like myself, enjoy pretty and convenient things and yet have but little money to indulge their tastes.

Have flowers set about in all the rooms in use. Have them on your breakfast,

dinner, and supper table. They have a most refining influence. So many men say it's a waste of time and labor, but they, too, can be taught to like and miss them. I knew a gentleman whose daughters thought he did not care for the adornments of life because he would not take the time to have a flower-garden made, and used to say he would not see the

raising green-house plants and full directions for a pit within the reach of all. I did not mean to say anything about flowers, but I feel they are so necessary for the adornment of a room that I could not help saying something. I am extremely fond of them, and what we love we are apt to write about if we write at all. But more anon. N.



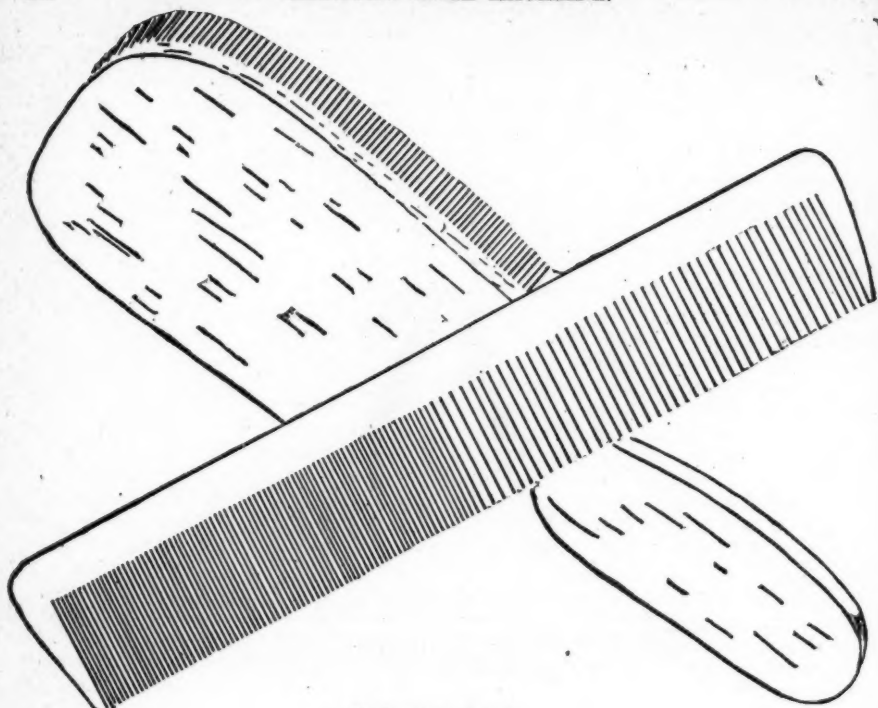
No. 1.—COMBING WRAP.

flowers if they were on the table. They found they were mistaken, though, when he came from a neighbor's where they believed in table decoration, and said how much he enjoyed his meals there because the table was always so prettily dressed with flowers. When I first thought of having my pit dug the gentlemen of the family thought it a waste of my small savings, but I persevered in having it dug, and after a while, when my flowers bloomed out, and all winter long I had some bright blooms for the table, they changed their minds. What so cheering in the sick-room as flowers? and I have been touched and gladdened often by the present of a bouquet in its glowing beauty.

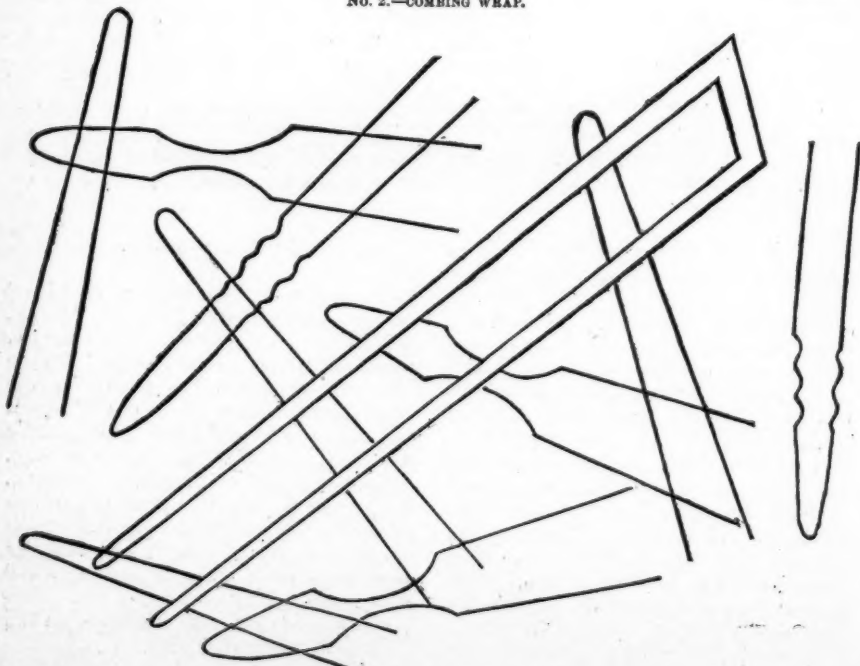
In another letter I will give method of

COMBING WRAP.

TO make a combing wrap as seen here, get white linen or "momie" cloth, something that is a half a yard wide—you will need nearly one yard for it. Cut the back twenty-two inches deep and the front thirteen, slope these pieces toward the middle to fit over the shoulder, cut the neck out, and the front piece in two. Hem the edges of these and the neck. Fringe out the bottom and make a couple of rows of drawn work above it. Stamp the designs (Nos. 2 and 3) with transfer paper and work them in outline stitch with red or blue working cotton. Ribbons the same color are fastened on the neck to tie it together with.



No. 2.—COMBING WRAP.



No. 3.—COMBING WRAP.

FASHIONS.

DRESS.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—The subject of dress is always a very interesting one to the most of us, although I hope that in spite of the danger of its being allowed to become too engrossing, the idea that it occupies the place of the first importance in the feminine mind is a mistake.

The truest reason for the love of dress in women lies, I imagine, less in their vanity than in their instinctive love of beauty. They have an inborn feeling of longing for loveliness and grace, which, no matter how crude the results may appear, thus find one method of expression.

I, from the unperplexing plainness of a wrapped existence, may smile a little, occasionally, at some of the singular efforts at adornment to be seen among all classes of society, but the smile is always mingled with sympathy and tenderness—sympathy with the feeling and tenderness toward the yearning love of prettiness thus displayed, a yearning that may often be an unsatisfied hunger, as in the case of a little beggar child that, having found some bit of tawdry or faded brightness, has fastened it about her little person, and is delighted, not with the thought that it has made *her* beautiful, but that it is pretty, and its prettiness is about her.

I believe that taste in dress is a legitimate taste, and is to be legitimately used. The first object of dress is use, the second may be beauty and grace. True gracefulness, I think, consists in draping the figure so that the loveliness of its outline is neither changed nor lost, and the perfection of dressing consists in harmony, in so dressing that the apparel and the wearer appear in consonance, parts of a pleasing whole.

For street or out-door wear there is nothing so nice, so thoroughly sensible and desirable, as a dress sufficiently short to swing clear of the ordinary soil likely to be encountered in ordinary walking. This is desirable both because it is more cleanly and because it gives more freedom and ease of motion.

I wish it were—perhaps it may some day be—enrolled among the unwritten laws that church attire should never be either showy or expensive. The church should be a place, and divine worship an occasion, into which no efforts of display should ever enter. The petty aims and rivalries so often connected with or growing out of the love of dress should be thence excluded. There should be there no opportunity for the heart-burnings and jealousies, nor for the criticisms and comparisons which too often might seem to be a chief aim of attendance. Moreover, there should be no possibility of any human soul being excluded from the house built to honor Him who had not where to lay His head, because of the lack of outward expensive appareling.

For house-dresses the field is open for greater freedom in diversity and tastefulness—always remembering that street or parlor dresses are not appropriate to one when engaged in household duties. For the house I must confess to a liking for the classic simplicity of the long and flowing robes; I do not object to their being tastefully trimmed, which implies that the trimming must be neither too profuse, too conspicuous, nor in any way obtrusive.

After all, the great art in dressing is appropriateness. Sincerity and truthfulness find their natural places here also. Tawdriness must not take the place of taste, nor showiness of expensiveness. Extremes should be avoided, and all that would attract or demand attention.

Dress within your means—an easy conscience adds much to the ease and grace with which any costume may be worn. Dress a little on the hither side of simplicity—all loudness is vulgar; try to select such material, colors, and styles as shall harmonize the best and be the most becoming to your age, face, complexion, figure, and means; clothe yourselves with care and neatness, and then set aside the thoughts of how you are dressed, and employ your minds with other, better, and higher things.

Be not anxious over much. One can

dress very prettily, if tastefully and with simplicity, without any great outlay of money. Cleanliness and perfect neatness, together with a quietness which is harmoniousness, may be possible to all. The outward dress is less than the inward spirit. The grace of a loving heart, an earnest, truthful mind, a sincere, gentle, considerate manner, will clothe any one in the most beautiful, unfailing, and unfading of garments. AUNTIE.

FASHION NOTES.

FOR new and fresh summer dresses there is no lack of variety from which to choose; each day seems to produce some fresh novelty. The quantity of woolen fabrics in stripes, checks, mixed and plain, that have been designed by the manufacturers seems endless, those checked with cross-bars in dark and light colors being most popular. The favorite color is still heliotrope, and the new shade of blue green called "gobelins" is very fashionable, whether made in woolen or silk materials. Red is very much worn, but the color is almost too showy to be worn by persons of taste. A new shade of pinky terra-cotta is likely to be worn, but it is rather trying to the complexion. Gray has by no means had its day. A charming gown in French gray cashmere has folds of moire the same shade showing a white stripe inserted into the shoulder-seams, and then folded over the front of the bodice and confined by bows of ribbon. The skirt has an apron-shaped tablier, set into the side seams, showing in perpendicular line the stripes of satin. Although very large checks are worn, they are so cleverly arranged that they by no means can be considered objectionable. A gown made of a checked woolen material, the checks two and a half inches square, with lines of two shades of brown, with one of red on a fawn-colored ground, has a brown underskirt, and the check material draped on the cross, slightly bunched up at the back, and then falling in graceful folds. All checked and striped materials are made with long draperies. Very handsome braiding is now introduced on many dresses. A very stylish and exceedingly simple gown has an underskirt of white woolen material in a kind of coarse serge;

on the left side nothing is seen but a panel entirely covered with tan braid; the tunic is of tan vigogne, draped to cover the skirt, and edged with a wide band of velvet the same shade; the bodice is pointed in front, has a flat postilion back, with a plastron of white serge braided; the collar and cuffs are of embroidered serge. Another "chef d'œuvre" is in "Madras-delaïne" in which gray predominates, brightened with red and blue threads; is made with the skirt plaited, the plaits very wide apart; round the waist is a scarf of gray sicilienne falling on the left, with a passementerie trimming at each end. A small jacket of plain gray cloth braided all round with a plait of black mohair; plastron of sicilienne fastened at the waist under the sash. The Robespierre sashes are very popular, and freshen up a gown, and make it quite new. The points of the bodice are put under the sash, which is then carried round the waist and knotted at the side. This arrangement looks very pretty with a gown of batiste étamine or white vigogne. The sash may be of a different color to the dress, a shade of straw or pink would look pretty with a white toilette. Metallic embroideries make very pretty trimmings, especially gold or silver threads in passementerie, galons, and embroideries of all kinds. A charming idea is a vest of black, gray, or sky-blue, with a pretty embroidery of fine steel thread. Very elegant novelties are produced in fine steel beads and thread as panels for skirts and epaulettes.

Parasols are plainer this season than last, but they must always match the dress or the bonnet; to wear with tartan dresses there are parasols of tartan silks; a few elaborate ones may be seen in transparent cream muslin, some trimmed with ruches of torchon lace and straps of watered ribbon. Some of the double triangle shape have the inner one of bright silk and the outer of Swiss appliqué of lace. The materials chiefly used are striped and checked satin, embroidered and beaded fancy gauzes; pongee silk, embroidered nets and laces. Those in bright shades of heliotrope and yellow, covered with black crêpe lisse in narrow frills, are quite new and original. The "en tout cas" is to be had in checks, fancy borders, and spots, wide and narrow lines, all the stripes being arranged to run perpendicularly.



PSYCHE.